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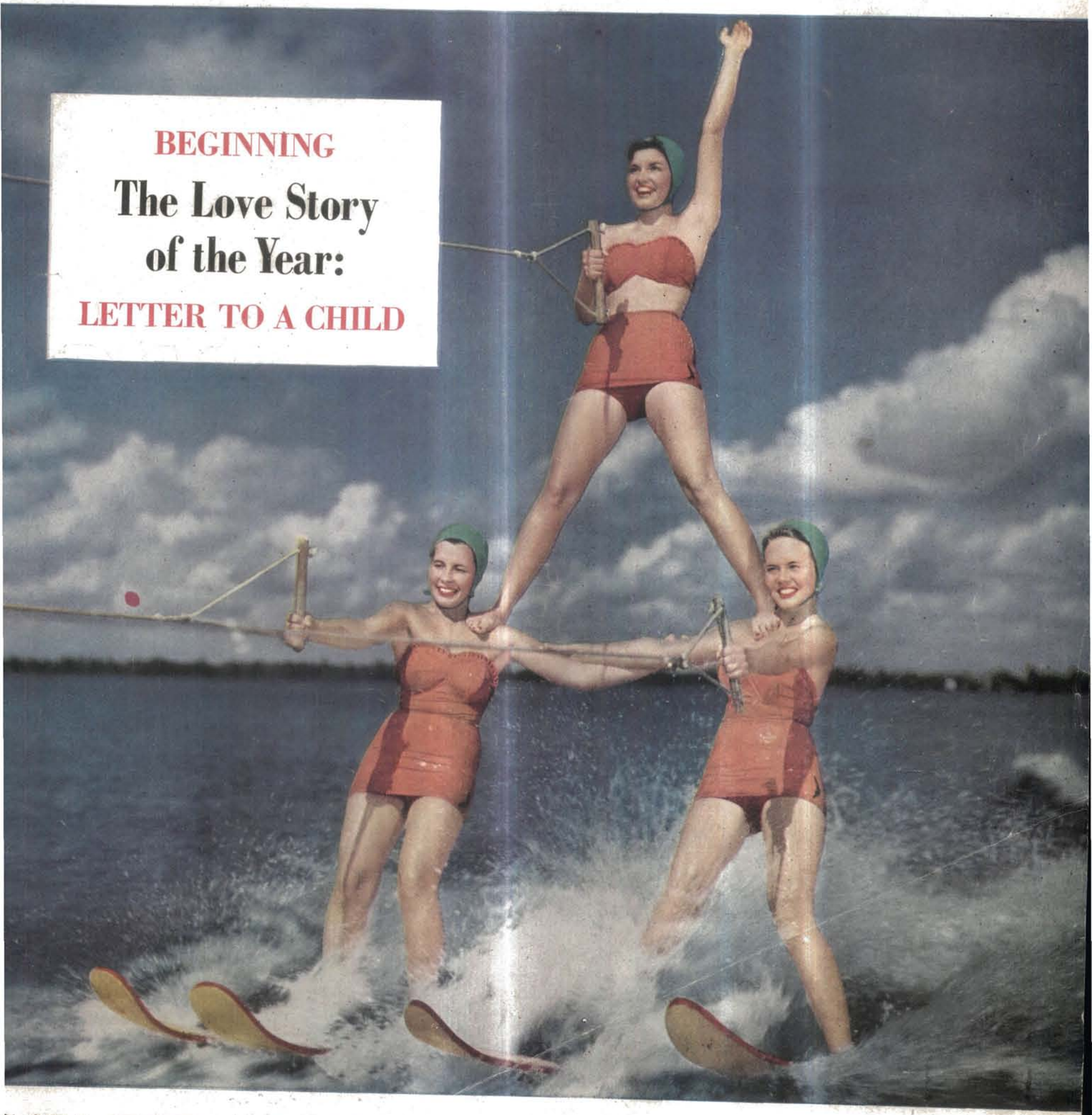
February 3, 1951

BEGINNING

The Love Story of the Year:

LETTER TO A CHILD



CAN THE ATOM BOMB BEAT (

Read David E. Lilienthal's Vital Ar

MARY A BECK
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It can happen to you...any time

How's *your* breath today? You can be guilty of *halitosis (unpleasant breath) right now *without realizing it*. This all too common condition may affect everyone at some time or other . . . can put you in the worst possible light.

Isn't it foolish to risk offending when Listerine Antiseptic is such a simple and delightful precaution . . . such an *extra-careful* one? You simply rinse the mouth with it before any date, and, lo! . . . your breath is instantly fresher.

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A number of things may relieve off-color breath *momentarily* but Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it instantly sweetens and freshens the breath . . . and keeps it that way . . . not for seconds . . . not for minutes . . . but for hours, usually. So, to be extra-attractive, be *extra-careful*. Never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and before any date.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

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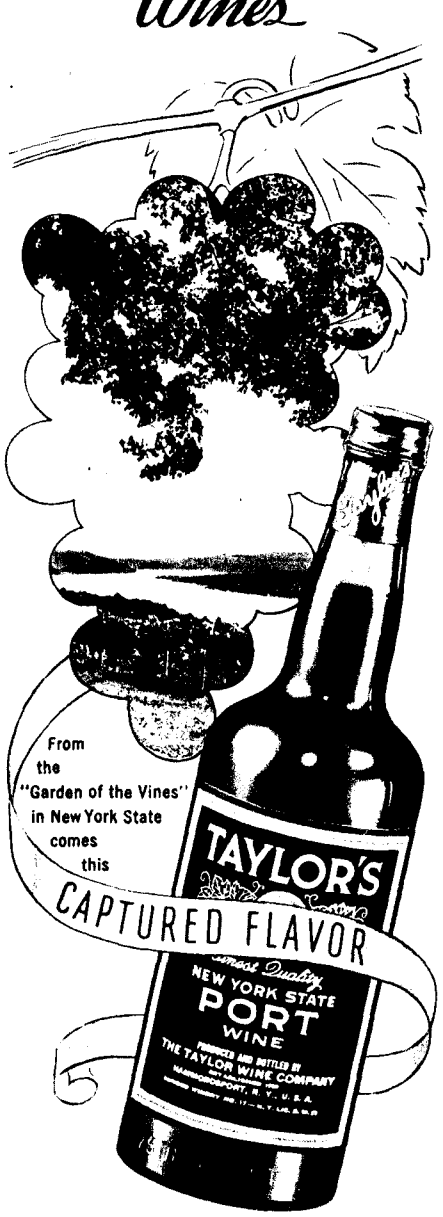

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February 3, 1951

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The Cover

In Florida's famed Cypress Gardens, three Winter Haven High School seniors demonstrate their skill as Aqua-Maids. At top is Jean Nathey, supported by Mary Helen McCarty (left) and Jeanne Shope on seagoing skis. The girls' ambition to become photographic models after their graduations should not be too difficult to realize.

Week's Mail

Have We Enough Doctors?

EDITOR: May I congratulate you on the article by Albert Q. Maisel (Our Alarming Doctor Shortage, Dec. 16th).

I believe that the best way to change the reactionary attitude of the leaders of the American Medical Association on economic medical matters is by stirring up public opinion. A conservative article such as Mr. Maisel's seems to me most educational, and should help to stimulate the demand that the American Medical Association cease to block the needs of medical education in the United States.

I was interested in your note on page 19 entitled It's Not "Socialized Medicine." I hope someday that you will publish an article making it clear that the program of paying for personal health services by funds raised by compulsory insurance is also not "socialized medicine."

CHANNING FROTHINGHAM, M.D.,
Boston, Mass.

. . . My first question after reading the article was: Who is this Albert Q. Maisel? He sounds like a spokesman for the Federal Security Administration.

I do not believe that 200 persons die in the United States in any one year for lack of medical attention. For the sake of argument I will raise that to 1,000 persons. Many more than that are killed by the doctors by overtreatment or misdirected treatment.

In my early days as a doctor, one doctor to each 1,000 patients was considered adequate. Maisel admits at present there is one doctor for each 750 patients. With all the preventive medicine provided by the Public Health services and other agencies, the incidence of sickness is much lessened. With present-day medical knowledge, the necessity for frequent seeing of patients is lessened. In other words, we need many fewer doctors per 100,000 patients than 30 years ago.

I grant that all medical schools need more money. Let the government mess too much with the doctors and they will be fewer and fewer. LEWIE M. GRIFFITH, M.D.,
Asheville, N. C.

. . . May I commend you on the excellent article by Albert Q. Maisel? It is a temperate presentation which deserves the attention of everyone interested in the problems of medical education and medical service. BASIL C. MACLEAN, M.D., Rochester, N. Y.

. . . I have long wanted to tell you of my many hours of pleasant and profitable reading, the result of such consistently important and newsworthy reporting by such as Albert Q. Maisel. Last week's piece on the A.M.A. compelled me to write a note that, as I said, was long overdue. Encore, encore, encore! IRVING CAESAR, New York, N. Y.

. . . SINCE YOU KNOW ALL ABOUT IT TELL ME JUST WHERE THERE IS A DOCTOR SHORTAGE I WILL GO THERE MYSELF I SURE AM NOT GETTING RICH AND WOULD LOVE TO FIND A PLACE WHERE BUSINESS IS GOOD. SOME DOZEN CLASSMATES FROM MY MEDICAL SCHOOL HAVE BEEN LOOKING SINCE GRADUATION IN 1943 FOR A PLACE TO PRACTICE AND WOULD ALSO GIVE ANYTHING FOR SUCH A GEM OF

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KNOWLEDGE. THERE IS NO SHORTAGE OF DOCTORS AND YOU AND MAISEL ARE LIARS.
WILLIAM H. MACGAHAN, M.D., Butler, N. J.

. . . Spokesmen for Children has worked hard all year on the Emergency Aid for Professional Health Education Bill.

Mr. Maisel's article appearing in a magazine that has the standing and integrity that Collier's enjoys should do much to make people see that there are two points of view and that organized medicine is not infallible in its opinions. I think it is a splendid contribution to the solution of the problem.
MRS. THEODOR OXHOLM, Chairman, Spokesmen for Children, Inc., New York, N. Y.

. . . There have been enough doctors to achieve remarkable health progress, enough to reduce infant mortality from 100 (deaths per 1,000 live births) in 1910 to 30 in 1950 . . . and enough to increase life expectancy at birth from 51 years in 1910 to 69 (or 70) years in 1950.

There has been an upward trend since 1910 in Class "A" medical school graduates. There are fewer persons per doctor in the United States than in any other country except Palestine. The number of physicians has been increasing more rapidly than the entire U.S. population during the past two decades. A relatively large proportion of the nation's physicians served in the armed services during World War II without ill effects on the health of civilians.

The public is interested in the quality and quantity of medical service available; Mr. Maisel is interested in the number of physicians. GEORGE F. LULL, M.D., American Medical Association, Chicago, Ill.

There may be a fine distinction between the quantity of medical service, which the public is interested in, and the number of physicians, which interests Mr. Maisel and Collier's. But we confess that it escapes us. It also strikes us that the great improvement in mortality rates which Dr. Lull quotes might be the result of improvements in technique and treatment rather than of a multiplicity of doctors, and that if there were more doctors the number of lives saved might be even greater.

The Toledo at Inchon

EDITOR: The heavy cruiser, U.S.S. Toledo, under Captain R. F. Stout, USN, did an excellent job of bombardment and fire support in the Inchon operation, acting as flagship for Rear Admiral Higgins. Yet no mention of her part was given in Timmons' interesting article on MacArthur's Greatest Battle (Dec. 16th), although the U.S.S. Rochester and U.S.S. Helena, along with several destroyers, were duly credited.

The Toledo, incidentally, stayed on the scene for three weeks after the landing, providing intermittent fire support, day and night, for the troops ashore.
LT. F. D. CURRIER, USNR, U.S.S. Toledo—CA 133, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, Cal.

Wonderful Sheet

EDITOR: Your articles on The St. Louis Post-Dispatch—Pulitzer's Prize (Dec. 16th-23d) prompt a long delayed letter of praise. For weeks and weeks I have been postponing a letter of commendation to Collier's for taking up the public service motif, all but discarded by newspapers generally. Some of the work Collier's has done merits the very Pulitzer prize you write about, if it can go to a magazine.

The Post-Dispatch is one of only a handful of national dailies whose publisher's heart is really and truly in the editorial room. A wonderful story about a wonderful sheet. HARRY MCCORMICK, Dallas, Texas

. . . Your article on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch is superb. It gives support and aid to us who are striving for clearness of vision and sure judgment in upholding the principles of our great United States of America. LOLA F. LINDGREN, La Grange Park, Ill.

. . . In the Roger Butterfield story there is mention that the bursting civic pride of the Kansas City Star caused it to counter a Post-Dispatch crime series with its own serial story, City of the Future.

Henry C. Haskell and I started spare-time work on the local history in the summer of 1949. The reason for bringing out the book at this particular time was Kansas City's centennial celebration of 1950. But the reason for doing the work was the fact that no general history of Kansas City had been written for more than 40 years.

The book was strictly our own project. In the fall of 1949 we sold serial rights to the Star and serial publication started the following January 1st. At that time the P.-D. crime series had not started publication.

A considerable part of the Post-Dispatch crime series went back to the 1930s. This period is covered in the history with Pendergast machine politics and crime featured in a long chapter. It also gives the story of the collapse of this rule which started with federal vote-fraud trials that resulted in 278 convictions and pleas of guilty.

These trials were the direct result of a Star investigation and a Star fraud series that ran morning and afternoon for many weeks. The 1946 vote frauds mentioned in your story were exposed by another Star investigation that employed some 40 persons. And again the results were published daily. RICHARD FOWLER, The Kansas City Star, Kansas City, Mo.

Southern Cookin'

EDITOR: What's wrong with turnip greens and hog's jowl for supper, especially if there's cracklin' corn pone to dunk in the potlicker? Besides being good eatin' that'll stack up alongside most of your fancy food that's more falderal than nourishment, Mr. James M. Kahn (who wrote They Know What's Cookin', Dec. 16th) might well learn that turnip greens are an outstanding source of vitamins and minerals; hog's jowl is chock-full of calories and protein, and corn bread helps it to stick to your ribs.

Taken along with a couple of goblets of buttermilk, topped off with apple pie smothered in farm fresh whipped cream, you've got a mighty satisfying supper. Then of course there'll be hot biscuits and country butter with sorghum molasses and three or four kinds of homemade jam, jelly and preserves to fill out with.

Another thing, while they do grow lots of turnip greens around Van Buren and other parts of Arkansas, they have other greens, too. Lots of spinach, most of which is canned and sent to other less fortunate sections that don't have poke greens, collards and such that are better.

Unfortunately, even Arkansas hogs don't have jowl enough to supply boiling meat for greens all year, so the people have to figure some way to use the two sides, four legs and backbone, to say nothing of spareribs, which are middlin' good eatin' themselves.
W. L. COTTON, Grand Junction, Colo.

Collier's Warmongers

EDITOR: Your editorial of Dec. 16th (Update Your Copy, Polevoy) is really heartwarming. I appreciate the intent of this article and am happy to see that you folks have really a sense of humor as well as a bit of intelligence. J. N. HUGHES, Bridgewater, Va.

. . . Collier's editorial proudly and jokingly admits "they have done a heap of 'warmongering,'" but "intend to hang together, not separately."

However, you can consider yourselves safe making this tardy confession because editors, politicians and UN delegates, as well as generals, die in bed and in luxurious surroundings, but never in frozen foxholes.
GLENN COVILLE CRAVATH, Whitestone, N. Y.

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Daddy's no longer a stranger . . . when he travels TWA's high way. Now he spends more time doing business in distant cities *and* more time at home with his family . . . by trimming travel time to mere *hours* outside the business day. Even when his affairs take him abroad, swift Skyliners whittle weeks of travel down to a matter of *days*.

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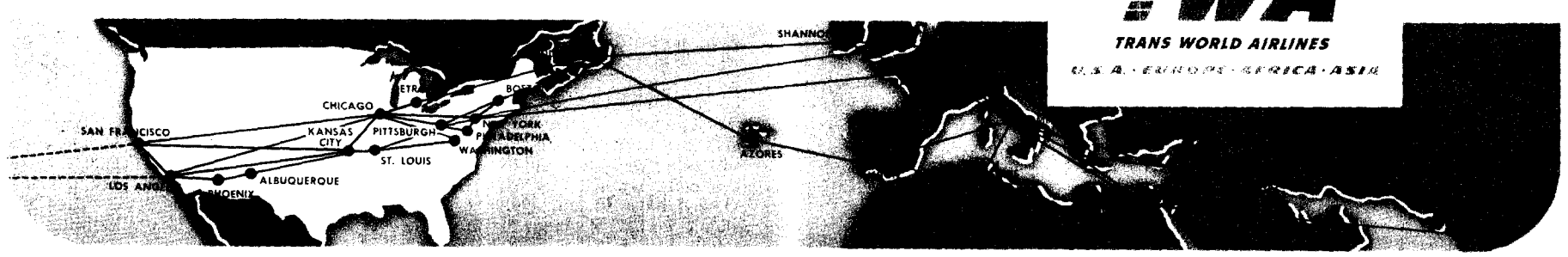

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48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Lady in Los Angeles took her domestic troubles to the judge. "Your Honor," said she, "I married a Vishinsky." Said the judge: "Not Andrei Vishinsky, I hope." Said she: "No. That one is a lamb compared with mine. Mine can't get along even with himself. Raises hell even when you agree with him. Double-crosses himself when there's nobody else around, just to keep in practice." The judge told her to come back in a couple of days, adding he'd have a talk with her Vishinsky. "Look out for a veto," she said as she departed.

★ ★ ★

A magazine we've been reading devotes an entire page to quotes from well-known brass—Senators, generals, Representatives, governors, ambassadors and others who shoot off their mouths so much you'd think they brushed their teeth with dynamite. Our reward for this dispiriting chore came with the final paragraph—a few diamond words quoted from Mr. Myron C. Taylor: "There is altogether too much talking about everything."

★ ★ ★

And from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, comes the disconsolate news that Allegheny County is in danger of finishing

this fiscal year with a treasury surplus of $1,500,000. The local politicians are going to have quite a terrible time explaining that away.

★ ★ ★

In Louisiana there is considerable rational talk about a woman governor in 1952. She's Mrs. Fred Dent, better known as Lucille May Grace, Register of the State Land Office. She was first elected to that office in 1932 and has won each election since. Miss Grace, they call her in Baton Rouge. The late Huey Long once said of her: "She's the best vote getter in the state—always 'cepting me, of course."

★ ★ ★

That superior newspaper, Jessen's Weekly, notifies us from Fairbanks, Alaska, that it's not often anything happening in that part of America is worth a raised eyebrow. Therefore, nobody gave more than a shrug for the fellow who, charged with selling liquor without a license, said he did so to get money to continue his studies for the ministry. Anxious to be a missionary in the Pacific South Sea Islands. And nobody in Anchorage is even mildly agitated by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Harry I. O'Neill have 30 grandchildren. "Why should we be?" demands Mr. E. F. Jessen, the editor. "This is Alaska, isn't it?"

A customer tripped on the steps of the University of California stadium, we're told, and was asked solicitously by an

usher whether he was hurt. "Only my pride," said he, wiping the blood off his chin. "I'm a steeplejack."

★ ★ ★

Oklahoma pays her legislators $105 a week while they're in session. The state would like them to work five days a week, thus getting the business done sooner at less cost to that battered old Joe, the taxpayer. But the legislators have put themselves on a four-day week, which means longer sessions and more paydays. Meantime, some of these same lawmakers are exhorting their fellow citizens not to forget what the President said about all of us in this emergency working longer hours for faster production.

★ ★ ★

In what seems to us to be a justifiable dudgeon, Mr. Joseph Givando has resigned as editor of the Colorado Springs Free Press, a newspaper owned by the International Typographical Union. Mr. Givando, a graduate of the University of Minnesota and a well-experienced journalist, thought it was the business of a newspaper to tell its readers about such things as the town's shrinking water supply and the housing shortage. The chamber of commerce, while not denying that water was low and houses few, protested that publishing such stuff was bad publicity, lacking "promotional value." The union ordered Mr. Givando to play ball with the chamber and submit controversial articles to that office or to the mayor for review before publication. So Mr. Givando is at liberty. And yes, that's correct: The name of the paper is the Free Press.

★ ★ ★

Our old friend, Major Fred Sullens, editor of the Jackson, Mississippi, Daily News, is no puritan. Nor has he either love or admiration for the professional prohibitionists. Nevertheless the Major and Mississippi's dry laws have gone to the mat and we predict nothing but disaster for the laws. Says the Major with unusual reserve: "Mississippi's prohibition laws are a farce . . . Our state government collects more than a million dollars per year from the illicit business, taking a 10 per cent tax direct from the bootleggers. Uncle Sam now has outstanding 1,540 retail liquor licenses in our commonwealth, and 35 wholesale liquor dealers also have licenses. These dealers, wholesalers and retailers are doing a flourishing business. They live lavishly in splendid homes, patronize the

(Continued on page 43)

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The search for oil takes to the air

TRAILING BELOW THE OIL EXPLORER'S PLANE, the airborne magnetometer records the earth's magnetic field. Other new ideas and devices are developed by thousands of oil companies in the race to meet oil needs. The driving force—competition; the result—a stronger America—more and better oil products for you.

In today's all-out search for oil, American oilmen are using specially equipped planes over vast stretches of ocean, jungle and arctic wastes.

The airborne magnetometer, developed for spotting submarines in World War II, "surveys" underground rock formations by recording facts about the earth's magnetic field. This is only one of many developments that helped bring in nearly 25,000 new producing oil wells last year alone.

With more wells than ever in operation, America now produces more oil than at the peak of World War II. Equally important—oil scientists have constantly improved the oil products America uses. For instance—although taxes have gone up, the price of gasoline itself is about the same as it was 25 years ago. Yet the *quality* is so much improved that 2 gallons today do the work that 3 used to do.

In peace or war, America's thousands of privately-managed oil companies provide the public with the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices.

This has come about because free men, competing freely, are always working to improve their companies' methods and oil products. *And the benefits of this competition go to you.*

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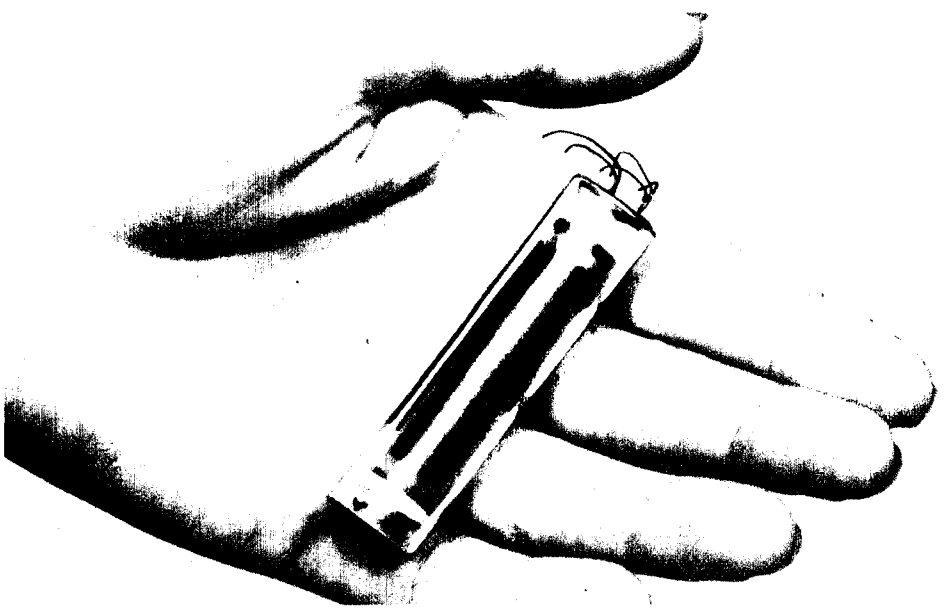
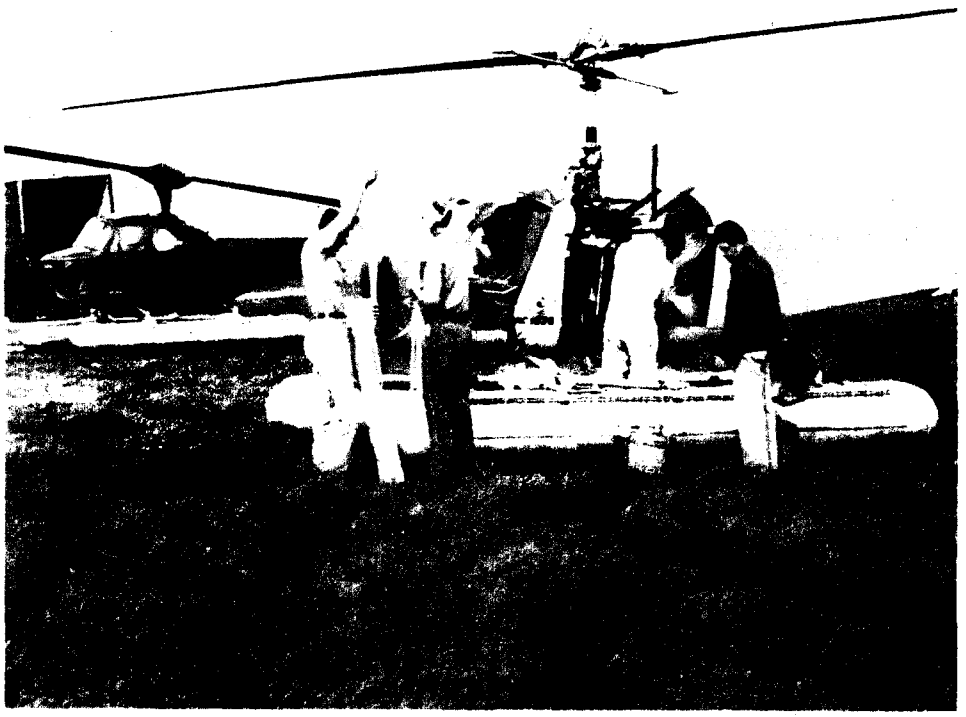


TINY BRAIN OF THE MAGNETOMETER, no larger than a cigarette, does a job thousands of surface explorers couldn't do. Such inventions helped put U. S. oil reserves past the *trillion* gallon mark last year—an all time high. Other developments have brought amazing improvements in fuels and lubricants for peace or war.



HELICOPTERS TOO ARE USED as many companies search for oil—first step in bringing the public more and better oil products. Result of this competition: price of gasoline today is about the same as 25 years ago, yet the gasoline is worth 50% more by every measure of performance and economy.

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To see or not to see...

mother, what is your answer?

TO SEE . . . through precious years of growth and learning . . . with clear, shining eyes moulding young minds to wisdom, filling young lives with their rightful share of achievement and happiness.

. . . OR NOT TO SEE! With eyes all shadows and tears . . . the blackboard all blurry shapes . . . books an endless puzzle, and a weary little face all frowns, straining, struggling to see.

SCIENCE ANSWERS . . . Seeing is a *skill*. Like walking, swimming or dancing *it must be learned*. Faulty, inefficient seeing habits must be *unlearned*. Under expert professional guidance seeing skill, efficiency and comfort can be much improved.

AND HOW LITTLE VISUAL CARE COSTS! . . . Far less than any other health service and far less relatively than most anything we buy. But don't be misled by "bargain care". When precious eyesight is at stake only the best is good enough. Happily, the superior professional services and skills of ethical ophthalmologists, optometrists and ophthalmic dispensers (opticians) cost no more — yet assure you so much in visual security and in peace of mind.

SO MOTHER, ANSWER WISELY . . . for the sake of your own, and your children's eyes!

BETTER VISION INSTITUTE INC.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

The frames and lenses that comprise your glasses, result from over 700 scientific, technical and professional skills, services and operations . . . ensuring unsurpassed quality to correct and protect your priceless vision.

EYE CARE

Nothing you buy gives you so much, yet costs you so little

BVI

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Letter to a Child

Beginning the tender and sea

By KAREN McKINLEY

I

MY CHILD, my unborn child, I must write you a letter. For I have things to say to you which I shall never be able to say aloud. The thirty years of my life up to today have written the letter already. But you may not stop to read that, for you will be busy composing a document of your own—first the nursery rhymes, then the adolescent torments, and the poetry and the love songs.

What would I say to you, if I had to say it briefly? Well, I would say this: Most of my life has appeared wrong and difficult and even tragic while it was happening. But to me it has seemed like a symphony, sometimes thunderous and angry, and sometimes as breathless as a snowy night.

Perhaps, as Mark himself once said, each life is written in invisible ink, to be read only by the one who has lived it.

A life is made of questions and answers. Mark, who never will see you, was for me the consummate answer. That boy, whose blood is father to your blood, wherever he is, nameless and irrelevant—he, too, is a question, but only a casual, fortuitous one.

You yourself will ask many things, many times. But now, while it is simple, I want to tell it to you, the contradictions and the vehement assertions. Like the oppressive love of Millie for her son—the love which tried all its life long to conceal the fact that it grew out of hatred.

I will start at the beginning. First there is my face. My face will be a kind of house to you, in which your days will live. It will be mirrors and windows for you; you may see yourself in it, and you may see from its windows the past, but more often the future.

Sometimes people will say to you—when you are twelve, when you are twenty—"And your mother, what is she like?" And you will say, "Well, she is rather a strange-looking woman. She has an angry face. But over the angriness she wears a veil of such pity that you might easily think she is weak and soft. But she is neither."

"And what about your father?" your intimates will ask. They will ask it cautiously, sounding very casual. I do not yet know what you will say to that. But the attitude will come, and I shall help you find it. Dr. Robbins will help, too. He says we must do a little lying, and he reminds me that most decency is founded upon a little compassionate lying.

"The truth, Christine, is not a simple fact," he said. "The truth is often the final summation of a great many contradictions."

I remember that afternoon so well. My head was bent then, and tears were falling on my hands clasped in my lap. (I thought my hands would never be unclasped again; I thought my tears would never be quite over.)

"I am not a good liar," I said. "I have to say what seems true to me."

"You'll learn a little more wisdom," he said.

I have some months ahead in which to decide many things which will help you. It is fall now—

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For Christine Bruning, there could be only one great love—her love for Mark Seville. All her happiness had come from him, and now she must face her greatest crisis without him

September 2, 1947—and you will not be born until February, 1948. There is much to be done in the meantime. It is fall now, and the year is coming to its death. The world has been busy about dying. The bomb is at the back of everything, the witch from the perpetual fairy tale at last made plausible enough for adults to fear.

Some of us are too busy to be bothered about death, in large or small proportions. Especially women like me, who are busy giving life. In the village where I live now, there are several of us. Our faces have a stubborn, dreamy look, as if we were listening to silent music. We are maddening to other people. And yet we are so enviable and so untouchable by the common blights of ambition and despair that the other people can endure us only by finding us ridiculous. And so we are. Sublimely. We know that, and we do not mind too much. Ours is the rapt, silent dream of trees in winter, or bulbs waiting; of downy, bulging animals safe in the forest. It is the kingdom of heaven within us, never more clearly glimpsed.

My house has sun on the roof, and it is filled with the smell of earth and rain and ripening apples, and sometimes even of bread baking in the oven.

When we came to this house in June—Margit and Monty and I—its cupboards were empty, and all the windows were bolted shut. Last year's roses had died where they bloomed and the path to the door was locked with weeds.

Monty and I saw other things, but Margit saw only the empty shelves of the pantry.

"Aye," she said in her Scotch voice. "We can't have that!" So the very first morning she began cooking, and she has cooked ever since.

"But when will we eat all this?" I sometimes ask.

"Never mind, my darling. We'll eat," she says. "Since when was there ever too much good food in a house? Especially with a man coming home."

She slips that in sometimes, and when she says it her eye never can meet my eye.

I know that Dr. Rob, who hired her for this extraordinary job with me, must have told her some fantastic story about where my "husband" is. But I can see that she does not believe the story. And I think, also, she does not accept the false name I am using, for she never calls me by it. Instead she calls me Missis.

"Missis will not want to buy any brushes today," I hear her saying to a peddler at the door.

Her pantry shelves are nearly full now. There are big round jars of peaches, squat jars of conserve, tall glasses of apple jelly, rich plum preserves.

"I'm coming down some night after she's in her bed," Monty tells me craftily, a light of vandalism in his eye, "and I'm going to sit down at the kitchen table and open anything I've a mind to."

"Let me catch you, and I'll never put spoon to pot again," Margit says.

MARGIT and he understand each other. They learned long ago that in the placid valley of their marriage they must create their own thunderstorms and earthquakes and tornadoes.

Margit and Monty have been married for nearly forty years. They don't look as if they belong together, any more than the earth looks as if it could belong to the sky. And yet their marriage is a perfect horizon line between them.

Monty speaks in crackly single words; she bubbles in a foam of laughter. Her body is drawn in simple circles, with a little puff of head with curly white hair. Her face is like a cinnamon bun with the doughy little nose for the center, and two raisin eyes.

"Godfrey! Look at that face," Monty says sometimes when he's feeling very good. "If you had cream and sugar you could eat it for a pudding."

I begin by telling you about my house, but all I say is about Margit and Monty. People have always been my house, darling, as they will be yours, for it is people in whom we dwell, forever or as transients. I shall try to teach you to choose spacious persons in whom to live.

But now I must describe this house. Dr. Robbins found it for us, and sent an agent to buy it, and had the agent say that a woman named Mrs. Kennedy was coming to this town to live. It sits on a hill on the outskirts of an unfashionable village. The sides and the back of our house are full of caprices, little strange piazzas, a balcony from my bedroom, a summerhouse comically ornate at the edge of the garden, and a square porch behind the kitchen, made for sitting on on summer mornings and paring apples.

In the dimples of the land, old gardens were tossed years ago, the phlox piled white in the hollows like snow.

Encircling one huge elm, a white bench was built long ago. Whole families must have sat on that bench, but now only the wind and the sun have time for it—and sometimes at night, you and I, taking up only a little more room than I should be taking alone.

THE house creaks sometimes at night when I am lying awake in my broad bed, and I love to hear it. It is a good sound, a house turning in its sleep. Just before dawn the birds murmur, and question one another, and then chatter. I lie awake, because these are the hours which belong most to you and me.

I play the piano sometimes in the morning, and I like to imagine how it sounds across the fields.

Sometimes the townspeople come in to see me, and we talk.

"Have you heard from your husband lately, Mrs. Kennedy?" they ask me. I make up playful things to tell them, and they are grateful. When I first came they were not sure, and it bothered them.

I found that Dr. Robbins' agent had given out the impression that my husband is someone quite important in European occupation work. "Why, yes," I said, when they pushed me into a corner, "he's in Intelligence."

One morning shortly after we had arrived in June, a sly child came over and knocked on our door. I heard talking, the child's voice sulky and Margit's high voice angry above it.

"You git out of here. Go along home with ye," she said. "And tell your mother the same thing."

I came to the door then, unable to believe what I was hearing.

"What does he want?" I asked in astonishment. "A child, and you snarling at him!"

Margit ignored me gruffly, and shoved the door shut.

But I opened it. "What is it you want?" I asked, as pleasantly as I could.

The child looked sheepish and frightened now. "My mother said maybe you'd give me some stamps from that foreign country where your husband's supposed to be."

Mirth and tears of anger whirled in me. "You tell your mother—" I said.

Margit broke in: "You tell your mother to mind her own filthy business. The idea—sending a child!"

"Hush, Margit," I said. "You run home and tell your mother that we don't dare receive the letters directly here. Washington takes care of the mail. It comes in official mail pouches from the embassy."

I went on building up the nonsense with double-talk, and the child stood there listening with his whimpery little face getting back its insolence.

We closed the door then, and Margit said, "Missis, don't tell me if none of that is true. It would comfort me to believe it."

My knees were weak, and when I put up my hand to brush back my hair, I saw it was shaking.

"Would it? Then you believe it, dear."

Now I must tell you about Mark. It is as hard to describe him to you as it is *(Continued on page 59)*

I kept looking and chattering as if my voice were something real. "Where? You mean that green bottle? Is that Irish glass?" I asked Mark brightly. "It's pretty stuff, isn't it?"

ILLUSTRATED BY LIONEL GILBERT

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CAN THE ATOM BOMB

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

The former head of the Atomic Energy Commission warns that atomic attack would gravely wound Russia, but not defeat her. We must rearm fully, he says, rejecting the idea of easy victory

WHEN the shocking news came that a massive Chinese army was in Korea, and that it had turned General MacArthur's "end-the-war" offensive into a disastrous retreat, millions of Americans thought of the A-bomb as the cure for our grave predicament. The long-held notion that the Bomb can get us out of almost any tight corner revived on all sides. In Congress, on the streets, in letters to the editor, the same advice was heard: Drop the A-bomb! Here was the way to save our hard-pressed troops, to defeat the Chinese Communist army, to scare Red China out of making full-scale war on us. Here was the magic answer.

At his press conference November 30th, President Truman, in reply to a question, stated that use of the A-bomb was under consideration, along with all other weapons. The President continued that he did not want to see the bomb used. What he actually said was no more than anyone would have assumed, but the fact that he mentioned the A-bomb at all set off acute international jitters. Our allies in western Europe were alarmed. The chancelleries of the world were in extreme agitation. Great Britain's Prime Minister Attlee announced that after quick talks with French Prime Minister Pleven he would fly to Washington. He came not only in his official capacity as first minister of Britain, but also as a kind of messenger in an extraordinary hurry from western European nations. They wanted us to hold back on the bomb.

In the United States many men saw the bomb as a decisive weapon that could win the war in Korea. In western Europe and among Asian nations including India, use of the bomb was foreseen as decisive, all right, but in a different way—it would be the opening blast of World War III.

No other weapon in history has been truly comparable to the A-bomb. Other weapons have been revolutionary in tactical military results, but here is one with moral and political power vastly greater than even its terrible capacity to kill people. No other weapon has been so feared by nations that find themselves in the middle between giants. No other weapon has been such a symbol. And never before has there been a weapon that has been such a powerful deterrent to war. Its possession has given us time, and may give us more time.

Winston Churchill has said many times that but for our A-bombs, Red Russia would long ago have marched to the Atlantic shores of western Europe.

As a deterrent, the A-bomb has indeed been a *great* deterrent up to now. But our experience in Korea, and common sense, makes it plain that the bomb has been overvalued in the popular mind as a guarantee of victory in case of war. In the five years since Hiroshima this country slipped into a dangerous preoccupation with the A-bomb, a preoccupation that led us to believe that the A-bomb is not only a great weapon but a *decisive* one.

More than that, increasingly we came to rely upon it as a way, economical in men and money, to hold Communism in check and protect our country and our friends and allies. Korea jarred us free of the concept of the all-powerful, all-sufficient A-bomb.

Only five months ago this idea of the bomb as a security cure-all dominated the country's thinking, and consequently our defense policies, so completely that in November of 1950, General Omar Bradley summarized our situation in these words: "It is a bruising and shocking fact that when we Americans were committed in Korea, we were left without an adequate margin of military strength with which to face an enemy at any other specific point. Certainly we were left without the strength to meet a general attack. In the military sense, the free world was left without adequate reserves except for the atom bomb."

The one-shot security idea no longer commands the support of the country. Now, for the first time, the A-bomb may be seen in perspective. Our rearmament effort can proceed successfully only if we keep that kind of perspective; otherwise the mischievous "magic formula" for victory, "Drop an A-bomb," will plague and distract the effort to strengthen and balance our military establishment. We must not go astray in our thoughts or hopes or plans because of the H-bomb, either. No such weapon now exists; whether there ever will be is only a remote possibility. We've got to get strong the hard way. There is no easy way. We must buy security the costly way. There is no cheap way.

The fact that in a dire eventuality we are able to strike with the unparalleled force of our A-bomb stockpile is of great military importance, but continued overemphasis on weapons of mass destruction will weaken, if not destroy, our position both as to our immediate and our ultimate aims as leader of the free world.

The cost of our vast and protracted program of rearmament will be increasingly heavy: in human and economic disruption, in mountains of obsolete military equipment to be junked for newer models, in nagging shortages, in galloping inflation. If the Korean action does not widen into a world war, there are reasons to anticipate a resurgence of chief reliance on the A-bomb. As the strong latent desire to "stay out of Europe" more and more asserts itself, "cure-all" advocates will have a doctrine with great appeal, personal, financial and political; and we could fall again into the error of overreliance on our vast atomic strength.

* * *

The building up of a formidable stockpile of atomic bombs was an absolutely essential step for the United States to take. A year ago, when I resigned as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, this country had produced, and held in storage ready for immediate use, a stock of atomic bombs of new design that constituted by all odds the greatest concentration in history of the power to destroy the cities and people of an enemy nation.

The existence of this stockpile of destruction—substantially augmented in the past year—and of our ability to deliver such weapons provides assurance that if the Soviet Union should commit an act of war against the United States, this country could and would inflict vast and terrible damage upon all the principal Soviet cities and industrial centers. But an atomic attack would not "destroy Russia." It would gravely, terribly wound Russia, but not defeat her.

Nor would it, alone, prevent the Red Army from overrunning and occupying Europe, not even if A-bombs were used in anticipation of such attack—the "preventive war" thesis.

The effect of our overemphasis on the A-bomb has been to lend some considerable support to the uneasy feeling in Europe that we regard Europeans as "expendable" in our contest with Russia. But the almost universal American support of the heavy burden of Marshall Aid is convincing evidence to the contrary.

In retrospect it is not difficult to trace how in the past five years we moved step by step to our present position. Initially we were deeply preoccupied with the utilization of this new atomic force for the maintenance of peace. Then we looked upon it chiefly as a deterrent to war in a rapidly worsening state of world affairs. The latest step was sole reliance upon the atom as a relatively cheap and easy way to win the Big War, the only kind of war we then anticipated.

But throughout most of the five years since Hiroshima our primary focus in dealing with A-bombs has been the maintenance of peace. Paradoxically, most of our discussion of atomic weapons has dealt not with how to use them as weapons, but how to avoid such use.

As the only nation with an atomic stockpile of military significance, we might have focused on a different goal: the use of this advantage to enforce our will on the Russians and the rest of the world. The simple fact that we did not is eloquent evidence of our intentions and our hopes.

* * *

I remember the first discussion on the atomic bomb in which I participated, a few weeks after Hiroshima. It was an informal meeting at the University of Chicago of men brought together by a common concern about what the atom bomb might presage for peace and for the preservation and extension of democracy. Some of those present were scientists who helped to develop the bomb and who, along with other colleagues inside the stockade, had been worrying about the ultimate results of success in their efforts.

Rereading my notes of this gathering, I am impressed with the fears of world-wide catastrophe (five years later to be so widespread) that in September, 1945, had already infected this group of perhaps 30 men of very widely differing backgrounds, ranging from such noted scientists as Dr. Irving Langmuir and Dr. James Franck, to non-scientists of wide experience in human affairs, men like Chester Barnard, Dr. Charles Merriam and Colonel Charles Lindbergh.

Almost without exception, the preoccupation was with ways and means of maintaining peace in a world now threatened with a great discovery capable of vast destruction of lives, property—and of peace of mind and human freedom. Was there any way to control this new force? If so, how? What were the alternatives? These were among the questions we tried to explore. They were similar to the questions being asked all over the country.

A few months later, in January, 1946, the then Undersecretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, asked me to serve as chairman of a board of consultants to make an intensive study of problems of international atomic controls and safeguards in preparation for the forthcoming UN discussions.

The five of us, Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, a scientist, Chester Barnard, a business executive, Harry Winne, an engineer, Charles Thomas, an industrial chemist, and myself, a government administrator, put in many weeks of wearing, concentrated effort,

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE TAMES

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BEAT COMMUNISM ?

in the hope that a basis might be found to minimize the chances of atomic warfare, and thereby of all warfare, and thus contribute in an affirmative way to the building of lasting peace. It quickly became clear in our discussions together that prospects of lasting peace as well as the immediate prospects for international control of the atom required openness of frontiers, the free interchange of people and ideas, as contrasted with iron curtains, fanatical nationalism, and secrecy that poisons international confidence.

It took no special acuteness on our part to discern this, nor is it a surprise to see these forebodings of early 1946 borne out by events of 1950. The belligerent state of a world daily closer to all-out catastrophic war is the inevitable and foreseeable result of Russian refusal to live in an open world.

What we of the board of consultants tried to find was the germ of a plan that would not be merely an elaborate jockeying for position, with war regarded as inevitable. Using the atom as the starting point, we made an effort to propose ways to remove one of the deepest causes of conflict between Russia and the rest of the world—namely Russian secession from intercourse with humanity outside her borders.

The tremendous peacetime possibilities of the atom were, we thought, a powerful incentive to join in an international effort to share equally in its benefits. Co-operation in this area would bring all nations, most importantly the United States and the Soviet Union, closer, and would demonstrate, in one specific area, the fruits of a peaceful world. Control and international development of the atom might be the string which, if followed, would lead to a world at peace.

The suspicions and fears Russia's policy of self-insulation had bred on *both sides* of the Russian frontiers had been evil enough in preatomic days. Add the vastly destructive powers of the atomic weapon, adapted as it is to clandestine activity and surprise, and it seemed to us there was scant hope for peace in any plan in which the beginning of an open border was not an essential part. I think we realized that if Russia would open her borders, if there were in time a two-way flow of men and ideas across those borders, the mechanics of "inspection" and "international ownership and management of atomic facilities" could be worked out.

Indeed, those mechanics would become details secondary to the principal fact: that the atom had been successfully used to lay the foundations of peace—the beginning of slowly growing international confidence based upon openness. And, on the other hand, if Russia refused to accept a substantial opening up of her country, as the democracies were open to her, then at least we had found out where we stood on the *central* issue—an issue that no amount of technical discussion about details, such as the "scope of inspection," could obscure.

* * *

In June, 1946, Bernard Baruch presented the official American proposal for international control and development of the atom to the United Nations. The Baruch Plan retained as a fundamental tenet the idea of international openness. Moreover, peace, not the coercive use of our atomic superiority, was Mr. Baruch's preoccupation, as I believe it was that of the American public. It was in that mood that the United States Plan, modified only in detail, received the support of and became the plan of all members of the UN except Russia and those countries under her direct control and domination.

In all the weary months and years of discussion and negotiations, Russia has given no indication that it would consider any plan which would breach the walls sealing it off against the world.

Meanwhile, with the end of the war, the United States adopted the normal *(Continued on page 66)*

David E. Lilienthal: "Korea jarred us free of the concept of the all-powerful . . . A-bomb"

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The Retired TORPEDO

By HANNIBAL COONS

A somewhat colossal epic in which Dear George the press agent proves that you can't make an omelet without breaking yeggs

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

January 2, 1951
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Book-Cadillac
Detroit, Michigan

Dear George:

George, you'll be delighted to know that we've made another crime picture. Isn't that dandy? If my count is correct, this makes an even thousand of these gat-and-gutter dramas that Hollywood has turned out this year. What an elevating force we are in the life of this nation.

Why we go on making these things I don't know. Personally, I wouldn't let any child of mine under the age of thirty-five see a one of them. We feed the children of this country a steady diet of celluloid murders, and then wonder why little Junior can hardly wait to get out of school in the afternoon in order to hasten over to rob the liquor store. It is getting so that the papers are so full of crime news that there is hardly room left for the ads of our crime pictures, which is most embarrassing.

But, as usual, ours not to question why; ours but to figure out new ways of selling this stale mackerel. And on this one, spurred by desperation, I am going to employ a gimmick that is unusual in the extreme.

They have titled this new one, simply, Corruption. It concerns, vaguely, the old alky days in Chicago, and my first thought was to run the same old ads featuring a smoking revolver, six uses of the word evil, and an attractive illustration of a ninety-pound starlet getting hit in the face by a two-hundred-pound male actor. Why such ads are supposed to induce people to think of our pictures as entertainment, I do not know, even though I have been guilty of some of them myself. It's just that after you get violent on one picture, you figure you have to get more violent on the next one. Nero had this same idea in his double features in the arena. But we should bear in mind that Nero ended up, even with his most violent spectacles, not only giving away the seats for free, but having to send out squads of lads with whips in order to round up a suitable crowd.

So, on the ads for this one I am going to discard all violence, and become dignified and historical. This is the way things *once* were in our mighty land, oh, rue the day. I intend to become so sanctimonious that many people will think it an old Biblical play, possibly our last authentic look at the evil days of Sodom and Chicago.

The only trouble is that in order to foist any such travesty on the theatergoing public, I must somehow convince them that the thing is actually authentic; that this is the way things *were*.

To accomplish this, I am going to feature in the ads large dignified statements from a bunch of former Chicago public officials, all attesting in noble tones to the accuracy of this mighty production. These statements I have secured by paying small amounts of cash to those concerned, and fortunately practically none of them considered it necessary to go to the trouble of actually seeing the picture before endorsing it.

So far so good. But what I need to wrap the thing up is a statement by some actual gang leader of the period, a plug from some real and famous Chicago hoodlum. This will drive the final nail in my authenticity campaign.

The only trouble is, practically all the old Chicago gangsters suffered grievous accidents during their careers, consisting of getting shot and maimed, and even foolishly attempting to go swimming with their pockets full of cement. When you add to these hazards of their calling the normal attrition of the years, the result is that it is very difficult to find a real ex-Chicago gangster in what you would call good condition. Meaning able to speak.

However, you will be pleased to hear that I have finally located one. You will no doubt remember Mr. Clarence F. "Diamonds" Moroni of Chicago alky fame. Well, as you also no doubt know, Mr. Moroni is still alive, thanks to the foresight of the government in sending him to Leavenworth at the height of his career for carelessly forgetting certain requirements of the income tax law.

Mr. Moroni was very upset over the matter at the time, but while he was enjoying the healing waters of Leavenworth all the rival gentlemen who meant him harm got themselves slain in one way and another, and thus when Mr. Moroni got out of the G-jug all he had to do was stroll past Chicago and dig up several sacks of loot, and today he is a quiet and wealthy citizen of Miami Beach, Florida, causing no trouble to a soul and being listed in the city directory merely as Mr. Clarence Moroni, Retired.

So, George, don't have a moment's worry over going down to see him. Which, as you may have gathered, is what I want you to do. I have air-mailed a special rush print of the picture to you at Miami Beach c/o the Roney-Plaza. Hop down there, show it to Moroni—if you have to—and somehow get a simple little statement from him that this is the greatest picture since The Birth of a Nation.

For this service you are *(Continued on page 69)*

There was a great to-do of policemen, reporters and photographers. They took pictures of Imogene, and she explained how she had done it

ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ WILLIS

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"Fire a Round for Collier's"

By BILL STAPLETON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR

"It looks as if you really started something with that picture request," the colonel told our combat photographer in Korea. What he had started was a full-scale battle

Korea

THE artillery engagement lasted about 14 hours, and by the time it ended, the soldiers of the 78th AAA Gun Battalion had wiped out part of an enemy-held town, smashed a bridge flat and killed 186 North Koreans. (They knew there were 186 because they counted that many in the target area after the First Republic of Korea Division had moved in behind the barrage.) To most people, this probably looked pretty much like any other battle, but it looked different to me: I had started it.

This is how it happened: I had jeeped over to the newly dug gun positions of the 78th in company with Collier's war correspondent Charlotte Knight. The first person we asked for was the commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel Thomas W. Ackert, of New York City. We explained to him that we wanted to talk to his men and find out what they thought of winter warfare in Korea.

Colonel Ackert was delighted. He assigned Captain David Robertson, of Joplin, Missouri, and Master Sergeant H. D. Truax, of San Diego, California, to take us around. Captain Robertson and Charlotte sat down to talk and Truax and I went over to the guns.

One of the batteries—A for Able—had just received four new gun barrels which hadn't been fired. I asked Truax if they might be tried out so I could make a picture; they would have to be fired anyway for calibration. "Couldn't you just fire a round for Collier's?" I asked.

The request went through channels: Truax asked the executive officer about it; the exec asked the battery officer; the battery officer asked the Fire Direction Center; the center asked Captain Robertson, and he passed along the request to the commanding officer. Colonel Ackert called Corps and asked for permission.

Corps said okay, provided the guns were fired only once—and provided the battery waited until a liaison plane could get up to observe the target area.

During this time, I had been taking pictures behind the gun sites, where the men slept. The battery's living quarters were a tribute to the American soldier's ability to improvise in the field. It seems that the 78th had been around Pyongyang when the paratroopers of the 187th Airborne Regimental Combat Team had landed near there. After touching down, the airborne boys had pulled out in a hurry, leaving behind the varicolored chutes which had been used for dropping their equipment. The shivering men of the 78th had pounced on the discarded parachutes and had made tents out of them—strange-looking affairs, but they were really warm.

While I was getting pictures of this colorful encampment, the word suddenly came:

"Stand by for fire mission."

The gunners raced for their guns and I hurried to the hillside to get set. Truax told me that if I watched the gunners' hands I could tell just when the guns would go off.

The gun captains raised their hands

"Azimuth . . ."

"Elevation . . ."

The hands whipped down. I snapped the shutter as the guns bucked and roared.

That's fine, I said, and we started down the hill.

Truax grabbed me by the arm and said, "They're going to fire again—look." The gunners' hands went up again and I took another picture. Then they fired again, and again. A battery officer walked up and told us that a target—a unit of North Koreans—had been flushed out by the initial shot. The enemy troops were trying to get over a bridge, and our plane was watching them.

We got back to the Fire Direction Center just as Baker and Charlie batteries opened up. We ate a quick lunch with Colonel Ackert, while the 78th's guns—antiaircraft weapons turned field artillery—made our tent quiver with their pounding. "It looks as if you really started something with that picture request," the colonel said.

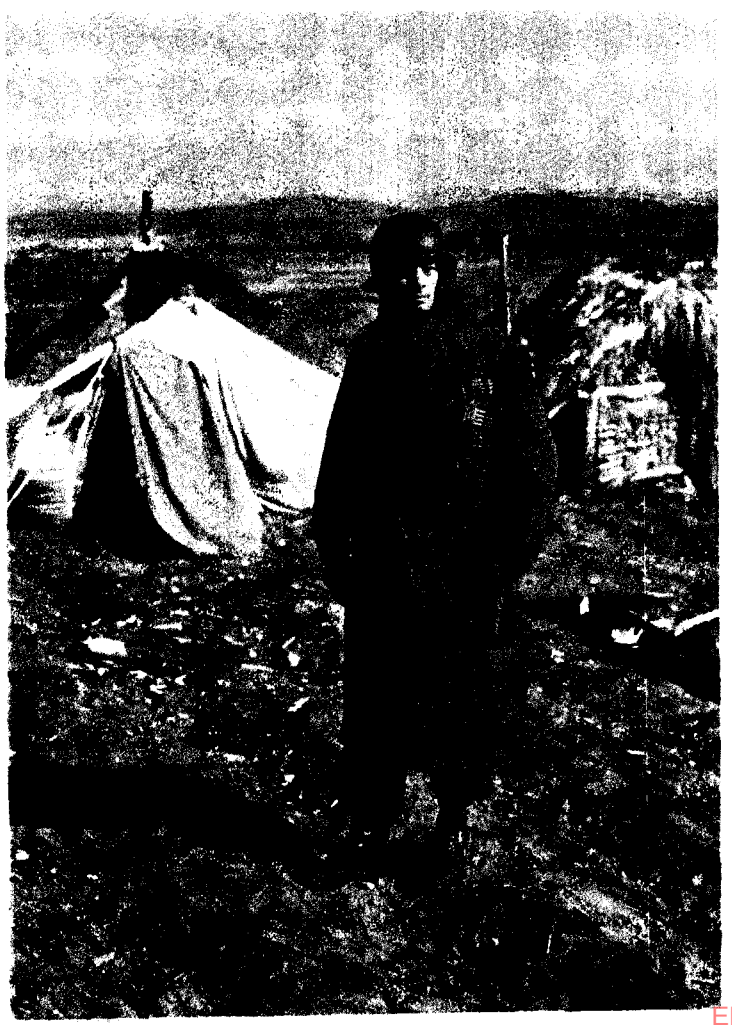
It certainly did. By the time we got back to the command post of the 24th Division that afternoon, it sounded as if every weapon in the 78th was blasting away behind us. And that, we were told, was just what was happening: The battalion was firing in support of a South Korean attack launched under the initial "Collier's barrage."

That night, I stood in the command-post area watching the lights of the bombardment and listening to the roar of the guns all around us. Another correspondent joined me.

"Wonder what started all this," he said.

I didn't tell him that I had. THE END

M/Sgt. H. D. Truax helped set off "Collier's barrage." Note scarf and tent of chute cloth



Hard-working artillerymen pass the ammunition in preparation for bombardment. These weapons were made as antiaircraft guns; in Korea they became fieldpieces—and good ones

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Above, the shot heard round the battlefield. "Test" firing turned into barrage after initial shell brought a North Korean unit out of hiding. Below, warming up during a lull. Standing (left to right): M/Sgt. John Cybulski, Nanticoke, Pa.; Cpl. Phil Barker, Layton, Utah; Sgt. 1/C Russ Abernathy, Hampton, Va. Kneeling: Pfc. George O'Neal, Cape Hatteras, N.C.; Sgt. Carl Franck, Jacksonville, N.C.; Cpl. James Bannon, Hutchinson, Kan.; Sgt. Harry Siers, Staples, Minn.; Pfc. John Hale, El Paso. Man astride gasoline drum at left is not identified

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INTERNATIONAL

Jungle youngster debarks at New York after a 10,000-mile air trip from the East Indies

Python flown from Batavia measured 22 feet. Jenny once wrestled similar snake on ship

WIDE WORLD

JUNGLE

By BEN MERSON

TO MOST small-town American girls a shopping spree means heading for Main Street to buy shoes by the pair, hats by the dozen and dresses by the budget. But not Genevieve (Jenny) Cuprys: she heads for the Orient and buys pythons by the foot, tigers by the pound and elephants by the ton.

Auburn-haired, green-eyed, Jenny is the only American woman now operating in the Bring-'Em-Back-Alive industry. At twenty-five she is a veteran shopper in the jungle marts of the Malay Peninsula and Siam, where native traders would as soon take the hide off a customer as skin a lizard.

In the past two years Jenny Cuprys has been around the world half a dozen times and has brought back more than 15,000 animals, birds and reptiles for a number of clients, including all the major American zoos. (If you happen to run across an elephant, orang or monkey called Jenny in your local zoo, chances are it was named after her. It is one of the curious rewards of her profession.)

On all her trips Jenny works as a one-woman expedition, not because she scorns assistants, but because it isn't easy to find someone who will help force-feed a cobra. "They're scared to death and so am I," she admits. Nevertheless, her exploits have prompted steamship and air-line crews to dub her "Jungle Jenny"—a nickname she dislikes, yet values highly for its connotation of authority.

"For if I didn't take a leave-it-to-me attitude, they'd never let me aboard with my cargoes," she says. "They're always afraid something will happen." And it often does.

Jenny still mops her brow when she recalls wrestling with a 27-foot python in the dark hold of a freighter. And there's no bravado in her recital of how she corralled three tigers who got loose in a plane 12,000 feet over the Pacific.

The latter incident occurred some months ago on a 10,000-mile flight from the East Indies to New York. It was a history-making trip in more ways than one. It involved perhaps the largest aerial Noah's Ark ever assembled—over 1,000 specimens. It was one of the longest flights ever made by jungle creatures. And it was almost certainly the first time that elephants—in this case, two, weighing 1,000 pounds each—had been flown in mixed company.

Elephants are notoriously uneasy when jungle cats are nearby. And aboard this particular flying zoo, a converted C-54 transport, were two panthers and two golden pumas, in addition to the three tigers. Keeping them company were 720 Java monkeys, five king cobras, nine pythons, four monitor lizards, 16 gibbons, 40 concave hornbill birds, a sun bear, three pheasants, a crate snake, a small catlike animal called a binturong, five pigtailed monkeys, and an assortment of other creatures.

When the cargo was put aboard, the seven-man crew assigned by the air line asked Jenny nervously where she kept her "elephant gun." "Don't worry," she assured them, "just leave everything to me." She hurried to a secondhand shop and returned with a rusty, .22-caliber rifle concealed in a case large enough to hide a small cannon.

"If the .22 could shoot at all," Jenny recounted later, "it might have wounded a squirrel at point-blank range. That is, if I could hit a squirrel. I've never fired a gun in my life. And shooting a stampeding elephant in a plane would be madness, even with a big-game rifle. He would wreck the plane in his death throes." But the little gun served its purpose: It made the crew members feel secure. To add to this security, all of them remained up forward with the pilot while Jenny and her charges occupied the freight compartment.

Collier's for February 3, 1951

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JENNY

Is there a chimpanzee in your zoo called Jenny? It probably was named for this young lady, who in two years has brought 15,000 wild animals back alive

The two elephants, hobbled with leg irons, were tethered to ring hooks on either side of the fuselage. The other animals were arrayed in three rows of crates, one atop the other. Jenny's reclining chair stood in the middle of the center aisle.

For the first two days nothing untoward occurred. But then came the night of the third day. The plane was heading for Manila when, in the words of the pilot, Captain Lionel Metz: "The radio operator reported, 'Captain, there are three tigers loose. They chewed their way out of their crate.' I gulped and said, 'Leave it to Jenny.' Then I closed the door."

Unaware of what was in the wind, Jenny had turned off the lights. Suddenly the elephants began to trumpet. Monkeys chattered in terror. Jenny swung her flashlight around. One of the tigers was standing in the aisle, glaring at her. She snapped on the compartment lights. A second tiger crept behind the first. The third tiger was atop a crate in the rear, clawing at a box which contained a dozen gibbons.

There was no time to think. Jenny reacted like a Dutch housewife. Seizing a broom she used for cleaning the cages, she waved it at the tiger facing her. "Scat!" she gasped.

The lead tiger retreated toward the tail of the plane, forcing the second one back with him. Meanwhile, the third tiger stopped clawing at the gibbons and prepared to spring at Jenny. Leaping up beside him, she thrust the broom in his face. He jumped down, and Jenny followed him.

Taming Three Tigers with a Broom

The three tigers were now in the aisle together. Still flourishing her broom, Jenny took off in pursuit—but at a respectful distance. For the frenzied cries of the other animals were making the unpredictable cats increasingly irritable. And there was always the danger the plane might hit bumpy air and tumble her among the tigers. It began to look as if she'd never get the beasts caged.

"I thought I'd have to keep running after them all the way to New York," recalls Jenny.

But as the big cats approached their crate for what seemed like the dozenth time, one of the elephants raised his trunk aloft and screamed at them. It had the effect of an angry traffic cop flagging down a motorist: The astonished tigers slid to a standstill, then slowly crept into their crate.

Picking up a heavy metal feeding tray, Jenny held it over the broken slats. Her flashlight was in her belt. Using this as a hammer, she nailed the slats back over the tray.

Breathless and "too scared to be scared," Jenny shakily waved to the cheering crew, watching wide-eyed from the pilot's compartment. Suddenly the plane lurched, flinging her against a crate on the opposite side. Inside were two panthers. One reached out and bit Jenny's arm.

She swabbed her wound with iodine, bandaged it and then stood guard the rest of the night over the tigers. She feared they might break out again, for only four nails held the broken slats in place. It was not until the plane landed in Manila that she was able to get more nails and fix the crate.

Incidents like this are not exactly a rarity in Jenny's occupation—as she knew when she chose it. Nevertheless, it was not an unnatural choice for her to make.

Her mother died when Jenny was a little girl, and she was raised in Williamstown, New Jersey, by friends of the family— *(Continued on page 42)*

At 24, Genevieve Cuprys is a veteran collector of jungle creatures. Here she poses with a couple of them—a gibbon and a three-month-old leopard

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Mrs. Orton told Isabel: "Marriage is a book but it has no table of contents. You've got to go through the whole thing to learn what happens"

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Where Love Begins

By JOHN ANDREW RICE

It's a girl's privilege to make a fool of herself about the small hardships of marriage. And—Mrs. Orton believed—it's a mother's privilege to call her own daughter a fool

WHEN Mrs. Orton answered the doorbell and found her daughter standing there, she laughed and said, "Wait a minute," and went back into the living room, closing the door behind her. Presently she returned and said, "Come in, Isabel."

When they got into the room Isabel said, "What's the mystery?"

Her mother motioned her to a chair and asked, "Is there a mystery?" in a tone that showed she had no intention of answering the question.

"You must be cooking up something, or you would have let me come in right away. What is it? Is it in there?" and Isabel pointed to the dining-room door, which stood slightly open.

"You haven't changed much, have you? Even when you were tiny you were always wanting to know things, you were always afraid that somebody was keeping something from you." Mrs. Orton spoke without looking at her daughter. "How long have you and Jim been married?" she asked.

"A year and seven months and three days." Isabel sounded as if she had memorized the numbers.

"How much time have you got left," her mother asked, "or is it up?"

"I don't know what you're talking about." Isabel's voice was impatient and edging toward anger.

"Well," her mother said, "you did sound a little bit like somebody who was serving a term, and counting the days until you got out."

Isabel tore off a glove. "You make a joke of everything," she said.

"Not everything," her mother said, and smiled across at her. "Not marriage, anyway. Marriage may be fun, but it's no joke." She smiled again as Isabel tore off her other glove, rammed it into her purse and drew out a handkerchief. Her mother settled back in her chair and said, "Would you rather cry first and talk afterward?" As if at a signal Isabel began to cry and dab her eyes, pitifully.

"That's better," her mother said. "Your father used to say, 'For Heaven's sake, talk or cry, but don't try to do both at once.' Very sensible. So you have a good blubber, and when you're dry, you can tell me what the trouble is, the latest trouble." She reached for her knitting and began to click the needles. "The last time," she said, busily counting stitches, "it was Jim's habit of taking off his shoes and putting his feet on the radiator. Disgusting, but it makes a man less quarrelsome—puts his mind on his feet instead of his wife. I hope you haven't succeeded in breaking Jim of the habit."

Isabel let go with another gush of tears. "He's as stubborn as a mule," she said.

"That's not fair," her mother said.

"It is so," Isabel said, and began to dry her eyes.

"I meant," her mother said, "it's not fair to mules. No mule could ever be as stubborn as a man. I didn't live with your father for thirty years for nothing, you know."

Isabel bridled. "Father was a good man," she said, dry-eyed.

"Good and stubborn," her mother said placidly, and added, "fortunately. If he hadn't been, the result would have been awful."

"I don't know why you say that," Isabel said.

"Not now, you don't—not yet. That's in the second chapter. Marriage is a book with a lot of chapters, and you're still in the middle of the first. Just wait."

Her daughter gave her head a shake. "I may not wait," she said.

Mrs. Orton clicked her needles several times before answering; then she said, as if to her knitting, "I never could put a book down, once I'd started it. But I did try, more than once. I'll give myself credit for that." She clicked again and laughed to herself. "If I had shut it, at the end of the first chapter, you and I wouldn't be here. You wouldn't be here." She stopped and counted on her fingers. "You came in chapter four."

"What on earth are you talking about?" Isabel asked with impatience.

"Marriage," her mother said, "marriage being a book, but without a table of contents. You've got to go through the whole blessed thing before you can find out what's going to happen, and even then you hardly believe it. And, worse still, nobody can

tell you the story ahead of time and make you believe it, or even listen, for that matter." She took one of her needles and pointed at her daughter. "You didn't, Missy."

Isabel squirmed and stuck her lip out, and her mother put her knitting down. "I didn't either," she said gravely, "and I can't say I wasn't warned. The picture I got of your father was black enough, Heaven knows—pigheaded, lazy, stuck-up, flighty, ignorant as all get out. And it was all true, of course; but it wasn't more than half the truth. If I had known the whole truth . . ." She let rolled-up eyes and a shake of the head finish the sentence.

Isabel, her face red with anger, reached for her purse. "I won't sit here and hear my father abused." Her handkerchief went to her eyes again. "And all this time I thought you and he were happily married."

"Awful," her mother said, calmly picking up her knitting, "simply awful—and I wouldn't have missed it for worlds." With the last word she threw back her head and laughed. "Not for worlds," she said again, and looked across at the dismay in her daughter's face. "You see, Isabel," she said quietly, "nobody told me about the privileges of marriage. They told me everything else, pretty near, but not about the privileges, or even that there were any. It was like giving you a recipe for cake and leaving out the sugar. I learned the privileges myself."

She put her knitting down and looked reflectively out of the window. "They were sweet, the privileges: looking like a frump in the morning and daring anybody to say anything about it; picking your neighbors to pieces, little pieces; taking your husband down a peg when he got too uppity; spanking children—you'll love that, Isabel—your brother's bottom used to stay red an hour afterward—I never spanked you as hard as I wanted to: I guess I was a softy; lying in bed, saying you were sick when you weren't and letting some sympathetic soul wash the dishes; quarreling with your husband, and making up—you don't need to blush, Isabel; raising your voice—I never was allowed to when I was a girl; crying when there was nothing to cry about, just having a good cry—and laughing too, at any sort of tomfoolery, yours or anybody's."

She stopped and looked at her daughter. "That's just a few of them," she said soberly. "I could go on all day. Sometimes when I'm sitting here by myself with nobody to talk to—that's another privilege, one of the best, having somebody to talk to all the time, day or night—I sit here and go over those thirty years and try to pick out the best, the choicest; and some days it's one, some days it's another; the kind you enjoy all alone, and the kind you share with somebody else.

"And out of the whole lot there are two or three that are always fighting for first place. I won't tell you what they are; you'll find out for yourself, if you decide to go on through the book. But right this minute there's one that's easily first, and I can tell you about that because it's in the first chapter. Know what it is?"

She smiled as if waiting for an answer. "You can't guess, can you? Well, I'll tell you. One of the sweetest, the choicest, the most precious, is the privilege of damning your own husband." She picked up her knitting and broke the silence with the clicking needles. Presently she said calmly, without looking at her daughter, "Go ahead, Isabel. Damn Jim."

Isabel said nothing; her mother brought her clicking to a slow stop and put her knitting aside. Looking now directly at her daughter, she said, "Well, what's Jim done this time?"

"Nothing," Isabel answered, in a voice near a whine. "That's the trouble, nothing."

"I see," her mother said. "Well, what is it Jim hasn't done that he ought to have done?"

"He let them promote that Harry Johnson right over his head without saying a word."

"Dear me," her mother said. "When was this?"

"Yesterday."

"And how did Jim seem to be taking it, when he told you about it last night? Did he seem upset?" Her mother gave her a neutral look.

"He didn't tell me last night." Isabel's face began to pucker. "He didn't tell me until this morning, at breakfast."

"You don't say. Why, the boy's got more sense than I thought he had." Her mother's voice trailed off into laughter. "But you've still got tonight. Well, what explanation did he give? Or did he have any?"

"Oh, he had one all right. His excuse was that he wasn't ready for that *(Continued on page 47)*

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

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Maria José Ribeiro, in nurse's uniform, inspects a vegetable garden she shov[illegible] health club members how to plant. Gardening is one of 50 things she learned, to get her $[illegible]-a-month job

One of Maria José's most difficult tasks is to banish ignorant folks' fear of hospitals

Concluding ***WE'RE BUILDING A BETTER HEMISPHERE***

MIRACLE

Dr. Duval G. Tinoco, who was sent to the U.S. to study, examines a baby, held by Maria José, in Cametá, Brazil

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Thatched huts along the riverbanks are gradually being replaced by modern dwellings. All homes have a year, and malaria has been eliminated in many pest spots

On the Amazon

By JOHN W. WHITE

Disease and poverty are being driven from the great river basin by an American-launched program, which in one Brazilian town has cut the yearly death rate from 20 per 100 to 7

Among the foreign policy aims which President Truman outlined in his 1950 inaugural address was a "bold new program" to provide American technical aid to the backward and undeveloped areas of the world. The program, now under way in 39 countries, is known as Point Four. But seven years earlier, a campaign was launched to lift the standards of health, education and agriculture in Latin America. This successful campaign set a pattern for world-wide Point Four

II

Belém, Brazil

OF THE $40,000,000,000 which Americans yield up in taxes every year, none is better or more excitingly spent than the $9 which each month goes to a black-eyed, black-haired, olive-skinned twenty-three-year-old Brazilian *senhorita* named Maria José Ribeiro.

Maria José is only four feet eleven, and weighs a mere 89 pounds. At first she would reply no more than *"Sim, senhor"* or *"Não, senhor"* to my queries, but her timid voice expressed all the music in the Portuguese language, and her even teeth flashed a quick smile. Maria José Ribeiro is completely *simpática*.

Also, she is one of the tiniest cogs in a new kind of war machine with which the United States government, through its Institute of Inter-American Affairs, has fought a magnificent battle in 14 of the 21 republics south of the U.S. to free millions from the centuries-long bondage of disease and dirt which made their lives no better than that of animals.

The institute now carries on the Latin-America part of the Point Four program launched by the United States last July to help the backward, distressed nations of the world to help themselves to a better life.

The program—which seeks to raise standards of health and sanitation, agriculture and education—has got under way in 39 countries.

Maria José is a visiting nurse's aide, trained in American medical know-how, and her post is Cametá, Brazil, a little river town of 3,000 not far from here on the Amazon. Eight years ago, Cametá was notorious as one of the worst pestholes on the Amazon, itself known as a green hell. Today Cametá's death rate is lower than ours back home, and Maria José helped lower it.

This slim young *visitadora* and several hundreds like her have, in fact, helped write one of the most heart-warming chapters in the history of man's attempt to help his fellow man, and one of the most ambitious.

In seven years the institute, working through U.S. doctors, nurses, technicians and Latin Americans coached by them, has improved the health and sanitary conditions of some 23,000,000 people —one in every six south of the Rio Grande.

This project, so gigantic as to defy the imagination, began on a note of strictly American self-interest. But soon—well before President Truman announced the Point Four program—it turned into a full-scale fight to help this underdeveloped neighbor continent of ours help itself to a better life and shed the weaknesses which make it prey to Communism.

During World War II's most desperate phase, in 1942, when we urgently needed the rubber and other raw materials of the Amazon Valley, the men we sent into its steaming jungles required protection from the diseases which had always plagued the river people. The U.S. and Brazil agreed on a co-operative health program. Nelson Rockefeller, then Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, asked Major General George C. Dunham to fly South and organize it.

Dunham, who had helped clean up the Canal Zone and the Philippines, was a natural for the job. Traveling 400,000 miles in Brazil, he set up hospitals, dispensaries, clinics and public health centers—all co-operative projects in which American doctors and nurses passed on public-health know-how to Brazilians. When the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, an autonomous outfit under the State Department,was organized to take over some of the co-ordinator's duties, Dunham returned to Washington.

Co-operative programs similar to Brazil's were set up in the other republics where we had bases or needed war materials. Eventually, we had 336 U.S. doctors, nurses, lab workers and other technicians working in all the republics except Argentina and Cuba. As fast as they could, the Americans trained local people and returned home. Only 140 Americans now are left in the field; but with them today are some 10,000 local doctors, nurses and technicians, many of them trained at U.S. universities on scholarships.

In time the institute took on two other major Latin-American headaches besides health: food production and education. But because no man can think of farming or schooling when he is sick and disease-ridden, health-and-sanitation remains the institute's biggest program, and in many ways its most spectacular.

Certainly one of the most gripping human achievements of all time is the institute's cleanup of the strange jungle-and-water world of the Amazon Valley.

Superimposed on the United States, this fabulous region would reach from Manhattan to Yellowstone Park, from Duluth to New Orleans. The Boundaries Commission here in Belém, which is mapping the area, wouldn't even venture a guess for me as to how many thousands of miles of rivers flow into the Amazon; they do know, though, that only one of the many islands in the Amazon delta is bigger than Switzerland.

Few Children Survived First Year

The Amazon is a place of serious endemics that feed on the underfed state of its people. Living in thatched huts (now gradually being replaced by modern dwellings) along the riverbanks or a mile or two inland, most of these wretches, until the institute came, ate only fish, yucca root and a small palm berry called *assashy*. The few children who survived their first year went naked, their sorry little bellies protruding tightly over their overloads of worms.

Perhaps you, as a tourist, have seen some of the undernourished riverfolk and thought them lazy sleepers-in-the-sun. The grim truth is that the Amazon's 1,500,000 inhabitants carried around in their abdomens three and a half tons of intestinal worms—hardly a spur to enterprise. The region's intestinal parasites include almost everything in the catalogue, from near-invisible hookworms to six-foot tapeworms; thousands of people walked around with two pounds or more of 10-inch roundworms inside them. And if that were not enough, 90 per cent of the Amazon's population had malaria.

(Continued on page 45)

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Vollmer (right) tests a lie detector—a device which he introduced to police work—with the help of Mrs. Phyllis Seipel and Inspector Albert Riedel of the Berkeley, California, police department. Vollmer is credited with a long list of innovations in crime detection and prevention

America's Greatest Cop

By [illegible]

August Vollmer pioneered in converting our antiquated police systems into a scientific weapon for the war on crime. Now criminologists from all over the world ask his advice

A PROMINENT feature of August Vollmer's home in Berkeley, California, is a well-stocked library, largely devoted to the exploits of the nation's toughest criminals and the methods used to track them down. Almost equally prominent is a large tin of hard candy balls. The candy is for the neighborhood kids who come to the house with their problems; its presence explains as perhaps nothing else does why Vollmer is widely known in criminological circles as the greatest modern police official this country has produced.

For nearly three decades, as police chief of Berkeley, Vollmer used to tell all rookies:

"Your main job as cop on the beat is not to make a lot of arrests, but to help prevent crime. The best way to do this is to start with the children. Make friends with them. Guide them toward law-abiding citizenship. Show them that the law is their friend, not their enemy."

For all of his seventy-four years, this has been one of August Vollmer's guiding principles. Another has been to make the fullest possible use of the scientific laboratory in the prevention and control of crime.

Using these as his guideposts, Vollmer pioneered in transforming the nation's clumsy, hit-and-miss police systems into a scientific weapon for a real war on crime.

Experts credit him with being the first to put an entire police patrol force on wheels; among the first to introduce the signal-call system that keeps headquarters in contact with the cop on the beat, and one of the very first to experiment with radios in police cars. He revolutionized the arts of criminal investigation and identification. He introduced the lie detector in police work. He organized America's first community co-ordinating council, where the police and social agencies plan and execute a common attack on juvenile delinquency. As an ace police trouble shooter, he rejuvenated many a decrepit police system through his surveys and reorganizations in more than 200 cities.

Now retired, Vollmer has been known for years as the policeman's policeman, the crime expert's criminologist. His career is the fabulous story of a cop who never stopped asking questions and tracking down answers.

New Orleans-born, Vollmer came to Berkeley with his parents in 1888. After grammar school he spent two years in a business school, and then saw action in the Philippines during our war with Spain, winning several citations for bravery.

On his return to Berkeley, he went to work as a letter carrier. On several occasions, he came close to being fired from this job because he liked to stop and visit with the folks whose mail he delivered. But the friendships he made in this fashion stood him in good stead when, in 1905, a reform group moved to clean up Berkeley—then a town of about 25,000 people whose feeble forces of law and order were inadequate to cope with the criminals spilling across the Bay from wide-open San Francisco. The reformers persuaded the friendly postman to run for town marshal; then they got him elected.

Vollmer recalls how he bungled one of his first murder cases after his election. A young man's body was found outside a fashionable home. Death was due to one of the most powerful poisons—potassium cyanide. It looked like suicide, but Vollmer consulted the world-famous biologist, Professor Jacques Loeb, at the University of California in Berkeley. Several witnesses had stated that at the time the body was discovered the empty poison vial was clutched in the dead man's hand.

"If that is true," Loeb told Vollmer, "it is plainly

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murder, not suicide. Potassium cyanide causes almost instantaneous death, and immediately relaxes all the muscles in the body. It would be impossible for the vial to remain in the man's hand if the poison were self-administered. It must have been placed there by the murderer to make it look like suicide."

But by the time the case came before the coroner's grand jury, the witnesses were hazy about the vial. Three were positive that they saw it clutched in the corpse's hand; four were sure the vial lay beside the body. The jury decided it was suicide, and closed the case.

"I bumbled that one good," Vollmer says, chuckling. "I committed nearly every error in the book. I didn't have a photograph of the body taken on the spot. I didn't take depositions of witnesses while their memories were still fresh. I was sure I knew who the murderer was, but he wiggled through my net with the greatest of ease, because I was so dumb."

Vollmer learned from his own mistakes, and he kept tapping the knowledge and experience of others. University of California scientists respected this inquisitive cop, with his untiring quest for answers to the problems of criminal behavior. When he couldn't get answers from the professors, he searched the library shelves, or asked the criminals themselves. One question was always dominant: *Why?* Why did people steal and kill? Why did some children grow into hardened criminals, their playmates into useful citizens? Why did punishment fail as a corrective in so many cases?

In 1909, Berkeley replaced its marshal system with a regular police department. Vollmer was named chief. From the start, he felt that the core of a well-functioning police system was the patrolman. He was amazed that nobody had paid attention to what he called "the science of the police beat." Usually a town was neatly divided into a number of roughly equal areas, corresponding to the number of available cops, and each area was called a beat.

But Vollmer knew that crimes did not follow geometric patterns; they were concentrated in certain areas. He deployed his men accordingly.

One might have a beat four times larger than another's; a small area with a high crime rate might need two or more officers to cover it.

Limousine Police Are Vindicated

Watching his cops get flat-footed and weary as they pounded their beats, Vollmer next decided to put them on bicycles. By 1912 his beat men were riding motorcycles; soon afterward they were patrolling in automobiles. His was the nation's first completely mobile police force. At the start, humorists had a field day ridiculing Vollmer's "limousine police," whom they depicted riding around town like carefree millionaires. But Vollmer produced figures showing that crime rates declined sharply when the police could get around by automobile, as well as on foot. At the same time, he insisted that his patrolmen alight frequently to maintain contact with the people on their beats.

Besides improving their techniques, Vollmer worked to improve the cops themselves. When he went into police work, practically the only requirements for the patrolman's job were physical strength and courage; often political pull was a consideration, too. Vollmer regarded police work as potentially a great profession, whose members—entrusted with the life and safety of the citizenry—should be of highest caliber, not only physically well endowed but able to pass stringent tests for character, mentality and resourcefulness. With the help of personnel experts, he devised tests for such qualifications before industry and government generally adopted them. It became an honor to be a Vollmer cop.

In his campaign to raise standards, Vollmer opened one of the nation's first in-service police schools. He personally gave courses in scientific policing, cajoled outstanding social and biological scientists from the nearby university to teach, and persuaded visiting scientists of distinction to give special lectures.

In a daring experiment in 1917, he inserted ads in the University of California campus paper urging students to take part-time jobs as patrolmen, to help work their way through college and learn police administration at the same time. Vollmer's educated police force met with prompt scoffing. Dubbed the "college cops," they were cartooned in caps and gowns, armed with heavy books in place of clubs. But again their chief turned ridicule into respect.

Never was there assembled around a single police headquarters so brilliant an assortment of cops; some had already taken their college degrees and were at work on learned doctoral theses. And never did a single force of uniformed police produce so many distinguished leaders. John A. Larson, who developed the lie detector while a Vollmer officer, became a prominent psychiatrist. O. W. Wilson, a Vollmer cop from 1921 to 1925, later served as chief public safety officer of the American occupation forces in Germany, and is now dean of the University of California's new Criminology School—first of its kind in this country. Major General William F. Dean, who led the American 24th Division in Korea until he was reported missing in action, *(Continued on page 58)*

Neighborhood kids dip into tin of candy which is always on hand in retired police official's Berkeley home. Vollmer is deeply concerned with the welfare of the nation's youngsters. If potential gangsters could be sorted out soon enough, he says, much of our crime could be prevented

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

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The half-track's engine started at once. I slammed into low gear and drove straight at the

Revolt of the TRIFFIDS

By JOHN WYNDHAM

Like hideous parodies of men, the triffids walked closer and closer to the little haven Bill and Josella had created. The fight could not be avoided—and the weight of numbers alone gave the freakish plants the upper hand

The Story: I was one of the relative handful of people in England who survived the two terrible disasters that changed the whole face of the world in the twenty-first century, A.D.; and for the convenience of historians, I am writing this personal record, based in part on a journal I kept during the years when the earth was first overrun by the triffids.

The triffids, as everyone now knows, are fantastic plants that fell from the planet Venus long ago. They grow to great heights; they can drag their roots from the ground and walk; and they feed on human flesh. The big chance for the triffids came when all the skies burst into flame one night, and showers of what most people believed to be comet dust fell to the earth, blinding all but a lucky few, like myself.

BILL MASEN is my name; and for years I had worked as a scientific researcher on triffid farms managed by a company which marketed the valuable extracts the curious vegetables yielded. In London, I met a girl named JOSELLA PLAYTON, who also still had her sight. After many frightening adventures, in which we saw the blind trying to fight those who could see, with the triffids standing by to prey on the losers, Josella and I finally found a haven at Shirning Farm on the Sussex Downs. The farm was owned by DENNIS BRENT and his wife MARY, both of whom had been stricken blind. We settled down with the Brents and a charming little girl called SUSAN, whom I had found orphaned, after her whole family had been wiped out by the triffids.

Our little colony did what it could to stay alive and fight off the walking plants; but we all realized that survival depended on our finding other people struggling to stay alive in this dangerously crippled world. At Tynsham Manor, many miles from our farm, we knew of a colony led by a woman we had earlier known in London: one MISS DURRANT, a sighted lady of rigid Puritanical opinions. She had been briefly associated with a group led by a man named MICHAEL BEADLEY, of whom we had lost track. COKER, another earlier acquaintance of ours, was at Tynsham when last I had seen him.

Our plan was to join with the Tynsham group, and I drove over to the colony to suggest this. I was back at Shirning the same day. I told Josella I had found no living person there—only triffids.

Collier's for February 3, 1951

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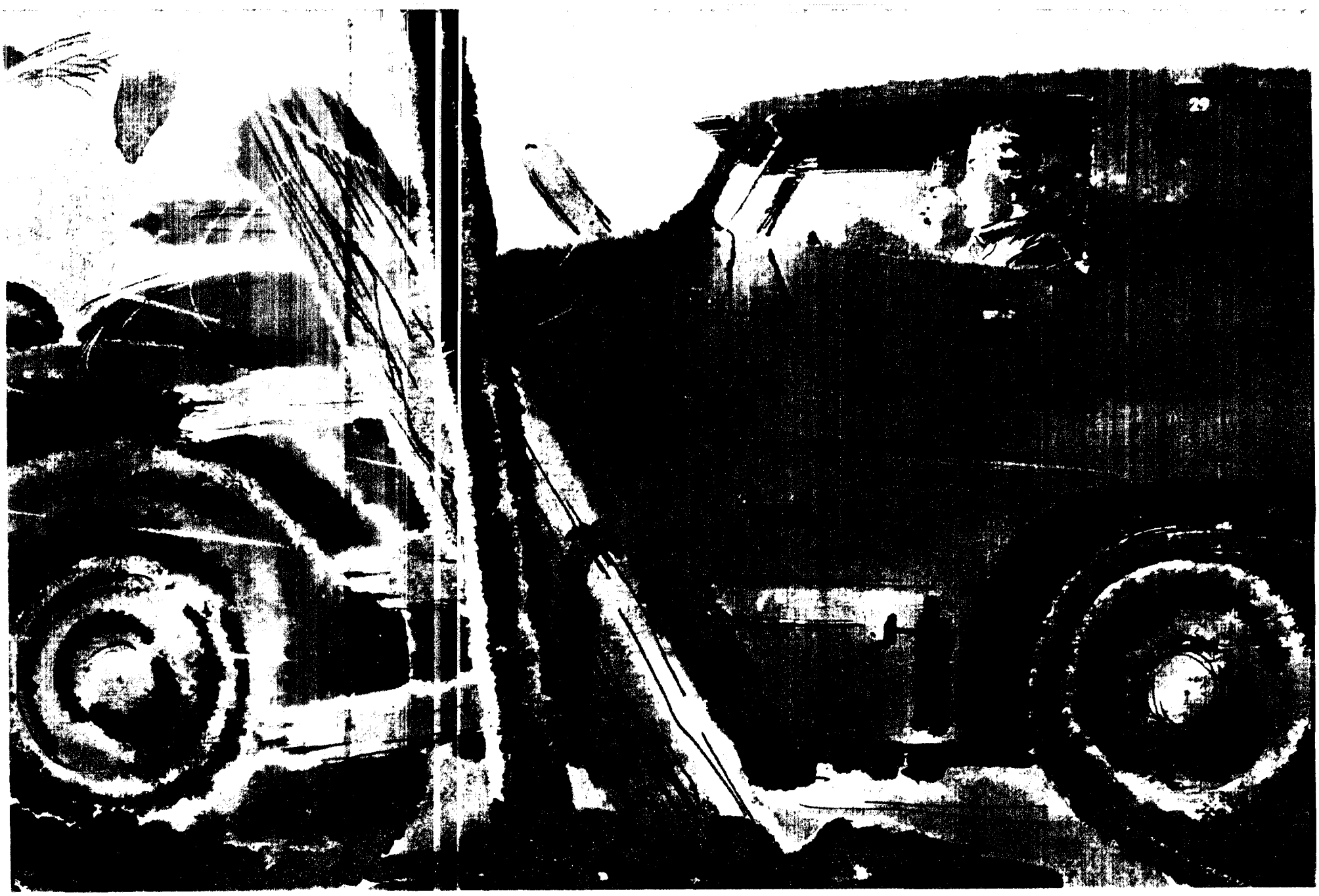

(CONTINUED)

...NEY triffids ... eyes growing wider ... keep fear out of my ... had to ... what I had found at Tynsham.

"The gates were open when I got there," I said. "I drove the car into the driveway and right away I knew something was wrong. There were triffids loose on the lawn—a lot of them. I kept on the farms where I used to work. I never saw so many of them in one place before.

"I got out of the car, and the triffids began to move toward me. I was protected, of course, but I was scared and ran for the house. By the look of it, it must have been deserted for a week or more. There was a horrible, sickening smell to the place. The front door was open and I called out as soon as I stepped inside. I knew there wouldn't be an answer and there wasn't—only a frightening kind of echo.

"I looked into two of the rooms. There were people in both of them—dead people. And they looked—I can't tell you how they looked. I was sick and went outside again. Some kind of notice had been pinned to the front door, but only one blank corner was left. The rest must have blown away. I looked for it, but didn't find it. From somewhere even more triffids had gathered on the lawn. They kept looking toward me—well, maybe not looking, but they certainly knew I was there. A few of them had gone close to the car. I killed a couple and the rest moved back. I got into the car and drove away as fast as I could."

Josella had covered her face with her hands. Even though I hadn't really described them, she had seen enough horrors herself to visualize the corpses in those silent rooms at Tynsham.

She trembled a little and then, firmly, took her hands from her face. I kissed her.

"And now?" she said. "What do we do now?"

"We stay here," I said. "We learn to support ourselves. And we go on supporting ourselves—unless help comes. There may be an organization somewhere."

Josella shook her head. "I think we had better forget about help. Millions and millions of people have been hoping and waiting for help that didn't come."

"There'll be something," I said. "There must be thousands of little groups like ours dotted all over Europe—all over the world. Some of them will get together. They'll begin to rebuild."

"In how long?" said Josella. "Generations? Perhaps after our time. No. The world's gone, and we're left. We must make our own lives. We've got to plan them as though help will never come." She paused. There was an odd blank look on her face. It puckered.

"Darling—" I said.

"Oh, Bill, Bill, I wasn't meant for this kind of life. If you weren't here I'd—"

"Hush, my sweet," I said gently.

A few moments later she recovered herself. "I'm sorry, Bill. Self-pity, revolting. Never again."

She patted her eyes with her handkerchief, and sniffed a little. "So I'm to be a farmer's wife. Anyway, I like being married to you, Bill—even if it's not a very proper sort of marriage." I kissed her again.

From that time on I kept a journal, in the belief that one day it would be useful to historians. The rest of this narrative is based on entries made over a long period of time. I can see from the journal that within a week of my return from Tynsham I started the work of erecting a wire fence at Shirning Farm to keep the triffids out. Already we had barriers that held them away from the garden and the immediate neighborhood of the house. Now I began a more ambitious project of making some hundred acres safe from the walking plants. I set about building a stout wire fence which took advantage of high hedges, clusters of trees and other natural barriers. The fence was intended to prevent either the stock or ourselves from going inadvertently within range of the triffids' long stings.

It was hard and tedious work, and it took me several months to complete the job.

At the same time I was trying to learn the elements of farming. It is not the kind of thing that is easy to learn from books.

Luckily there was time to make mistakes and to learn from them.

For safety's sake I let a whole year pass before I went to London again. Though it was the most profitable area for finding goods and provisions, it was also the most depressing. The city still gave the impression that a touch of a magic wand could bring it awake, though many of the vehicles that stood in the streets were beginning to turn rusty.

Another year went by and I went to London again; the changes were more noticeable. Large patches of plaster detached from house fronts lay on the sidewalks, dislodged tiles and chimney pots could be found in the roads. Grass and weeds had got a good hold in the gutters and were choking the drains. Every building had begun to wear a wig of green beneath which its roof would damply rot. Through many a window one had glimpses of fallen ceilings, curves of peeling paper, bare walls slightly glistening where the paint had flaked away.

The gardens of parks and squares were wildernesses creeping beyond their boundaries across the bordering streets. Growing things seemed indeed to press everywhere, rooting *(Continued on page 50)*

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End of the chase: Lloyd Winchenbach and a hound belonging to Brooklyn Dodger coach Clyde Sukeforth on the latter's farm in Waldoboro, Me.

Campfire scene in Nags Head Woods, North Carolina. Postchase get-togethers like this can be the major reward for true fox-hunting fans

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IF YOU WANT TO HUNT FOXES . . .

Listen to the Music of the Hounds

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

There are two schools of thought, North and South, among huntsmen devoted to our oldest participant sport. But both agree the thrill depends on a darned good dog

WHEN Oscar Wilde defined fox hunting as the "unspeakable in full pursuit of the uneatable" he was crying out against a symbol, then exemplified by a white stock collar worn under the pink coat of a snobbish horseman who pursued foxes as a social diversion.

Wilde had never sipped from a jug around a communal fire in the Carolina hills while the shifting music of the chase resounded from a score of living instruments. He had never panted on the heels of a Vermont farmer who was racing through the snow to reach a "crossing" ahead of a hard-driven fox, spurred on by the bugling cries of a foxhound. Had he known either of these things, of course, literature would have been the loser to the extent of one undying epigram.

Whether he happens to be a one-gallused hill farmer with a lone potlicker hound, or a booted squire boasting a kennel crowded with Walkers and Triggs, the fox hunter is, first of all, a lover of the chase. To most such sportsmen, regardless of estate, the running of foxes is more than a mere outdoor diversion; it is a way of life, and one that has survived and grown in the face of opposition.

Trimmed incomes and rising taxes have reduced the ranks of the mounted fox hunters, once quite plentiful between Meadowbrook, Long Island, and Pinehurst, North Carolina. Today, for every fox hunter who follows the hounds on a horse there are thousands who cover the ground on shanks' famous mare.

The ranks of the down-to-earth fox hunters have increased greatly during the past five years, for almost anyone can afford to feed one hound on scraps from the table. That the brotherhood is flourishing is shown by the registry of some 150,000 foxhounds, plus the unlisted thousands that come under the heading of "just plain hound."

Fox hunting, in its varied forms, is undoubtedly the oldest participant sport still surviving in this country; it started away back in 1650. In June of that year Robert Brooke, ultimately a crony of Lord Baltimore and a member of the august privy council of the Province of Maryland, arrived in this country. With him he brought a wife, eight sons, two daughters, 28 servants, some fine English furniture—and several hounds. In a very short time, Brooke began making life interesting for his friends, as well as for the Eastern Shore foxes. While his hounds occasionally turned to a coon or possum, their primary purpose was the running of foxes.

Prior to this date, the English nobility and royalty had formal packs of boarhounds and staghounds, and did some chivvying of foxes on off days; but the records indicate that the first pack of hounds formed solely for fox hunting was not assembled in England until 1666, and some authorities push that date as far forward as 1698. This, in view of Brooke's activities, would seem to give us something of an edge on the English in the matter of fox hunting.

Several of our Revolutionary founders, including Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton, were devoted followers of the sport. Add to this our assertion that the foxhound has been bred to its highest degree of perfection in "nose, speed and stamina" in this country, and you will leave our British cousins speechless.

It would be impossible to say whether the average fox hunter follows the hounds in order to hunt foxes, or hunts foxes in order to follow the hounds. The fox and hound are so merged in this pursuit that each is a perfect complement to the other. One thing is certain: No other field sport so thoroughly captivates its adherents, and an individual is usually lost beyond redemption with the acquisition of his first foxhound.

The American fox hunter goes whole hog in pursuit of his sport. Often, he cannot, without recourse to the family Bible, come up with the maiden name of his paternal grandmother. But it's a fair bet he can provide you with the list of his foxhound's ancestors for at least six generations. Also, there is every chance that he might augment this recitation with details of the winning run made by that hound's great-great-great-grandsire back in the Kentucky trials of 1916.

To a pitiful few of these sportsmen, fox hunting fills in the broad gap between the closing of the upland game and deer seasons and the opening of the fishing season. It provides them with an excuse and an opportunity to range the woods and fields with dog and gun, or perhaps only with dog. To the real enthusiast, however, other forms of hunting serve only as an interlude—a means of passing time agreeably until fox hunting becomes practical.

Chasing Deer Is Too Dangerous

The practical angle involves the unhappy tendency of some foxhounds to chase deer, an activity which, in several sections of the country, is not only prohibited by law but frowned upon as being unsporting. This has brought about the sudden demise of countless fine foxhounds that happened to cross the path of an irate hunter or a watchful game warden.

The Yankee fox hunter, out of regard for the safety of his hound, usually waits with some impatience until the various game seasons are closed and only members of his own brotherhood are afield. Below the Mason and Dixon's line, however, much of the fox hunting is done by night. Under night conditions the only real menace is the hidden barbed-wire fence, and hunters can enjoy a longer season. In most Southern states, hounds may be employed legally in driving deer, so no foxhounds are lost through this activity, other than the few who fall to trigger-happy deer hunters who blast at movement in the brush.

In the North, where time, custom and what might be termed "Yankee thrift" have made it acceptable, the fox hunter often carries a shotgun in order to bag concrete proof of his success. Below the "line," fox shooting is viewed with about as much friendly tolerance as sheep stealing. In point of fact, a sheep thief with a good foxhound might find a welcome around the hunters' fire easier to come by than a Southerner who has shot or trapped a fox. Southern fox hunting, while it calls for less activity on the part of the hunter, follows more closely the spirit and tradition of the English form, which places its emphasis on the chase rather than the kill.

Why Reynard's Thefts Are Forgiven

The predatory nature of the fox is, to the Southerner, more than balanced by the royal sport he provides. What are a few chickens, an occasional lamb, a slight tribute in the form of game, as compared to the moving symphony of a pack of hounds in full cry? Especially, if your hound happens to be out in front. Trifling, suh! Trifling!

The conflict between the fox hunter and the upland game hunter is one of long standing, and probably never will reach a true armistice. The bird shooter recognizes no defense for any predator responsible for the loss of a single grouse, quail or pheasant. Hunters who follow both sports are, therefore, in something of a precarious position.

Bird dog, retriever, beagle and even the big foxhound field trials are inclined to be rather formal events; but in essence whenever two or more foxhound owners get together to run a fox, it's a field trial. These occasions, regardless of their impromptu nature and lack of ribbon or cup, lose no heat or excitement by reason of their informality. The writer's first taste of this sporting banquet was enjoyed at an early age. Since then he has covered many a weary mile and has accepted much discomfort for repeat performances. The last such event attended called for a 400-mile journey over icy highways, but the reward was adequate.

It was a white February morning in the Berkshire foothills, and perfect for the purpose at hand. The breath of hunters and hounds emerged like ectoplasm from the mouths of so many mediums.

The reason for the meeting was simple. There had been considerable hound bragging in progress around the potbellied stove *(Continued on page 75)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

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The Second Pasture

By CHRISTINE WESTON

Singh murdered Sir Alfred—of that I have no doubt. His motive was pride, and, in a way I may never understand, pride was his weapon, too

WE BURIED Sir Alfred this morning, very early, before the day's heat really got started, and all his friends who were able to come to the funeral, and all his people, were there—the people who had worked for him to the day of his death, which, when I come to think of it, was only yesterday; last evening, to be exact—and now my watch tells me it is four forty-five, only three quarters of an hour less than a day since Sir Alfred was killed by the Brahman bull beside the barbed-wire fence of the second pasture below his house.

At four forty-five yesterday afternoon Sir Alfred was alive, and he and I were sitting in this screened gallery which overlooks the valley and the great raft of cocoa and immortelles—those pink-flowered trees which we grow to shade the young cocoa—stretching from the terrace below the gallery to the end of the valley, where mist was just beginning to rise, as it usually does at this time of year in this region. It was an afternoon just like this afternoon, a West Indian afternoon, but cooler up here on Sir Alfred's estate in the hills than down in the gullies and savannas which fan out from the city of Port-of-Spain.

I'd been passing by on the terrace on my way to the kitchen to speak to Mrs. Penny, the cook, who is a relative of mine, when Sir Alfred called to me from the gallery, where it was his habit to rest for half an hour or so and drink a glass of rum and water before he started on his habitual stroll across the pasture to visit his old friend and neighbor, Mr. Cornelius Holmes, on the Merryvale estate next door.

"Frank," said Sir Alfred, "Frank, come up here a moment, will you?"

I went up the short flight of masonry steps and through the screen door into the gallery and there was Sir Alfred seated in his usual chair, with Mary, his fox terrier, lying at his feet, and his leather-topped cane balanced on his knee. Remembering him now, the thought comes to me that there was never anything especially surprising about Sir Alfred; he seemed always to fit into a situation or into a picture, as certain figures in real pictures seem to fit, or to belong, and I suppose that this must have been because of his appearance: he was a tall, erect old man with white hair and calm gray eyes and a nose which reached out from his face like the prow of a ship. He had a quiet manner and yet one got the feeling of strength and agility, and that was not to be wondered at either, for everyone knew that he had been a fine athlete when he was a schoolboy in England and, in fact, throughout his life, riding horseback to the last, when he was past seventy. Yet he had not the knotty muscular build of an athlete, being, on the contrary, slender and delicately made.

I keep wondering, though, how I can possibly describe him to people who never knew him. One can talk for hours about a person and not succeed in making him clear to the listener. I think that perhaps there may be a word, a single word, which would be sufficient to describe Sir Alfred, but it would have to be a word that conceals as much as it describes, for that is how I remember him, that is why I am putting it down like this, on paper, before the memory is lost, as I fear it will be lost to many who imagine they knew him better than others knew him and who made a great to-do about loving him—loving Sir Alfred! Love is a word I never remember hearing from his lips, nor did I ever surprise the look of it on his face as one sometimes does on certain faces, or in his actions either, though I would not presume to say that the feeling was unknown to him. He must have loved his wife when he married, perhaps even when he divorced her, though that was many years ago. Perhaps he'd loved his sons, too, before they became estranged from him for reasons none of us ever found out.

YESTERDAY afternoon, when Sir Alfred asked me to come up into the gallery, I found him seated in the cane chair with that cushion which still has the slight hollow where his head used to rest. He held a glass in his hand. "Come in, Frank," he said as I opened the screen door. "Come in. Have a drink."

"Thank you, sir," I said, and I always said "sir" even though he had once asked me not to bother with it. "We're both too old," he'd said, with his faint smile, "for that sort of thing." It was not like him to ask me a second time, leaving it up to me thereafter, but I continued to sir him partly from habit and partly because I felt that for me not to do so would affect my relations with, for instance, George Singh, the overseer, and also the other people who worked for Sir Alfred, none of whom would have lasted a day in his employ if they'd omitted that title of respect. This singling me out was not favoritism; at any rate, I don't think it was. I think it was something else: I like to think that it might have been a kind of affection which made him ask me not to sir him. I will not presume so far as to say that a man with as many friends as he had could ever have been lonely, but I do imagine that there were moods when he had special preferences, when he enjoyed the company of a person with whom he was not in the least obliged to make conversation, with whom he found it comfortable to stay quiet, and just to feel a presence which was not a dog or a servant only, nor yet an intimate friend—I do imagine that that was how Sir Alfred may have felt about me.

This was probably a feeling he'd had from the beginning of our association ten years ago, when he engaged me first as a chauffeur, then as a kind of personal secretary to do odd jobs of accounting and letter writing for him. And in his calm way he taught me things—a proper way to speak, for instance, and a correct way to write, and even to think—all of which I learned somehow by watching him and listening to him, or just by sitting quietly on such occasions as yesterday afternoon, when he called to me to come up and have a drink.

"Thank you, sir," I said, and helped myself to a tot of rum, taking a glass from the tray which Mrs. Penny always set out in the gallery at this hour, with not just two glasses on it but half a dozen, for we never knew when some of his friends might come driving in from a neighboring estate, or even all the way up from Port-of-Spain, thirty miles away.

I took my glass and sat down on a chair beside him so both of us faced the valley and all we could see was the tops of those trees and the gray mist rising above them, and in the silence I could hear familiar sounds from the house and the grounds which surround it. I could hear Mrs. Penny moving in the great dim rooms behind us, and somewhere in the background a snorting of pigs and the shrill crowing of bantams, for in addition to growing cocoa, Sir Alfred kept livestock, including cattle, Brahman cattle, those crossbreds which have been found to thrive better in our West Indian climate than the

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purebred English or European stock. From where we sat we couldn't see the pastures, which lay to the south of the gallery and slope down to the road which connects Sir Alfred's property with that of his friend, Mr. Cornelius Holmes.

Thinking about it now, I find it quite easy to recall everything that was said yesterday afternoon, and most of the things that then passed unspoken in my mind. These afternoons have always been more or less the same, and the hours, and the seasons. A long procession of time, with Sir Alfred and me marching in the procession, and all his friends in it, and George Singh, the man who killed him, though everyone believes it was the Brahman that did it. Certainly nobody could deny that Sir Alfred was gored to death, which is one reason we had to bury him so soon, not being able to wait for some of his friends to come from distant parts of the island, cer-

[illegible] for his sons to come all the way from Eng[illegible]even if they had wanted to. The dead go bad [illegible]quickly in this climate and Sir Alfred was in no [illegible]ition for embalming or anything of that sort. [illegible] Brahman had got him in the middle and had [illegible]tically cut him in two, and by the time that [illegible]rge Singh and I and the others managed to drive [illegible]way, and I knelt down beside Sir Alfred, he was [illegible]d, and I could see on his face some of the things he felt when the bull was killing him.

I don't know whether the others saw it, but I saw it. I don't want to boast that I knew him better than anyone else did. It is often our special feeling for a person that makes him appear different from others, and that, in a sense, sets him apart from others. He and I were within a year of the same age, and certain things had happened to him that had likewise happened to me, though of course in quite a different fashion. I too had lost my wife—she found out that I had been untrue to her and she divorced me, not being the forgiving sort. Naturally it never occurred to me to ask Sir Alfred what it was that had come between his wife and him; I had a feeling that the case had been reversed, here. That would, of course, have been an even stronger reason for his never speaking of it. The strongest reason of all was that he never discussed his private affairs, not even with his friends, which is something I'd learned partly from gossip, and partly, I suppose, by a kind of instinct.

On the dressing table in his bedroom there is a photograph of his wife and his two sons, taken when the boys were about nine and twelve. They stand on either side of their young mother, who is seated, and all three gaze straight at you. Sometimes, when I was tidying *(Continued on page 36)*

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN PIKE

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LEONARD STECKLER

He was staring into a woman's hostile eyes. She was all alone, waiting

Bill for Damages

ROY BENSON came to the turn his brother had described, and then drove up the lane between autumn-colored trees. His face was grave with distaste for the mission, but he had to see the woman who had got herself so foolishly involved with his brother.

Roy was sure he knew his brother's taste in girls by this time—a tall thin girl with a fine-boned, gauntly handsome face and aloof eyes. The description that fitted Dorothy would just as easily fit all Dick's girls before her, and it was probably going to fit this Catherine Hurley. But Dorothy was Dick's wife, the mother of his two children, and Catherine Hurley was *Mrs.* Hurley. Well, it just had to stop.

"We've been meeting in the empty Schaeffer house," Dick had finally confessed. "Catherine's waiting for me there right now."

The Schaeffer house was large, white, eminently respectable. In front stood an old convertible—Catherine Hurley's. For all his disapproval, Roy pitied her, for in another two minutes he was going to break her heart; that is, if the affair was as serious for her as it seemed to be for Dick. He stepped out of the car and let himself into the house with the key Dick had listlessly surrendered at the end.

The foyer had an unlived-in coldness. Through an open door, he saw a mirror. He was startled to find himself staring at the reflection of a woman's hostile eyes. She was all alone, waiting. Even though he had come all this way to see her, to see her at last shook him more than he had expected. Deliberately, he walked well into the room before he turned to face her.

She was not at all what he had imagined. She was handsome in a different way. She was watching him, as aware of his theatrical entrance as he was. Defensively, he revised his estimate. She was neither helpless nor frightened. She was simply angry.

"Mrs. Hurley, I'm Dick's brother. Dick is not coming," Roy said quietly. "He's not coming," he repeated. "And I doubt that he ever will again. I shouldn't say I doubt it. I know it. This thing has been a tragic mistake, and, when I heard, I came up to straighten Dick out. He's now straight," he added in a softer tone. "I saw no reason to put you through the agony of wondering what had happened. It was much fairer"—and his voice grew meaningly firm—"to tell you what had happened."

Surprisingly the anger left her eyes. As she sat down, she looked thoughtful. "Mr. Benson," she said slowly, "you may not know it, but you're having a hell of a good time!"

"What?" he said.

"You heard me. That concern that's half threat, the pity that's half contempt—you haven't had such a good time in years. Sit down, Mr. Benson," she said politely. "Relax, and settle down for a little talk. That's the way. Now, Mr. Benson, did it ever occur to you that you have the instincts of a Peeping Tom?"

"No," he said. "It did not."

"Well, you do. Also, did it ever occur to you that you like to play God, and your results are as atrocious as your performance is hammy?"

"Apparently a lot of things haven't occurred to me."

"Apparently. Next question, Mr. Benson. You're not married, are you?"

"No." He smiled. "But that falls short of the other insulting questions."

"I've been insulting only myself," she said.

He began to enjoy himself. "Then whom am I to defend, you or me?"

"Yourself. I have no defense. I'm guilty."

"Guilty of what?"

"Of being like you. Now, Mr. Benson, I assume a man of the world like you would certainly understand how two perfectly decent people in a moment of weakness or loneliness might be trapped by passion into a regrettable affair, an affair that when exposed would have to appear cheap and ordinary."

"I certainly never meant to imply—"

"And you didn't. But with all this pity of yours, why couldn't you have left this last shred of privacy? Why did *you* have to come here?"

"I told you." Unaccountably, his heart began to pound. "I was only trying to do the decent thing."

"But that's not the truth. I knew it the moment you walked in. You began to know it just a moment ago. But let's go down another line."

"Let's not!" He rose, glancing at his watch.

"There's plenty of time," she said. "Sit down, Mr. Benson, sit *down!*"

He sat, bewildered by his obedience and by the incongruity of this woman being in Dick's life. Her dark controlled eyes showed neither victory nor resentment, but were so full of pity that he felt a sudden urge to confess everything, without knowing what he had to confess.

"As I understand it, you brought up Dick."

"That's right," he said, suspicious of the warmth he was beginning to feel for her. "Our father left no money, but I was determined that Dick at least would get the best."

"And while you worked, Dick went to school—the best you could afford."

"Look, I *wanted* Dick to go to Harvard."

"And he knew what you were sacrificing for him?"

"I didn't consider it any sacrifice. After all, I'm a partner now. And Dick's doing well in the branch up here. At least, he *was* doing well."

"And he likes the business?"

"It was the only thing for him. He once spoke about university teaching, but naturally, he saw how impractical it was."

"When you pointed it out."

He laughed again. "I didn't force him."

"No, you just let him know what you wanted."

He tightened his lips. "Why not say that, for brothers, we're very close?"

She nodded. "All right. And you approved most highly of his marriage?"

"I did," he said deliberately. "Dorothy's a fine woman, exactly what he wanted. I could tell as soon as I met her. I introduced them."

"You sound defensive, Mr. Benson. Why didn't you marry Dorothy?"

"I? Well, I—I suppose Dorothy and I could have made a go—" He pressed his lips together. "She's just not my type, that's all."

"But you never married," she insisted softly. "Just what is your type?"

"Well," he said explosively. "If you must know, you're my type!"

She leaned back, startled, a little amused. "Wait a minute, this is getting out of hand."

"It's been that way since we started this lunatic conversation. Good-by!"

"It's foolish to keep saying good-by. We're leaving together."

"You're crazy! Where are you going? What about your family?"

"I've been too thoroughly exposed in my own eyes to see anyone now."

"I'm sorry," he said unhappily. "I can't tell you how sorry I am! For Dick, for Dorothy, for you. You're not at all what I expected you to be."

"You mean someone who would do what you wanted. Like Dick."

"All right," he said miserably. "But it was always for his own good."

"What *you* thought was his own good. However, you're right, this thing can't go on. But remember, it started because of the people involved, and Dick is what you made him, or what he made himself trying to please you."

"Well, it's too late now," he admitted finally. "The damage is done."

"I'm talking about the damage to you. Look at yourself! You've been living two lives, yours and Dick's. You may not have gone to Harvard yourself, but you went through Dick. Just as you went out with all Dick's girls through Dick and married Dorothy through Dick. You came here to see the other woman who was yours through Dick!"

"I did not!" he protested, profoundly shocked.

"You did," she went on calmly. "I know you did from the moment you walked into the room. It was all over you. Am I right?"

"I don't know. I can't think."

"You can." With all her gentleness, she hadn't a shred of pity. "Am I?"

"I suppose you are," he said in a low voice.

AFTER a long moment she said, "Very well. I'm sorry, but I had to show you because you showed me so clearly when you came in." She held out her hand, and smiled—compassionately. "I'll see you at the airfield, after I get the convertible back to Catherine. You see, Catherine Hurley is my sister. I left my office and came up here for the very same reason you did."

He stared at her. "And you let me make a fool of myself! Why, I was even beginning—! You really do have a cruel streak!"

"And so do you!" she said just as strongly. "That's the damage I meant all along. I've made the same mess of my life and Catherine's as you did of yours and Dick's. I realized it the moment you came into this room with that self-righteous cruelty, laying down the law—"

"Don't!"

"Well, the damage is done, all right. We've broken it up and they're resigned, but you and I know where the blame really belongs." She whirled suddenly with a passion that had finally burst out of control. "When you came in that way, I could have struck you! I should have! And now, I suppose, you'd like to strike me."

"No," he said, smiling weakly. "At least not yet for a while."

"Then . . . it's time to go."

Without a word, he followed her out of the beautifully furnished house that was cold because no one lived there: a coldness that had been familiar because it was so like his own well-tended emptiness up until the moment he had met this woman. Now there was hope. Outside in the open air, the afternoon had a warm radiance, and he was grateful for the feel of the sun on his drawn face. THE END

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The Second Pasture

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

up his room—for I had taken on that duty in addition to others—I picked up this photograph and examined it, trying to read things into those faces, for while I know very little about Sir Alfred's past, I do know that the divorce took place while the children were still quite young. So whenever I looked at the photograph I felt that things must have begun to happen in those lives just about the time that it was taken, and that those three had already decided on their course and taken sides against Sir Alfred.

I HAVE often wondered why he kept the photograph, for aside from that, and from his books and some pieces of family silver in the dining room, he had nothing round him which seemed to hold any connection with the past. The furniture had all been picked up at one time or another on the island. It is shabby and makeshift and some of the chairs are not even upholstered but are covered with burlap, and there are no carpets—just some cocoa matting laid on the bare boards.

I remember once George Singh making the remark—he and I happened to be passing through the house on some errand—and George said, "God-awful, isn't it? You'd think that with his money and title and everything—" But it was not what George said so much as the expression on his face that had interested me. His eyes seemed to burn with scorn. He simply could not understand why a man like Sir Alfred chose to live not only in this simplicity but in such actual discomfort, or at any rate it would have been discomfort for George Singh, whose house is small but of very fine construction, with painted walls and many pictures and photographs, and a neat garden absolutely crammed with bright-colored flowers. But then George Singh's wife is a white woman, or almost white, and she spends her time keeping the place looking like a picture post card. She keeps herself and her children looking that way too. But the boys' hair is cut so as to hide the kink in it, which they must have inherited, not from George's father, nor even perhaps from his wife's side, but from George's mother, who was a Negro, like me.

Well, George Singh's wife and his children are still with him, but Sir Alfred's sons went with their mother just as my daughter had gone with hers. They, too, were part of that procession of years and minutes which had seemed endless in the fashion that some things seem endless. The procession was, at this time yesterday, still moving, with all of us in it, with the Brahman bull in it, and with George Singh, the overseer, that man part Indian and part white and the rest of him black, though of course not as black as me, but then, as I just said, I'm pure black just as Sir Alfred was pure white, and the thought occurs to me now that perhaps that was another reason he had this special feeling toward me—my blackness, his whiteness were a kind of truth which neither of us ever tried to explain or to apologize, or were ashamed of, or proud of in the mixed-up way in which George Singh was ashamed and proud at one and the same time. Yes, George Singh was in that procession with Sir Alfred and me, and now George and I are in it without Sir Alfred, and George and I know something of each other's minds. We knew it at the funeral today, standing there in our best suits, with our hats in our hands, a little apart from Sir Alfred's personal friends and associates—the planters and the officials who had come to see him buried under his own immortelles—and in between the words of the burial service the Dayclean, known to some as the mockingbird, sang among the leaves. . . .

"Frank," said Sir Alfred, as we sat drinking our rum in the gallery, "I have to drive to Port-of-Spain tomorrow for the meeting of the Agricultural Society. They have asked me to give a talk on the subject of praedial larceny."

I knew that this had been on his mind for some time past. Stealing had become a real problem for the planters in this region. The thieves had organized themselves into gangs, and the protection of fruit, cocoa, timber and other things on an estate as large as ours was becoming complicated and expensive. The gangs usually operated at night, using trucks, and were clever enough to confine themselves to the outer reaches of the property, where it was impossible to keep constant watch.

"Do you want me to come with you, sir?" I asked Sir Alfred, but he seemed not to hear, and I saw that he was frowning. Presently he said, "We can stop it, I think, if we are willing to go to the trouble and expense. I'm going to tell the society that we must enlist the co-operation of village and town authorities all the way down the line. Roadblocks, for instance. The searching of every vehicle after certain hours."

"There are sure to be objections to that," I said after a moment. "People returning from parties, workers visiting back and forth after working hours—"

He nodded. "I've thought of that. Nevertheless, it is the only way to put a stop to wholesale stealing. This night-watchman business simply won't work. What's to prevent the gangs from bribing our people?"

There was another pause. He went on: "At any rate, the society has asked me to come down and discuss it with them tomorrow. Between all of us—between Mr. Holmes, the Devers estate, mine and the others—we must have lost Heaven knows how many hundreds of dollars' worth of fruit, cocoa and other things. Damn it, they even pinch our manure!"

"George was telling me, sir, that until we can make better arrangements, it might be wise to hire extra men for watch duty at the drying sheds."

Sir Alfred said nothing and I could see that he was still intent on his thoughts. In the shadowy light of the gallery his profile was very strong—the great reaching nose with its fine nostrils, the wide mouth, closed on his thoughts, his hair shining like a cap of silver against the dark cushion. He had crossed his legs and I noticed his ankles, as shapely as a woman's, and his long, pale hands, one of which played with the cane he always carried. When I reached him yesterday—not an hour after this conversation—a tip of the Brahman's horn had pierced his face at one side and had come out at the other, and that may have been why it seemed to me, at the moment, as though all his life lay exposed, as though all the things upon which he'd kept his lips firmly closed had fought their way, at last, into the open.

He said presently, "You've talked with George Singh?"

"This morning, sir. He happened to mention it."

"George can always talk," said Sir Alfred. Now I remember the peculiar excitement I felt at that remark and at the tone of voice in which it was made. Excitement, not surprise, for the truth is, I suppose I'd been expecting something of the sort, some clue, some sign of the feeling which Sir Alfred had for George Singh. That he had a feeling I was sure, but I cannot even now say why I shouldn't have known it. I already knew—I seem always to have known—the feeling which George Singh had for Sir Alfred. I'd known it even before the day when he made his remark about Sir Alfred's house: "God-awful, isn't it?" and the scorn had burned in his eyes, making them seem red in the dim light of the room where we'd been standing. Hard to say what such feelings really spring from. A man like Sir Alfred, being quite different from other kinds of men, was bound to rouse special feelings in certain people just because of his own difference.

He hired George Singh as assistant overseer six years ago and then, when Edward Hicks died, he promoted George to Hicks's place, and there never had been any doubt that George was a good overseer—active, intelligent and reliable. Sir Alfred paid him well and treated him exactly as he treated most of us—most of us, that is, except me, for I don't recall his ever inviting George or the others to sit in the gallery and drink rum with him, and I knew very well how George felt about this, though there again I knew it by instinct, for George never mentioned it and never showed the slightest sign of caring; and that, I believe, was how I knew that he cared. The trouble men will go to, to cover up their real feelings, is often what gives them away. . . .

Standing beside Sir Alfred's grave this morning, standing there in that first hour of coolness, looking down at the coffin heaped with hibiscus and great ferns tied with white and purple ribbons, George's face showed nothing, nothing at all. Once he raised his eyes and looked at me and I noticed, as I had before, that they had reddish veins in them, as some East Indians have, and that they were only a shade darker than his skin, which is what they call olive, and his hair, glossy black with a wave in it, which he keeps carefully trimmed and brushed. George always dresses with a sort of expensive carelessness as some Englishmen do, and he is careful of his accent, which has none of the rising inflection of this island where he was born and where he has lived all his life. I never did quite understand what it was that George Singh always wanted, but that there is something I'm sure, just as sure as that I am sitting here in Sir Alfred's empty gallery looking out over the green trees, as we sat yesterday before the bull killed him.

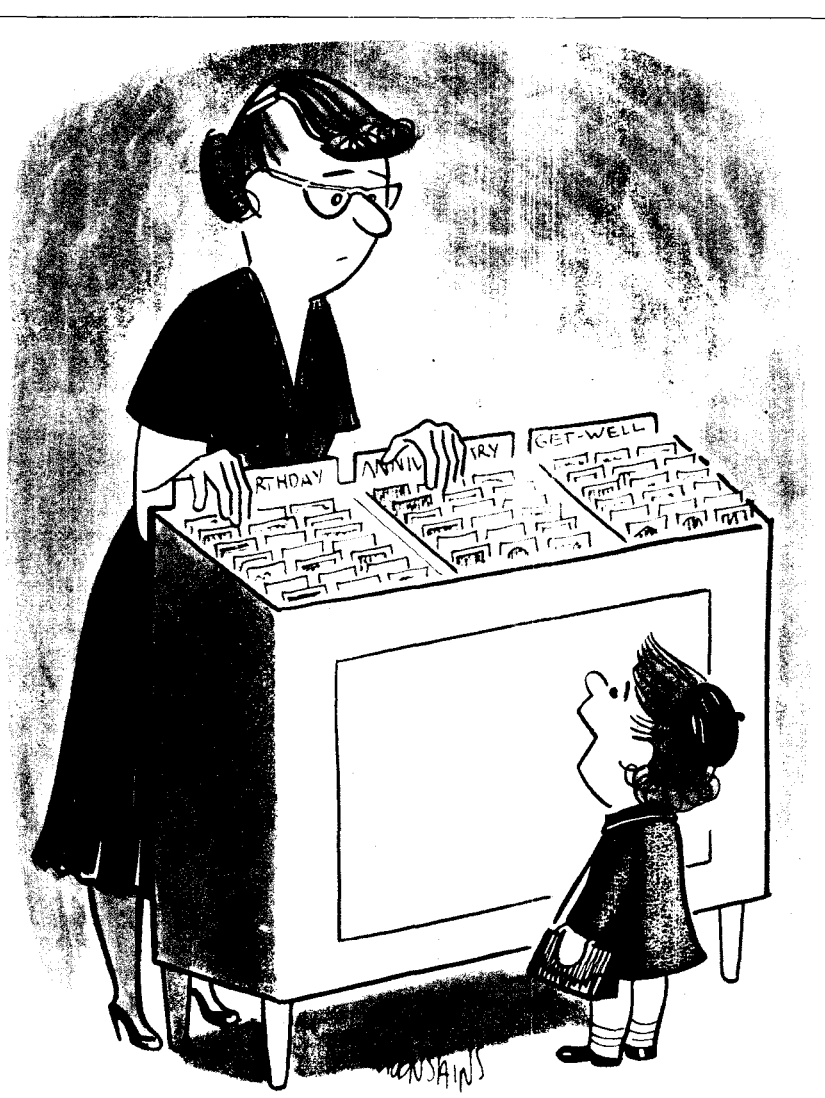
WE DIDN'T see the bull while we sat here drinking our rum. Both pastures, as I have explained, are on a lower level, but by standing up one can see them—the first a square fenced with barbed wire, the second pasture roughly oblong, and fenced the same way, connected to the first by a crossbarred gate fastened by a simple device, a stout pole which drops into a projecting slot. This gate swings from the first pasture into the second, which has two other gates, one at each end of the oblong so that in order to get in or out one has to walk the length or else use the connecting gate.

"George," Sir Alfred repeated presently, "George can always talk."

I sipped my rum and waited, the excitement playing through me, for it was the first time that Sir Alfred had spoken to me about George in this particular tone of voice. I said nothing because it was my habit never to criticize the other people who worked for Sir Alfred, just as it had been his habit never to ask my opinion directly on such matters, and yet I sometimes got a feeling that Sir Alfred and I were carrying on our conversation in silence, and that he often guessed my thoughts without my being obliged to utter them.

"If George Singh," said Sir Alfred, in his deliberate voice, "if George Singh had as good a conscience as he has an accent, it might not be necessary for me to take that

SISTER



"I want a get-well card for the boy who was riding my bicycle down Murphy's Hill when the front wheel came off"

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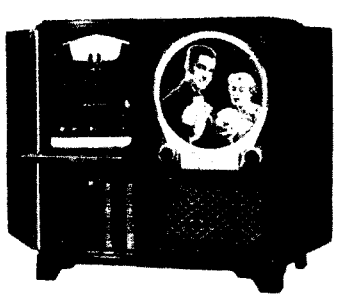
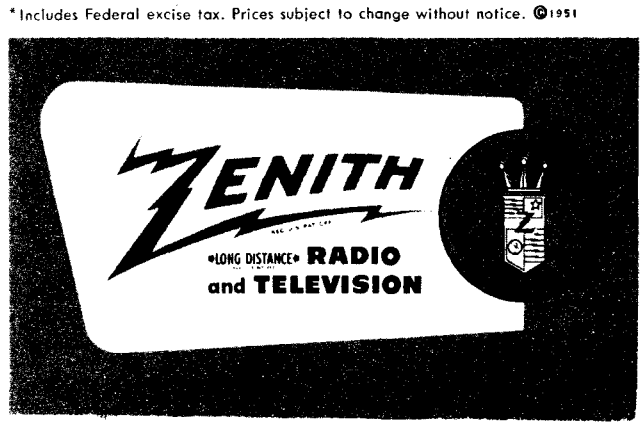


New Cobra-Matic Record Player with PITCH AND TEMPO CONTROL makes Zenith the world's greatest TV-Radio-Phonograph Combination! Has 3,000 speeds to let you control pitch and tempo to your own preference. Plays any and all speeds known, including the coming 16 R.P.M. *The only truly all-speed (10 to 85) automatic record player in the world!*

Above—New Zenith "Whittier" TV-Radio-Phonograph. New 17 inch (154 sq. in.) Rectangular Tube screen. New "Cobra-Matic" record player. New FM-AM radio. 18th century cabinet in genuine Mahogany veneers. $549.95*

At left—New Zenith "Hawthorne" TV-Radio-Phonograph. 165 sq. in. Giant Circle 2-in-1 Reflection-Proof Screen for Circular or Rectangular type pictures. Cobra-Matic record player. AM-FM radio. 18th Century cabinet, Mahogany veneers. $549.95*



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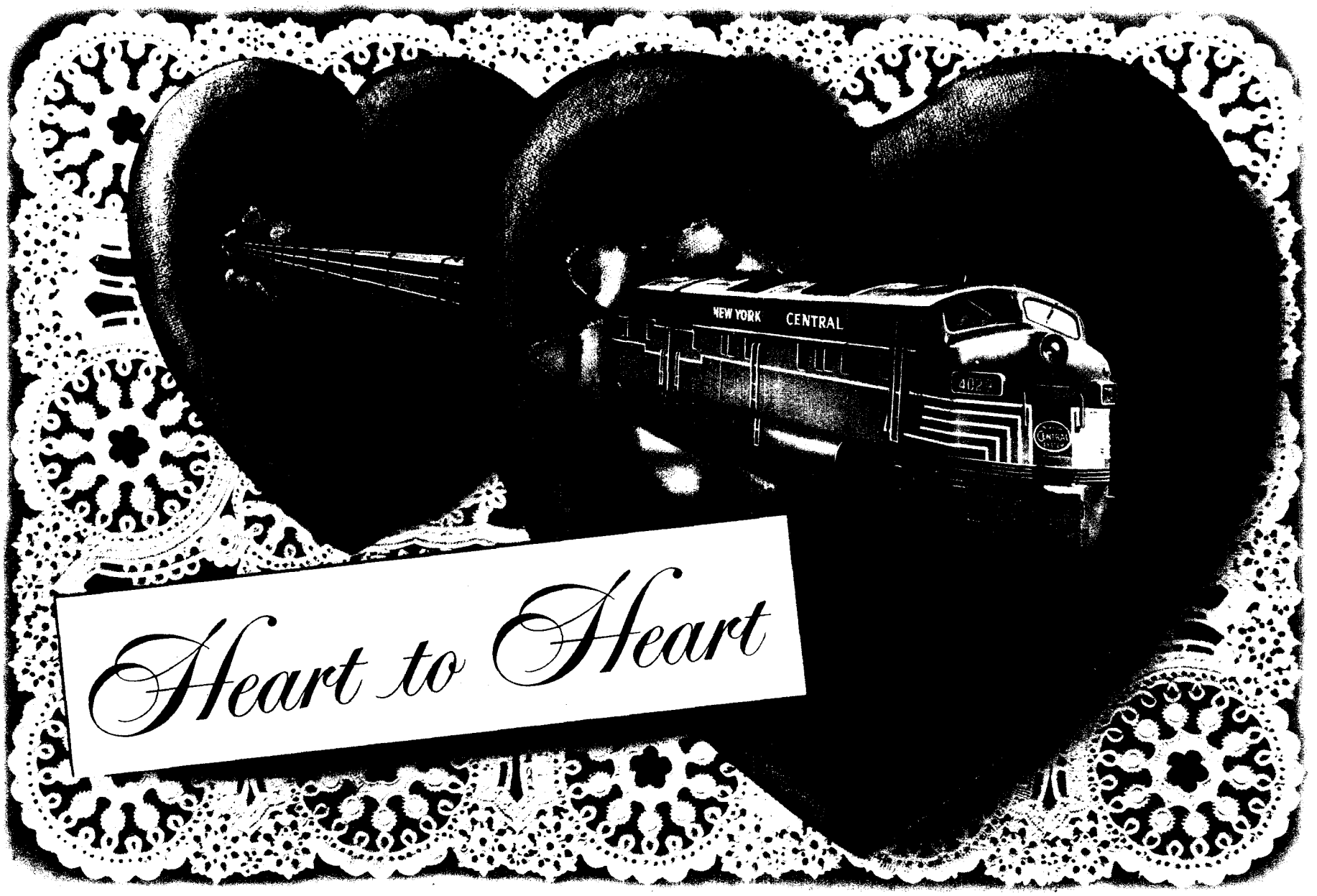

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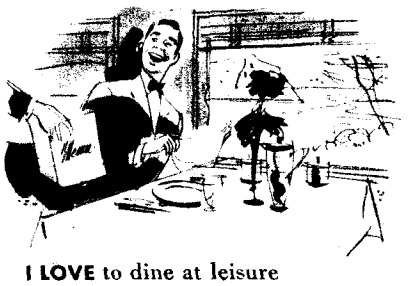
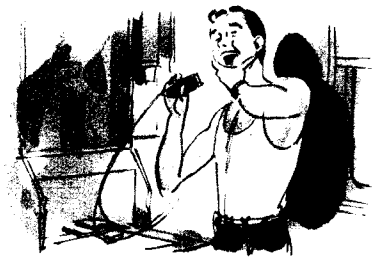
I LOVE to have refreshments
When the business day is done,
In a New York Central lounge car,
Where just relaxing's fun!



I LOVE to dine at leisure
From a table set in style,
And enjoy my fresh-cooked dinner
With a fresh view every mile!

I LOVE my hotel-room-on-wheels,
With table, couch and light,
Where I can loaf or work before
I turn in for the night!

I LOVE my six-foot-three-inch bed
Of deep, soft rubber foam,
Where I sleep just as soundly and
As SAFELY as at home!



I LOVE the way my room's equipped
With everything at hand
To wash and dress. When I arise,
Such privacy's just grand!

I LOVE to have my mind at peace,
From weather worries free.
No slippery roads or stormy skies
Upset my plans or me!

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drive down to Port-of-Spain tomorrow, to give the society the benefit of my views on praedial larceny."

As I sat there saying nothing, wondering how Sir Alfred had found this out about George, he suddenly turned to look at me. His face was always different when seen this way, the gray eyes wide apart, the nose somehow less forbidding than when one saw it in profile, and the thin, strong mouth which shaped words without passion but always with a kind of temper, somehow less stern. Facing me like this, Sir Alfred said suddenly, "Don't you agree?"

I KNEW, of course, what he meant. I had known it from the moment he made that first remark about George being always able to talk, but I was not prepared for the question, for, as I said, he never asked such questions of me, nor, so far as I know, of anyone, and I could think of nothing to say, of no answer except the one which I could not make, for loyalty is a curious thing even in a man like me, whose wife divorced him for unfaithfulness. And perhaps it had never been stronger in me than since that time. For it is not a feeling that can be divided up and a piece given to this one and a piece to that one; it is a whole thing by itself, and it belongs to everyone and to all one's relationships, so that to be disloyal in one direction is to be disloyal in all of them. Or at any rate that was how I had always felt, and I'm not saying, mind you, that I am right, but that it is the way that I was made.

After a moment, still looking at me, Sir Alfred suddenly smiled and said, "That's all right, Frank," and he lifted his glass and took a drink from it and then set it down on the table beside him, and stooped a little to stroke Mary, the fox terrier, with the end of his cane. "Do me a favor," he said. "Keep Mary with you this afternoon. She excites the Brahman and I'm afraid she'll get into trouble one of these days."

"I'll keep her," I said, and now when I think of all these things that happened yesterday, when I think of our conversation in this gallery and of Sir Alfred's wanting me to keep the dog from following him, I see that it fits, that everything in his life and in mine, and no doubt in George Singh's life also, fits. The dog might have saved Sir Alfred if he'd taken her, because she would undoubtedly have tried to distract the Brahman when it charged across the second pasture. But what is the use of thinking such thoughts now? I can hear the dog howling all the way from Mr. Holmes's place, for he took charge of her yesterday, and he may have to shoot her if she doesn't get over grieving. George Singh has already shot the Brahman bull, on Mr. Holmes's orders. George shot the bull with Sir Alfred's rifle after I'd told Mr. Holmes that I wouldn't do it, that I wouldn't do it because I knew very well Sir Alfred would not have wanted it done, it not really being the fault of the bull, a great wild excitable beast which had got into the habit of watching Sir Alfred cross the pasture every afternoon on his way to Mr. Holmes's, with the fox terrier barking and racing on the safe side of the fence and Sir Alfred brandishing his cane and shouting to her to come to heel, and between them exciting the Brahman all the more.

"I'll keep Mary," I said. Then I asked again, "Do you want me to go into town with you tomorrow, sir?"

And he nodded and, lifting his glass, finished the drink in it. "Yes," he said, setting the glass down. "Yes, please." And after another pause he said, "By the way, I have spoken to George Singh."

"Sir?" I said, turning to look at him.

"Yes. I decided it was the fair thing to do. Not because I have any special feelings about him or about his family. Just that I do think it is the fair thing to do."

I was so taken aback by this that even if I'd had anything to say I couldn't have found words to say it.

Sir Alfred went on: "I told him that I had sufficient proof to put him in jail. But I said that I didn't want to do that. I told him he could have another chance. After all," said Sir Alfred, staring over the tops of the trees to where the mist was rising, "after all, it's up to him, isn't it? I mean, he has this infernal opinion of himself."

My excitement was so strong now that my voice shook when I asked, "What did George say, sir, when you spoke to him?"

"There wasn't much he could say. He asked whether anyone else knew what I knew, and I told him that I believed no one else did. But that was before I told you."

"And then, sir?"

"Oh, nothing. He thanked me, that was all."

"He thanked you?"

Again Sir Alfred turned to look at me. "You think I made a mistake in facing him with it?"

"George is a proud man, sir."

"Not too proud to be a thief," said Sir Alfred. He stooped again and patted the dog. "Not too proud to be a thief, Mary. You stay here with Frank, old girl."

No, not too proud to be a thief, but proud enough to need the extra money for those expensive tastes, and to afford the style which he found indispensable to his pride. I wondered whether this side of it had escaped Sir Alfred, and then when he spoke again I realized that it had not.

"It's not pride, Frank. It's shame. There is a difference."

Was there, I wondered? And a kind of fear crawled like an insect across my scalp. I thought I knew one thing better than Sir Alfred could possibly know it. I knew how the mixture in George might react to such a thing as this, that to add shame on shame would not total up to a higher pride, and that it might have been better to have sent him to jail. But before I could speak I found that what had been passing through my mind was already known to Sir Alfred. He said, "I do not consider myself responsible for George Singh's peculiarities."

I said hesitatingly, "I don't believe that George—"

"You don't believe that George suffers from his peculiarities?"

And as I still hesitated, not knowing how to explain just what I did mean—that George's pride was a complicated thing belonging only to George—Sir Alfred said, "I have treated him as an equal by offering him an equal responsibility. What more does he expect?"

I brought it out then. I said, "You have never asked him to come up here and have a drink with you, sir."

Sir Alfred rose. "No," he replied. "No, I never have. After all, why the devil should I?"

He picked up his leather-topped cane and said, "Hold Mary, won't you? I can't control her when she sees the bull."

I picked up the dog and she licked my face impatiently and kept her eyes fixed on Sir Alfred. I opened the screen door for him to go down the steps, and as I stood there I could see the Brahman bull in the first pasture—seventeen hands he must have stood, and the afternoon light slanting across his silver-gray hide.

Halfway down the steps, Sir Alfred spoke to me without looking back: "This is between us, Frank, you understand?"

"Yes, sir," I replied. "Of course."

He went down the steps, and with the dog whining and struggling in my arms, I saw George Singh walking slowly across the second pasture toward the gate which connected the two. He probably saw Sir Alfred and me and that made me feel uncomfortable after what we had just been saying. But George was some distance away and he gave no sign of having noticed us and there was no reason why he should have, specially, since he was going about his business, whatever it was, and taking a short cut across the second pasture from one boundary to the next.

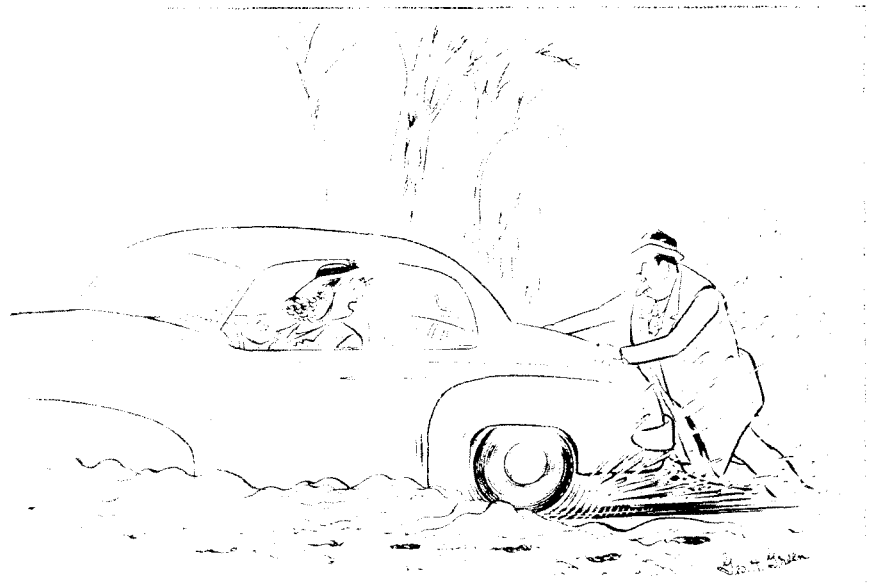
I turned and went into the gallery, and Mary became so unmanageable that I decided to lock her up in Sir Alfred's bedroom, and when I'd done that and left her there, scratching at the door and whining, I made my way through the passage lined with all Sir Alfred's books, and then through the great drawing room with its burlap-covered furniture to which George had taken such exception, and into the dining room where the silver glowed like moonlight. From there I went to the kitchen to have a chat with Mrs. Penny, the cook. As we were talking we heard a commotion in the distance. How can I describe that sound, which is clearer to me at this moment, and more full of meaning, than it was when I heard it? Sometimes things stick in one's memory as though on purpose to wait a later and a more careful decision. The sounds were short, half-suppressed bursts which I recognized as the angry snorting of a bull.

"It's the Brahman after that dog," said Mrs. Penny, who was standing by the stove, pouring herself a cup of tea. "She excites him so that I expect he'll go clean through the barbed wire one of these days."

I told her that I'd locked the dog in the bedroom, and as I spoke I left the kitchen and went out onto the terrace, which is at the top of the path which Sir Alfred had taken, and when I came into the clear I saw the Brahman just as it rammed against the gate, which swung open before it, and I saw it make straight for Sir Alfred, who, by this time, was halfway across the pasture. The thought raced through my mind that, though old, he might still have tried to reach one of the gates and might have succeeded in getting through it before the bull caught him, and with this thought I had a vision—I suppose one can call it that, for it is even clearer to me now than it was yesterday when I stood there on the terrace with my hands clenched and the knowledge inside me that I, a year younger than Sir Alfred, had not the power to reach him or to do anything to stop the bull—I had a vision, as it were, in the corner of my eye, of George Singh standing beside the gate through which the bull had passed, and then he had slipped inside it, into the first pasture, just after the bull bored its way out into the second. The bull seemed not even to see George. I suppose it all happened very quickly, though as a matter of fact that is something we say afterward when we try to explain a situation which we have been unable to grasp at its beginning.

I shouted to Mrs. Penny to find the gardener and the boy who cared for the pigs, to get hayforks and to bring lighted pitch, and then I began to run down the path toward the pasture, though God knows what I thought I could do. The one thing I should have done, and it never occurred to me, was to tell Mrs. Penny to let the dog out. Mary might have got there first and distracted the bull.

Sir Alfred had seen the bull coming and he turned and faced it. He faced it and stood when any other man on earth would have run. He might have saved himself by running, or his dog might have saved him—nothing else could have. But he stood with his back to the barbed wire, and as the bull reached him I saw him raise his cane and strike it across the head; then he was down, then he was tossed upon the wire and lifted off again by the bull's horn, then thrown into the dust and gored, and all the speed and strength and cunning of that crossbred brute went into the killing, so that when we got there—George Singh and I and half a dozen other men with forks and great torches of lighted pitch—and drove the Brahman away and back to its own pasture, Sir Alfred must have been dead ten minutes. And when I lifted him in my arms he seemed light, and unlike a human body at all, and there was that look on his face, if one can call such a thing a look, which I cannot even now describe or explain.



COLLIER'S **"Keep your eyes open for the police, dear—I'm doing almost eighty"** GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

THE house is quiet this afternoon except for the sound of Mrs. Penny moving in the kitchen and the usual noises of the hour, for things have a habit of going their appointed way, and it is necessary that the pigs be fed, and who could stop the bantams from crowing? I have been asked by Mr. Holmes to stay in the house until final arrangements have been made and we know what is to become of the estate now that Sir Alfred is dead. I can hear Mary howling far away in Mr. Holmes's house. In a little while, as it begins to get dark, the fireflies will come out, exploding their brilliance among the trees. I've watched them before, evening after evening, drifting and shining in the darkness, and I remember how Sir Alfred liked them. All kinds of thoughts pass through my mind. I wonder what thoughts are passing through the mind of George Singh. Questions have been asked and asked again: How did that gate happen to be unfastened at the precise hour that Sir Alfred started on his walk across the pasture to visit Mr. Holmes? The Brahman could not possibly have unlatched it, but once it was unlatched, a push was all that was needed to swing it wide and let the bull through. George said he could not understand it. He couldn't understand either, he said, why the bull hadn't attacked him, standing as he had been within a yard of the gate at the time. But that is easy enough to explain: The Brahman had been watching Sir Alfred for months and its attention was fixed on him and on nothing else. Again and again people have returned to the first question: But the gate—how did the gate come unlatched? No one knows. It was an accident. Such things happen.

Well, I think I understand these matters well enough. But there is one thing that puzzles me, and it will probably puzzle me for the rest of my life. How could it be that George Singh knew Sir Alfred so well as to guess that he would never run, that he would stand and meet the bull with nothing more than that light cane in his hand? THE END

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CHEVROLET

PONTIAC

OLDSMOBILE

BUICK

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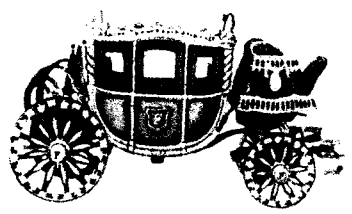
Body by Fisher



*On General Motors cars only: CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK CADILLAC

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Jungle Jenny

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

a man named Arthur Foehl, and his wife Marie. Foehl was a naturalist who supplied zoos throughout the world and he had a nine-acre menagerie of his own behind his home. Being a shy child, Jenny preferred the company of the animals to that of her playmates. She dressed the monkeys in dolls' clothes and festooned the elephants with ribbons and bows, and played with them by the hour. (But she loathed snakes and feared jungle cats—and still does.)

As she grew older, Jenny begged her foster father to take her on one of his trips. He always refused.

"He wouldn't even permit me to travel outside of Williamstown unaccompanied," Jenny recalls. "He had the Old World notion that women belonged at home—that marriage was their only proper career."

Unhappy at Office Work

So Jenny reluctantly stayed on at the Glassboro, New Jersey, High School, where she excelled in swimming and skating. After graduating, Jenny spent three years working as a clerk for a jewelry firm. But she was unhappy. The dynamic energy compressed into her trim five-foot-four, 118-pound figure found the office walls as confining as a cage. Being extremely personable, she had her fair share of dates and boy friends. And, naturally, there were some marriage proposals. But the placid role of suburban housewife was unappealing. Foehl's stories had fanned her dreams of adventure.

Matching her own Dutch stubbornness with his, she finally wore him down. He agreed to take her to Africa and India as a twenty-first birthday present—"just this once."

That was in the fall of 1946. Foehl later described the journey as "the most horrible trip of my life." Everything went wrong. They encountered floods, train derailments, lost shipments and general chaos. In India, civil war had broken out between Moslems and Hindus; to escape possible assassination Jenny and Foehl had to trek more than 1,200 miles cross-country with their own caravan from Bombay to Calcutta. They arrived in Calcutta just in time for the bloodiest rioting in India's history. "We were imprisoned in our hotel five days before we dared go out," Jenny recalls.

She and Foehl finally got back to New York after six months, with two elephants, 1,500 birds, 300 monkeys and a score of pythons and cobras.

So far as Foehl was concerned, that finished Jenny as a big-game collector. He had said "just once," and he had meant it. When he left on his next trip, she was glumly working in the office of a loan company, and it seemed that her career in the jungle was over.

She still had that job in January, 1948, when she received word that her foster father had died suddenly in Singapore, where he had gone as a free-lance buyer. One of his biggest customers had been Henry Trefflich & Company, of New York, a leading animal dealer. (Collier's, September 10, 1949.)

"Your foster father was the best man in the business," Trefflich told Jenny after Foehl's death. "Who can take his place?"

"Send me," she blurted impulsively, and for the next 10 minutes she chatted expertly of animals, touching on every aspect except buying, about which she knew little.

Trefflich heard her out, then rendered a one-word decision.

"Okay," he said.

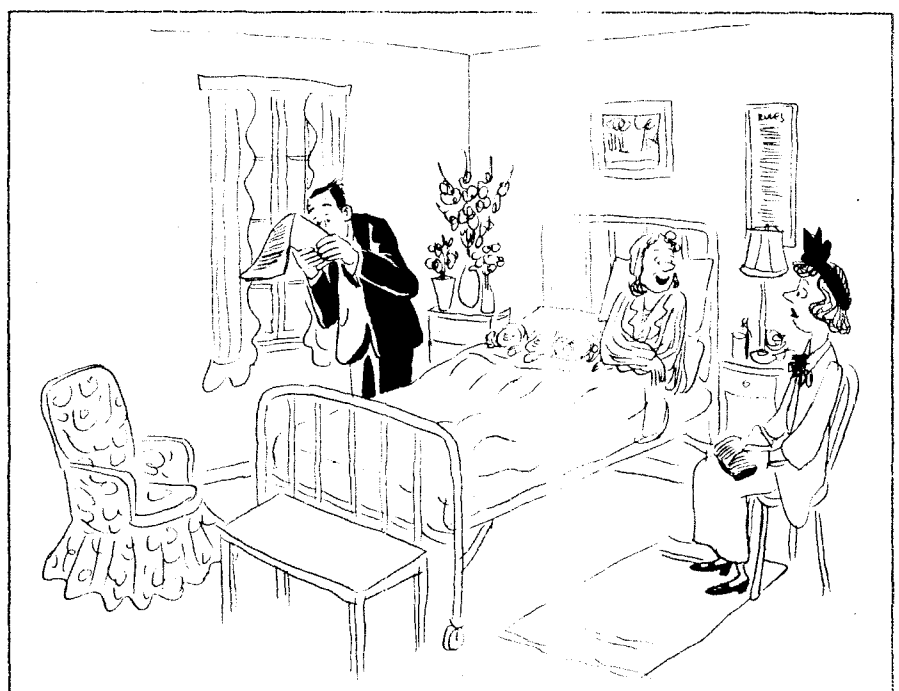
Jenny gave him little opportunity to change his mind.

The next week she was off to the Far East on a Dutch freighter. She did not tell Mrs. Foehl until the day before the ship sailed. "I knew it would cause great excitement," says Jenny, "and my own turmoil was as much as I could stand."

She landed in Singapore 42 days later. And with the Malayan dawn came the darker dawning of her predicament. She had no notion where to go or whom to see. Foehl's papers could have given her some clues, but they were locked up in a bank vault pending settlement of his estate. Moreover, Trefflich hadn't told her what to buy. She had pretended she knew, and now she could not let him down.

To add to her woes Jenny was unable to find a hotel room. In desperation, she telephoned an old friend of Foehl, a Polish soldier of fortune named Walter Otremsky, who lived with his wife outside Singapore. With that call she solved all her problems. The Otremskys invited her to be their guest. And although they knew little about wild animals, they did know where to buy them. Jenny forthwith set out for the market place.

Her appearance there created a sensation. Women in the Far East are held in low esteem, and natives tumbled over one another in their anxiety to match wits with "this brazen one."



COLLIER'S "Herb is fearfully combing through the fine print of our hospitalization insurance" ROBERT DAY

"I wasn't too familiar with prices," says Jenny. "But one thing was obvious right away. Every native thought that every American had a private money-making machine. Our soldiers and sailors, who had bought pets during the war, apparently had given them that impression."

Inherited Talent for Trading

Once she knew the problem she faced, Jenny was ready to meet it head on. No matter what the natives demanded, she invariably replied with the sort of counterbid that had helped her Dutch ancestors buy Manhattan Island for $24. This haggling was what the natives would have expected from an expert, and they were greatly impressed. As her stock went up, their prices went down.

They also speedily discovered that Jenny could not be hoodwinked with monkeys that were ill, or with pythons that had just been fed.

Monkeys are like babies, says Jenny, and any woman would know that a monkey with rheumy eyes or listless disposition needed a doctor more than a sea voyage.

As for the pythons, that was even simpler. The huge constrictors are sold like piece goods—by the foot—and the natives fed them live pigs before a sale, to increase the footage. But since it takes several weeks for a python to digest his dinner, not even a girdle could have disguised the resultant bulge.

When her bargain hunting ended, Jenny had collected 223 specimens: 187 Javanese monkeys and gibbons, 34 pythons, a Malayan sun bear and a baby orangutan. "The orang," says Jenny, "reminded me of a bratty little redheaded boy. I couldn't resist him, although I thought the price was high."

Trefflich was waiting at the pier when she arrived in New York. She showed him the bills, showed him the animals, and nervously awaited his verdict.

"Nice work, Jenny," he grinned. "Where'd you get them—in a supermarket?" And then as he noticed the orang, his eyebrows lifted. "In the past 20 years there have been only two of these brought here," he exulted. "This is a prize!"

Trefflich's smile grew broad. "You're a natural," he said.

Jenny has been in the business ever since, both independently and as Trefflich's contractor. She has brought 'em back alive for zoos in Washington, D.C., Chicago, St. Louis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Boston, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Dallas, New Orleans, Toronto, Havana and New York, among others. She also supplies circuses, including Ringling Brothers, and organizations like the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, which use monkeys and other creatures for medical research.

Jenny's clients rely on her completely, for she buys and delivers only top-notch animals. This, she says, involves a minute inspection of each specimen.

Appetite and gait furnish the first clues. In mammals, the chief health menace is rickets, and Jenny hunts symptoms not only in the eyes, but also in the claws, teeth and texture of the coat. "You get a tiger to show his teeth by making him snarl at you."

The same general health rules apply to birds—plus the test every experienced housewife uses on a fowl: The breast must not be too thin or bony. With cobras and pythons it's mostly a matter of disposition. If they're lively they're worth while (and dangerous).

Some purchases present problems of their own. For example, the government of Thailand, disturbed by the increasing scarcity of Siamese elephants, encourages natives to own the beasts jointly—a procedure which discourages sales, as Jenny has found out. To buy one she sometimes has to dicker with the owner of each leg. And all it takes is one leg to kick the props right out from under a sale.

Once she has her live cargoes, Jenny must figure out how to get them back to New York. Among other things, she has to superintend the crating, isolate the tough customers, preside over the loading, estimate and buy the necessary food, and compute how much water to take along.

Since her first trip, Jenny has gone after orangutans in a big way. She has brought back 24 in all, probably a record, and on each trip she has had to carry dresses and sweaters to protect the delicate creatures from sudden changes in climate.

She feeds the orangs and other apes canned baby food. Monkeys get grain and fruit, as do the birds. The elephants get hay, the jungle cats raw meat.

Pythons and cobras are fed before departure, since they generally refuse to eat en route. Frequently, the cobras start their hunger strike on the day they're captured, and in such cases Jenny is compelled to force-feed them aboard ship to keep them from starving to death.

The technique, says Jenny, is to be quicker than the cobra, for a bite brings agonizing death. She seizes the serpent by the tail and holds him at arm's length. This prevents him from coiling for a strike. Then with her free hand she swiftly grasps him behind the head, releasing her other hand. The pressure of her fingers makes the cobra powerless and causes his jaws to open. Between the jaws she then thrusts a chunk of meat, which she has impaled on a stick. "I guess my fright gives me speed," she says.

When the Python Got Loose

But deadly as cobras may be, she'd rather handle them than the rampaging python she tussled with on one trip. The reptile, 20 feet long and weighing 150 pounds, was part of a large cargo she was bringing back aboard the Schiedyk, of the Holland-America line. A falling plank dislodged the watering trough attached to the python's cage; he had slithered through the opening before screaming monkeys sounded the alarm.

Jenny rushed down to the hold. The python, powerful enough to crush a cow, slithered toward her. Jenny side-stepped, grasped him behind the head and threw every ounce of lung power into a scream for help.

For once the crew did not "leave it to Jenny." Two cabin boys raced to her assistance. By this time the snake had recovered from the shock of Jenny's attack, and had lashed around to encircle her. "Grab his tail!" Jenny shouted. One of the boys seized it just in time. The other grasped the python around the middle.

Then, wrestling and pulling, Jenny and the boys dragged the python back to his cage and fed him back through the opening as one would feed a pipe into a sewer.

Despite such adventures—or perhaps because of them—Jenny is enthralled by her career. No two trips are ever alike.

In Bangkok, for instance, an elephant hoisted Jenny aloft in his trunk and declined to let her down until he had finished a three-mile stroll. At Idlewild Airport in New York, six timid elephants refused to leave the planes for four hours. During the same voyage 10 monkeys got loose and played hide-and-seek in the vessel's rigging. Once, on an air trip, two elephants broke their leg chains and imperiled the plane on landing. On still another, five evil-tempered hornbills escaped from their crates, and had to be gingerly herded back.

But Jenny prefers this life of foot-loose variety to a life of gilt-edged security. She has shrugged off two offers from Hollywood studios that wanted her to portray a Tarzanette in the movies. She says she'd rather be one than play one.

As for the future, she's going to keep right on doing what she's doing. Nobody can change her mind about that—"Except maybe the right man." THE END

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

best tailors, buy mink coats and diamonds for their wives, travel in high-priced limousines. Some own planes. Some own yachts. It is illegal to sell liquor in Mississippi, according to the laws of Mississippi. It is equally illegal for the state to permit criminals to flourish as long as they pay taxes on their illegal activities." While we were listening to the Major we received a bit of intelligence from the Jackson Committee for Education on Alcoholism, which fits in rather neatly. The committee, financed by the Carnegie Foundation, has just reported that one resident of that city out of every 200 is a chronic alcoholic.

★ ★ ★

The average Georgian has only seven years and two months of education. Sixty thousand young Georgians reached the age of eighteen in 1950. Of these, only 40 per cent got as far as the seventh grade. Only 20 per cent went on to high school. (The Georgia State Chamber of Commerce did the survey.) This, says the report, is costing the businessmen of Georgia $1,317,000,000 a year. The national average income per person in 1947-'48, it goes on, was $1,410 whereas Georgia's per capita income was only $971. Inasmuch as a nation-wide study shows that retail sales increase in direct proportion to the increase in average schooling given a state's children, thus increasing their earning power, the chamber of commerce finds that Georgia has shortchanged herself. Therefore, the drive is under way to spend more money for more Georgia schools and to keep the kids in them.

★ ★ ★

The Chicken-of-Tomorrow Association was recently organized in Springdale, Arkansas. It will hold its first annual convention in June and has put up $30,000 to ballyhoo it. Complete details of the association have not arrived at this desk, but we understand that something worthwhile will be done about the plastics that are served as broilers at public banquets. And there is some talk, too, of the Chicken of Tomorrow laying eggs that are already powdered.

★ ★ ★

And that, to our astonishment, brings us to a letter from Mrs. Mabel Wickliffe Lewis, of Kansas City, Missouri. Mrs. Lewis is national chairman of the League to Bring Back the Front Porch. She tells us the front porch has just about vanished from America. The front porch, says she, was a symbol of "closer family relations and understanding between neighbors." It was, she says, on front porches and not in official council halls and legislative chambers that important civic and national problems were solved. Anyway, Mrs. Lewis is for more and bigger front porches and it's all right with us. The league is due for a convention sometime this summer, and Mrs. Lewis would love to have it held on somebody's front porch, but she feels doubtful that this can be done.

★ ★ ★

This magazine doesn't condone crime of any sort, including counterfeiting. But there are quite a few people in the country who will experience a twinge of understanding for a certain Los Angeles counterfeiter who said, "I'm always nervous when I go into a bank."

★ ★ ★

And while we're in Los Angeles we had better tell you that Doctors Theodore Bullock and Robert Lindberg, zoologists at UCLA have written a Kinsey-type report on the sex life of lobsters. The creatures are monogamous, they find. Nobody is compiling a list of citizens who don't give a small, weak hoot about this.

Perhaps we've been too windy. But every so often we're bound to erupt—maybe, thank Heaven, only because we have the right. Ohio State University recently looked into this privilege and came up with a fat pamphlet of facts and figures. A thousand persons, rejoicing in the freedom to say what they please no matter how unnecessary, were interviewed. Four hundred and ten of this thousand were of the opinion that people talk much too much. A hundred and seventy persons interviewed, while agreeing with the 410, insisted that they themselves were not guilty of verbosity. An unspecified number said that they didn't know nor care whether they talked too much. The Omaha World-Herald, commenting on this report, regrets that it didn't include inquiry into whether the American people *listen* too much.

★ ★ ★

Life in Bugtussle, Texas, is fairly calm but would be wholly normal if tourists would stop stealing the "This Is Bugtussle" signs that decorate entrances to the town. Mr. R. B. Thompkins, the boss of Bugtussle, would like it to be known that the

signs cost money. There's no objection to photographing them or, for that matter, all Bugtussle. Mr. Thompkins is thinking of having cards printed: "Yes, you were in Bugtussle." These, he hopes, would convince your friends that Bugtussle is no joke.

★ ★ ★

The pardon traffic is picking up nicely in Alabama and may soon compare comfortably with what it was before World War II, when prisoners with influence scarcely got to know the warden by sight. As an example, a few weeks ago a Wilcox County convict sentenced to two years for grand larceny, found a pardon waiting for him when he got to Kilby Prison.

★ ★ ★

In central Idaho, the Archives of Time Foundation, Inc., is hewing a vast cavern in the side of a mountain. It is to be used for the safekeeping of business records and works of art in the event of an atomic attack. Certain small details are lacking, such as who would stick around to cart the stuff to the hide-out after an attack began.

★ ★ ★

Lady in Des Moines informs us that she's writing a book on the feeding and care of the elbows. When our copy of Elbow Groom arrives we'll tell you more. She is also the author of The Well-Tempered Clavicle, a treatise on shoulder beauty.

★ ★ ★

Things are about normal in Hominy, Oklahoma. Finally got Night Police Chief O. J. Wallace out of the new headquarters. Out-of-town gent who installed the locks forgot to leave any keys.

★ ★ ★

Squirreled away, far down in the personals columns of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, we were stopped cold by this: "Thank You, American Taxpayer, for my four years of college education. Ex-G.I."

★ ★ ★

Don't mention it, son . . . American Taxpayer.

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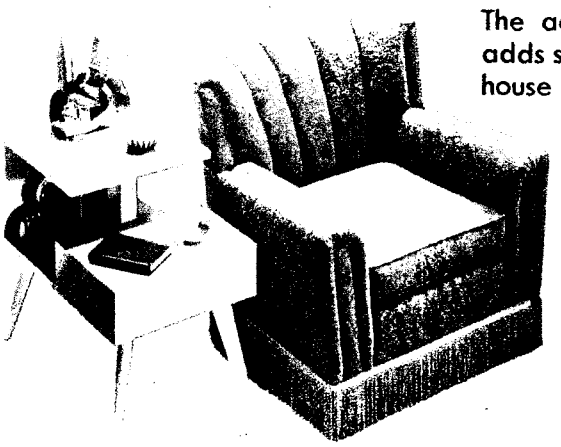

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Miracle on the Amazon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Before the arrival of the institute's SESP —*Serviço Especial de Saúde Pública,* Portuguese for Special Public Health Service—there were two physicians in the roughly 2,000,000 square miles of Amazon region. People were born, managed somehow to exist for 30 or 40 years, then died.

How all this has changed is told in some cold, clear statistics on Cametá, the small shipping point 80 miles above Belém where Maria José Ribeiro operates. The yearly death rate there used to be 200 out of every 1,000; by 1948, Brazilian doctors and nurses trained by institute public-health personnel had the rate down to 9 per 100, a little better than our own all-time low in the U.S., the same year, of 9.9. In 1949, Cametá's rate slid down to 7.

The first thing they tell you in Cametá is: "More than a third of the population are children!" They say it with an exclamation point in their voices. Cametá babies used to die almost as fast as they were born. Now there are 1,158 lively youngsters underfoot.

But these are only statistics. To get the story behind them, to understand how such a miracle could have been effected, I went along with Maria José, trig in the blue-and-white-striped seersucker dress which is her uniform, on one of her morning rounds.

We left the new Cametá health center, a modern one-story brick building surrounded by neat lawns and gardens filled with flowers and vegetables, in the blazing heat of 8:00 A.M.

The little *visitadora* swung over her shoulder the strap of a big, heavy, black leather bag; among its many contents were the file cards of all members of the five families she aimed to visit before noon.

The Visitadora's First Call

At the first house, Maria José opened her bag, took out a piece of white paper, unfolded it on the kitchen table, and neatly settled the bag on it. She then took out her own soap and towel, washed and dried her hands, walked over to the clean white crib near the window, and solemnly patted the baby in it.

"Joaozinho is six months old today," she reminded his smiling mother. "Time to begin changing his feeding habits. Be sure to come to the center this afternoon so the doctor can examine him and I can weigh him."

Carefully she explained how to start feeding little John orange juice, tomato juice and soup; it was akin to teaching an American housewife how to prepare Martian pheasant. Maria José made pertinent notations on the baby's file card, then took five envelopes of seed from her bag, went out behind the house and planted a row each of carrots, lima beans, string beans, turnips and eggplant. The soil had been prepared according to instructions she had left on her last visit.

She explained to me: "Three months from today, the baby will be weaned, and these vitamin-rich vegetables will be ready for him." Strange talk for the Amazon!

Planting vegetables was just one of fifty things Maria José had to learn to qualify as a *visitadora*, including medical ethics and professional secrecy, how to take blood samples, how to bathe a baby, how to raise chickens, how to sterilize surgical instruments, how to care for a woman during labor, and how to set a schoolboy's broken arm. One of her most important jobs was to learn how to talk sick people out of their fear of hospitals; hordes of Amazon folk have died because of this fear.

My second call with Maria José was on a young lady celebrating her third birthday. Out of the big black bag came an American-made toothbrush and a tube of American tooth paste. The mother was more intrigued than the little girl; it was the first toothbrush she had ever seen.

Maria José took the child to the kitchen sink and showed her how to use the strange implements. The lesson was a flop; it wound up in tears and sobs. But the child promised to try it every morning, and Maria José in turn promised a nice surprise if she had learned to brush her teeth by the next visit.

At our fifth and last call, I was treated to the unexpected sight of the shy and amiable Maria blowing up. She snapped at the young mother: "Why didn't you come to the clinic? You had an appointment! Think the doctor has nothing else to do but wait for you?" Getting a mother and baby to the center for examination when the child is a month old is one of the *visitadora's* toughest jobs, for Amazon women are superstitious about leaving the house until 40 days after they have given birth.

By noon, Maria José had checked the health of 16 people; collected samples of urine, blood and spittle for laboratory analysis; checked the feeding of four infants and the pulse and temperature of their mothers; and given helpful information to a young wife pregnant for the first time.

Nor was this a cue to call it a day. In the afternoon, Maria José, acting as clinic receptionist, helped examine 18 patients and wrote out the doctor's instructions for them, promising to explain them on her next visit for those who could not read. When I left, she was planning, for the next day, her weekly class for midwives, and, for the day after that, her talk to the juvenile health club.

These clubs, for boys and girls from seven to fourteen, are yet another institute "first" on the Amazon. On the sensible theory that these youngsters will largely mold the future of their communities, institute experts have taught club members personal hygiene and home sanitation. They are under word-of-honor pledges to enter—truthfully—on their own charts the daily care of their teeth and other personal functions. They are also putting vegetables into river homes for the first time in history, for tending garden is a major club activity.

The clubs also serve as a training ground in democracy. Each year, after two weeks of excited electioneering, members elect their officers by secret ballot. Three of the largest clubs on the Amazon—at Breves, Cametá and Santarém—chose girls as presidents for 1950. A generation ago parents would not have let girls join such clubs.

COLLIER'S **"You can keep your half of the window closed if you like, but I want *my* half open! That's fair enough, isn't it?"** GREGORY D'ALESSIO

For her labors, Maria José earns the equivalent of $90 a month—top bracket for the job. Since Brazil finances nine tenths of the health program, the U.S. the other tenth, she knows that $9 of her salary comes from the *nortes*.

The Amazon people, too, know that their new welfare comes from the U.S. At all the six new hospitals and 27 health centers in the Amazon Valley, there are two bronze tablets, one outside, one inside, saying: "This building—the symbol of a Good Neighbor Health Policy—was constructed by the United States of Brazil and the United States of America." Maria José can't remember how many times she has explained these plaques to townsfolk who cannot read them.

But they have even better evidence than plaques. The institute's SESP brings their new babies into the world, checking their health every three months until they start to school. SESP pulls teeth, vaccinates, kills mosquitoes, runs Four-H clubs, builds privies, plants vegetable gardens, teaches mothers what a diaper is and how to fold and pin it. SESP even supplies the safety pins, and supplies dried milk from the U.S.A. when mother's milk fails. Almost all the people in the Amazon—all over Brazil, in fact—who have had anything worse than a stomach-ache in the last seven years can and do thank SESP for getting them over it.

Along with Maria José, the Cametá health-center staff includes a physician, trained nurse, pharmacist, two other visiting nurse's aides, a sanitary guard, and a lab technician—all Brazilians. They are headed by thirty-six-year-old Dr. Duval G. Tinoco, a modern version of the old-style country doctor, who uses a Diesel-driven launch instead of a horse and buggy. Dr. Tinoco, a general practitioner, was sent by SESP to the University of North Carolina to study the control of epidemics and insect-borne diseases, then assigned to clean up the Cametá pesthole. In 1949 his center treated, without charge, 19,727 patients, gave 5,417 injections, and filled 27,340 prescriptions. It treated only 27 cases of malaria—all of them out-of-town patients.

In Ecuador the institute's health and sanitation program spread over three large areas in Brazil, then reached out to embrace other countries. It now operates in 14 republics from Chile and Uruguay in the south to Mexico in the north.

The programs vary, of course, to meet the particular problem of each nation. But the building of sewers and water-supply systems has been a first step everywhere, as has the elimination of the mosquito.

Wherever Health and San—as the Americans call it—goes to work, houses, huts and hovels are sprayed with DDT three times a year; in fact, the practice has produced a new word in the Spanish language, *Deedeeteezación*. Mosquitoes are no longer the health hazard they used to be in Latin America; any that land on walls, floors or ceilings as late as four months after the spraying are finished.

Pest Spots Freed of Malaria

Health and San spraying crews have completely eliminated malaria in such widely separated pest spots as Leogane, in Haiti, where 71 per cent of the people had it; Chimbote, Peru, where one fourth of the population suffered from it, and Breves, on the Amazon, where 95 per cent of the people were its victims.

Each of the particular problems in the republics where the institute program operates has been given the full treatment —the benefit of our own 80 years of public-health experience.

In Paraguay, the problem has been T.B., leprosy and venereal diseases. Some 25,000 patients are treated at five institute health centers each month. One of the two centers in Asunción, in a zone with a population of 40,000, suddenly found that it had on file 96,000 case histories. Investigation revealed that thousands of patients had given the same address—corner of Peru and Pettirossi Streets. That's where the out-of-towners get off the suburban streetcars and busses to go to the health center; knowing that they are supposed to live in the zone where they get treatment, they had all given that address.

In Peru's copper mines, the problem has been silicosis, and American methods of industrial hygiene have been introduced to combat it.

In Bolivia, where the standard problem of intestinal parasites and mosquito-borne malaria has been terribly aggravated by lice-borne typhus—with 70 per cent of the people afflicted—institute staffers last year treated 373,000 cases, vaccinating 100,000 of them.

In all the republics, because the health programs are primarily meant to help people help themselves, preventive medicine and prophylactic work come first. Nevertheless, nearly 100 hospitals have been built, as well as more than 100 health centers and 150 related facilities such as clinics, dispensaries, laboratories, nursing homes and nursing schools.

The total cost of the program? At first, we in the U.S. contributed heavily because of our war needs. Since V-J day, the Latin-American governments have increased their share and we have cut ours. We now give only $1,216,000 a year, in addition to paying $1,586,000 for the salaries and expenses of American personnel. The 14 republics contribute $10,390,000 a year; they have, on top of that, spent more than $15,000,000 in the U.S. for equipment and supplies.

A lot of the American taxpayer money which has gone into the program in its seven-year span has also been spent right at home—for American-made machinery, vaccines and medicines. Some of it has gone into scholarships under which Latin-American doctors, nurses and technicians are trained in the United States to take over when the Americans return home.

All told, the U.S. contribution to Health and San over the years has totaled $71,091,008, or $3.03 per taxpayer. That works out to 38 cents per head per year. Less than the price of two ice-cream sodas. A price not to boggle at for proving that we are good neighbors—and for winning good neighbors in return. THE END

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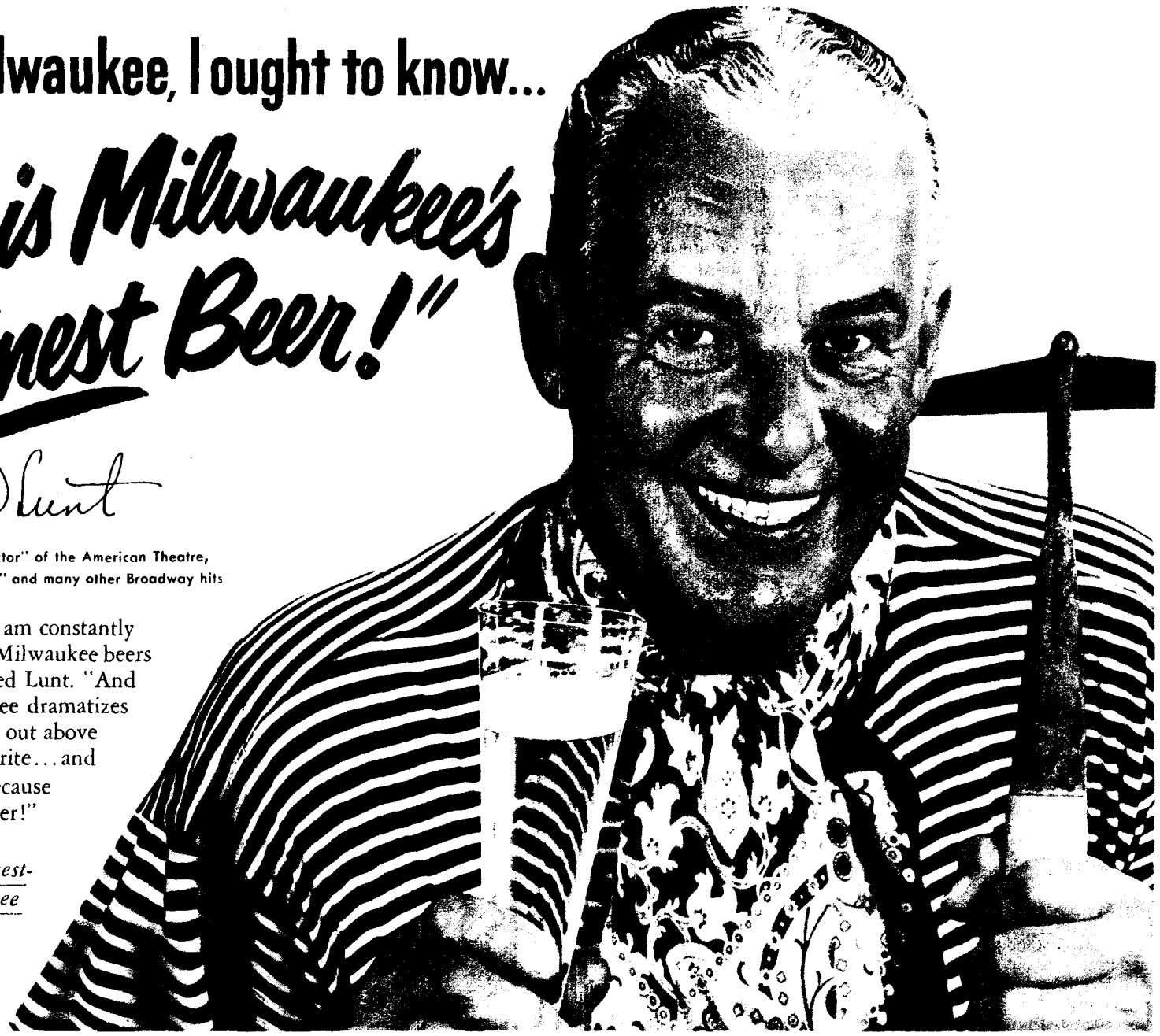
"I'm from Milwaukee, I ought to know...

Blatz is Milwaukee's Finest Beer!"

says Alfred Lunt

Milwaukee-born "First Actor" of the American Theatre, and star of "I Know my Love" and many other Broadway hits



• "Touring the country, I am constantly reminded of how popular Milwaukee beers have become," says Alfred Lunt. "And coming home to Milwaukee dramatizes the fact that Blatz stands out above them all. Blatz is *my* favorite... and Milwaukee's favorite... because it's Milwaukee's *finest* beer!"

Yes—*official figures* show that Blatz is the *largest-selling beer in Milwaukee and all Wisconsin,* too.

Try Blatz Beer, today!

Between stage successes, Alfred Lunt spends his time at his farm at Genesee Depot, Wisconsin, where his knowledge of fine foods—and his skill at preparing them—have become a legend among his friends.

Follow the example of connoisseur Alfred Lunt and ask for Blatz... Milwaukee's *finest* beer... at your favorite club, tavern, restaurant, package, or neighborhood store.

Blatz
BETTER TASTING BEER
FOR THE 100TH YEAR

Blatz is Milwaukee's First Bottled Beer!

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Where Love Begins

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

much responsibility." Isabel made an impatient gesture with her hand.

"Was he?" her mother asked.

"How would I know? All I know is, he doesn't want to get on. He hasn't had a raise since we got married, and does he care?"

"Maybe it's because he's happy. A happy marriage sometimes sort of puts a man to sleep, makes him feel he's got all he wants." Mrs. Orton waited a moment and then asked, "Are you sure you aren't making Jim too happy?" and laughed at her question. "No," she said firmly, "I guess that isn't the explanation. The truth is, isn't it, that he just isn't ambitious?"

"That's it," Isabel said. "He hasn't got a spark of ambition. It makes me furious."

"So I see," her mother said. "But how do you account for the fact that he doesn't catch fire from you? You're ambitious, Isabel, as ambitious as I ever was."

"You?" Isabel exploded. "You ambitious? Of all the people I know—"

Her mother interrupted. "You didn't hear what I said. I said 'was.' I used to have ambition aplenty."

"I don't believe it," Isabel said.

"Thank you, my dear, thank you." Her mother gave her a serene smile. "But all the same I did have, as much as you have, and the same kind—the easy kind." She looked directly at her daughter as if she awaited a question. But caution kept Isabel silent, while her mother, smiling to herself, got up and went to the bookcase in the corner and said, over her shoulder, "It's easy to be ambitious for somebody else."

Presently she came back with a large flat volume covered in heavily embossed imitation leather, and sat down and turned the pages slowly, until Isabel began to fidget; then she closed the book, keeping her place with her finger, and looked across at her daughter. "This is the second time he hasn't got a raise, isn't it?" Isabel nodded. "And you say it doesn't seem to worry him?"

ISABEL began to look tearful again. "He just sits there as if nothing had happened," she said.

"Isn't that the way to behave when nothing's happened?"

Isabel sniffled. "I don't think it's funny."

"You're too young," her mother said. "Not many things are funny when you're young. Being young is sort of sad, for most. But I'm glad Jim doesn't take it so hard. Oh, I know you thought marriage would sober him up; said so, if I remember, and when I laughed you said I wasn't sympathetic. I had a lot of sympathy."

"You didn't show it," Isabel said.

"I couldn't very well; it was for Jim." Isabel started to speak, but her mother stopped her with a motion of the hand. "I had all the sympathy in the world for Jim, because I knew you would try to change him from what he was, what he had to be; and there was a bare chance that you might succeed—not in making him different, but in making him *act* different."

"Well, you can see how far I've got," Isabel said.

"But you'll try again," her mother said; "you haven't given up, not yet. You're not the first woman who thought she could make a man over, as if marriage was a reformatory. But I can tell you one thing: If you do succeed, if you do like a lot of other women—nag, push, egg on, use all the tricks, and there are a thousand—you won't like what you've got when you get through." She opened the book and laid a hand on the glazed page. "Sometimes," she said, "I run out of something to read, and the other day when I was looking for something, I ran across this."

"You must have been hard up," Isabel said, smiling for the first time.

"I was," her mother said. "When you have to fall back on a high-school annual, you've reached bottom in reading matter. But at least this one's got your picture in it, yours and Jim's, the year you graduated. Like to see it?"

"No, thanks," Isabel said dryly.

"Well, I can't say I blame you," her mother said, "but it's a pretty good picture of Jim. He looks like his father did at that age, fresh and sweet, and easygoing. Of course his father looked different after he got married and Jim's mother began to push him to get on. She was ambitious too, you know—very. And he did get on, got almost rich, on paper at least, until the depression. Then he had a stroke and that finished him, and gave Jim a good excuse not to go to college. Maybe just as well. It says here, under Accomplishments, 'member of the debating team and assistant cheer leader.' Would you like me to read what it says under your picture?"

"It's all right, Daddy. Mama gave them to us before she went shopping this afternoon"

COLLIER'S — ROLAND COE

"No, thank you," Isabel said.

"I never thought it was meant as a dig, but you may be right," her mother said. "I'm not sure."

"I am," Isabel said indignantly. "It was Sue Ferguson's doing."

"Well, my dear, you did take Jim away from her, and maybe 'She gets what she wants' didn't seem an unjust thing to say about you."

"I had a perfect right," Isabel said.

"Of course, of course you did. The trouble is, if you insist on your rights, you may get your desserts." Mrs. Orton got up and put the book away. When she came back to her chair she picked up the knitting and counted the stitches again. "You never knew Jim's grandfather, his father's father. He was a sweet old man. I used to buy my groceries from him, even though he didn't have much of a stock. People used to ask him why he didn't get a bigger store, and he always said, 'More store, more work.' Very sensible, I thought."

"I don't want to be poor all my life," Isabel said, "I can tell you that."

Her mother ignored the remark and said, speaking to her knitting, "When I decided to marry your father but didn't know it yet, I went to ask my grandmother what she thought about it—that was my mother's mother. She was a blunt old lady, but even so, what she said floored me. She pulled her glasses down and looked at me over the top—I can see her now—and said, 'You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.' I was furious."

"I should think you would've been," Isabel said. "The nerve, to say a thing like that about Dad."

"I was," her mother said. "I blew up—just like you—but the old lady didn't say a word; just sat there until I had spluttered out. Then, when I got quiet and was blowing my nose, she said, 'I didn't say you couldn't love a sow's ear. I said you couldn't make a silk purse out of one. And don't you try.' I did though. I tried my best. But I never got very far; because, you see, the old lady was right."

"How can you sit there and say that? My father was not a sow's ear."

"I'll say it again," her mother said. "He was a sow's ear. One of the nice things about being old is that you can say what you please, even to the literal-minded. You always were, you know. What my grandmother meant, of course, was that your father was no great shakes. But I couldn't take it, because at that time I was in love with him, and when you're in love—"

"You mean that later you didn't love Father?" Isabel's question was almost a wail.

"What I didn't know then, and you don't know yet, Isabel, is that loving and being in love are not the same. All you need to be in love is a heart, but to love you've got to use your head too. That was the trouble I had, learning to use my head, such as I had. But then, nobody in my family was very bright."

"How about Uncle Harry?" Isabel said.

"Bluff, my dear, pure bluff." Mrs. Orton put her knitting down and smiled at her daughter. "You don't need to be bright to be a good politician." She looked out of the window and smiled to herself. "I remember the time he was running for the state Senate against Dinwiddie Carter, who was an aristocrat from way back. Harry thought it might be a good idea to get himself a family tree, so he hired one of these genealogists—an honest man, unfortunately. Harry knew about Great-Aunt Matilda, but when this fellow dug up a crazy grandparent too, he was sort of upset."

"You mean there's insanity in the family? That's awful."

"Never heard of a family that didn't have insanity in it," her mother said. "The only question is, how much? Well, Harry was stumped, but not stopped, until he found out his first Virginia ancestor was a convict. Then Harry decided to rejoin the common people. Better follow his example."

Isabel said, "I don't know what you mean."

"I think you do," her mother said. "I mean, we're just ordinary folks—what my Virginia grandmother used to call 'good people'; not 'good family,' mind you—nothing extra one way or the other, not bright, not dumb, in between. That's the kind of family we are, so you might as well face it. And the same's true of Jim's, on his father's side and his mother's—why, I'll bet you don't even know her maiden name."

Isabel shook her head. "No call to know it," her mother said. "She's been helping you to prod Jim, hasn't she?" She waited for an answer, but Isabel was silent. "I thought so. She doesn't love Jim either."

"What?" Isabel almost shrieked. "What do you mean 'either'?"

"She's trying to do to Jim what she did to her husband—make him do what he can't do. When Jim told you he wasn't ready yet for more responsibility, he told the truth, and the Lord only knows when he will be. Maybe never. For the rest of your life, if you live it with Jim, you may have to live in a house no better than this, drive a car no better than the best your father ever had—in other words, be what you call 'poor.' If you've got sense, I hope you'll make the choice I did. You won't regret it."

"But I thought—"

"I said I wouldn't have missed it for worlds, and I meant it. They say love is blind. Well, it isn't so. You're only blind when you're in love. To be in love is to be as blind as a bat. But you can't stay in love, not more than a year or so. After that you are out of love—and still blind. But when you're out of love—the way you are now—you're blind the other way round; you don't see any good in a man. Oh, it happens to most women, to be out of love, to fall out of love, or slide out. If you are a coward you cut and run; but if you stick, you may learn in time to see all of a man, the good and the bad all together. You aren't blind any more, and that's the beginning of love."

MRS. ORTON got up and stood by the door of the dining room. "I was standing here when I saw your father for the first time, all of him, and I saw something else. I had been pushing him pretty hard to get on, and I had just said the meanest thing I could think of and was on my way out of the room. He was sitting about where you are, and he hadn't said a word, which was strange, because he liked quarreling.

"I turned around, partly because of his silence and partly to see whether my shot had gone home. The look on his face froze me in my tracks. It said, as plain as if he had spoken the words, that he was out of love too, that he wasn't in love any more either." She had been looking away from her daughter while she spoke. Now she walked across the room and put her hand on her shoulder and looked down at her. "How does Jim feel about you?" she asked, turning her daughter toward her.

There was no answer for a moment. Isabel bowed her head and began to fumble with opening her purse. Then she said, squeezing the words out, "I don't know."

"Don't you think you'd better go home and find out?" At the words Isabel caught up her purse and got up and started toward the door. Her mother said, "If he's there."

Isabel turned a startled face to her mother. "He'll be there. Why, of course he will. He's always home by five thirty."

"Is he?" Mrs. Orton smiled. "Well, you may be right. You may be."

Isabel was opening the front door when her mother caught her arm. "Don't you want to know what the mystery is?"

"What mystery?"

"Well," her mother said, keeping hold of her arm, "the first thing you said when you stepped in the door was, 'What's the mystery?' Don't you want to know?"

"Oh, bother you and your mystery," Isabel said, jerking her arm away and running down the walk. . . .

Mrs. Orton closed the front door and went slowly back into the living room and pushed open the dining-room door. "You can come out now, Jim," she said, and, at sight of the man with coat and hat already on, she laughed. "What's your hurry, Jim?" she asked. "Wasn't there something you wanted to talk to me about? You said so."

"No," he said, "nothing." He was already at the front door.

"Listen to me now, Jim," she said, "listen." He turned toward her and she smiled at him. "Take it easy," she said, "take it slow. The longer you are getting there the better it'll be. Now slow down."

"Yes'm," he said.

"That's better," she said. "Now let's see how slow you can go down the walk." When he was halfway she called, "That's fine," but when he reached the sidewalk she laughed. He was running. THE END

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Tin Pan Alley's Tin Ear

Tone-deaf Howard Richmond dumfounded music publishers by producing six hits—including The Thing—during his first year in the business. To most of them, that's a good decade's work

By MURRAY CAMPBELL

ONE of the inescapable facts of life during the past few weeks has been a relentless ditty called The Thing. The Thing's loud, insistent rhythm, punctuated periodically by a stamping of feet (or a clapping of hands or a beating of drums), has come pounding through the walls of some 2,000,000 homes—which is the number of dwellings that contain The Thing in the form of records or sheet music.

At times it has given the impression of being the one record that radio's hundreds of disk jockeys have on hand. Few juke boxes in the land have been without it. It has been a favorite, if that is the word, for "live" performance by the bands and singers of radio, television and night clubs. School and parade bands have taken it up with great gusto.

The Thing has been, in short, practically unavoidable.

"My biggest hit since Music! Music! Music! and Goodnight Irene," says Howard S. Richmond, the only member of the Tin Pan Alley set who is an evening student of medieval philosophy and copyright law at New York University. Richmond is thirty-two years old, has been a music publisher—like his father before him—just a little over a year, and has already published six hits, more than many a denizen of the Alley manages to come up with in five years, or even ten.

Of these hits, The Thing, Irene and Music! are the most conspicuous. But within the past year Richmond has also given the world The Hop-Scotch Polka, Molasses Molasses, and Tzena Tzena Tzena. And as if this weren't enough, he has on the way three more contributions to contemporary culture which he firmly expects will take up where The Thing leaves off. One is Chimney Corner Dream, described by Richmond as a "beautiful warm ballad." Another is Don't Cry, with music by the French songstress Edith Piaf. The third is Icka Backa Soda Cracka, whose title is probably identification enough.

All this adds up to the sale or potential sale of millions of records and copies of sheet music, plus thousands upon thousands of royalty-paying public performances. It has made Richmond looked upon in the Alley as strictly sensational, although he himself does not entirely subscribe to that view. This reluctance is largely due to his genuine modesty, a virtue that is not usually considered a characteristic of the writers, publishers and performers of popular music. Nor is it a virtue often found among the practitioners of Broadway press-agentry, a field in which Richmond operated from the time he got out of the University of Pennsylvania until he became a full-time publisher a year ago.

"To hear Howie play himself down," a competitor has observed, "you'd think his success was an accident. Actually, he is a very bright boy who works like a dog, and along very bright lines.

"Let's put it this way: When a single character, operating out of a walk-up office over a restaurant on Fifty-second Street, pulls six hits in a year out from under established publishers with thousands of feet of floor space and hundreds of experienced guys on the payroll, this character is doing a very bright job."

Richmond spends only the first half of his 16-hour working day in the small walk-up office which serves as headquarters for his four publishing companies. (He operates in quadruplicate as the Hollis, Cromwell, Essex and Spencer music firms with the notion that this makes it easier to push as many as four tunes at a time.) It is Hollis Music Inc., which owns the copyright to The Thing. During these initial eight working hours he is very much occupied with two telephones; with an attractive young secretary named Irene who has heard all possible jokes about Goodnight Irene; with Pete Kameron, a bustling young associate who specializes in finding and recording folk songs; and with a turbulent melee of visiting song pluggers, disk jockeys, musicians, composers, writers, and would-be composers and writers.

The composition of this group changes almost from minute to minute. Counting the window sill and the top of Richmond's desk, the office can seat about 12 members of any given melee; the rest mill around, usually talking and gesticulating about some song, singer, band or record that they think is going to be a hit. Barricaded behind his desk, Richmond participates from time to time in the various conversations, generally while talking on one phone and sometimes while gesturing with the other.

The second eight hours of each day Richmond devotes to contact work on behalf of his various properties. This usually takes the form of a series of visits to some of his disk-jockey friends; as a result of these visits they are likely to keep his songs well in mind when scheduling their programs.

Richmond is, he freely admits, tone-deaf; nor can he read music. He uses this latter fact to his advantage: He insists that if anyone wants to submit a song to him it must be brought on a record that he can play on a machine in one corner of his office. If the first hearing makes him suspect the song may "have something," he will play the record 40 or 50 times in the next few days, trying to decide by a process of absorption if the "something" is really there.

"You have to live with a song to judge it," he says. "That was the one feature I didn't like about the way I got The Thing. So many guys were after it that I had to trust my first impression and grab it while the grabbing was good. But it turned out all right."

The Thing became part of his life—and subsequently a part of practically *(Continued on page 64)*

Songstress Lisa Kirk runs through The Thing under the approving eyes of the 32-year-old publisher (seated), his father Maurice (left), who preceded him in the business, and Charlie Grean, the song's composer

CHARLES PETERSON

Because Phil Harris' record of The Thing sold over a million, coast disk jockeys, represented by Bob McLaughlin (r), gave him a gold copy. Here Mrs. H—Alice Faye—and guitarist Frank Remley help admire it

JOHN FLOREA

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Career girl, 1965

Little Miss Telephone herself. Thirty-five members of her family have worked for the telephone company.

That's Karen Terry — She's just three and cute as a button. Already she's decided to be a telephone operator when she grows up.

There are many reasons for her choice. For Karen is related to an interesting telephone family in California. Thirty-five members of this family have worked for the telephone company in the past sixty-five years. Many still do.

Lots to Talk About — When Karen's Aunt Ella was asked what the dinner conversation is like when they get together, she said — "Why we talk shop, of course. All about the telephone company and our friends there."

It's that way with thousands of other families throughout the country. One Bell Telephone Company found that 2800, or ten per cent, of its employees had members of their families in telephone work.

Stepping Ahead — A young man doesn't follow his Dad in a job unless Dad says, "Come along, son — you'll find it as good a place as I did." You won't find sister following sister, and brother following brother into telephone work without reason. They like the work and the company.

Good people in good jobs help to give this country the best telephone service in the world at low cost.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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Revolt of the Triffids

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

in the crevices of the paving stones, springing from cracks in concrete, finding a lodgment even in the seats of the abandoned cars. On all sides they were encroaching to repossess themselves of the arid spaces that man had created. And, curiously, as the living green took charge, the effect of the place was less oppressive. As it passed beyond the scope of any magic wand, most of the ghosts were going with it, withdrawing slowly into history.

Once—not that year or the next, but later on—I stood in Piccadilly Circus looking round at the desolation, and trying to recreate in my mind's eye the crowds that had once swarmed there. I could no longer do it. Even in my memory they lacked reality. They had left no tincture. They had become as much history as the audiences in the Roman Colosseum or the army of the Assyrians, and, somehow, as far removed from me. The nostalgia that crept over me sometimes in quiet hours was able to move me to more regret than the crumbling scene itself. By myself I recalled the pleasantnesses of the former life; among the scabrous, slowly perishing buildings I recalled the muddle, the frustration, the unaimed drive, the clangor of empty vessels, and became uncertain how much we had lost. . . .

My first trip to London I made alone, returning with cases of triffid bolts, paper, engine parts, the Braille books and writing machine that Dennis so much desired, the luxuries of drinks, sweets, records, and yet more books for the rest of us. A week later Josella came with me on a more practical search for clothing—not only, or even chiefly, for the adults of the party, but for Mary's baby and the one Josella herself was now expecting. It was the only visit she made.

I continued to go there from time to time in search of some scarce necessity, and seizing the opportunity to collect some little luxuries. Never once did I see any moving thing in the city save a few sparrows and an occasional triffid. Sometimes I would find evidence that others besides myself were still in the habit of helping themselves to what they wanted there, but I never saw them.

It was at the end of the fourth year that I made my last trip, and found that there were now risks that I was not justified in taking. The first intimation of that was a thunderous crash behind me somewhere in the inner suburbs. I stopped the truck and looked back to see the dust rising from a heap of rubble which lay across the road. Evidently my rumbling passage had given the final shake to a tottering house front. I brought no more buildings down that day but I spent it in apprehension of a descending torrent of bricks and mortar. Thereafter I confined my attention to smaller towns and usually went about them on foot.

IN THE November of our second year, Josella's first baby was born. We called him David. My first pleasure in him was mixed with misgivings over the kind of thing he must one day grow up to face. That worried Josella much less. She adored him. He seemed to be a compensation for much that she had lost, and paradoxically she began to worry less over the condition of the bridges ahead than she had before.

It was shortly after David's birth that Josella turned my attention more closely to the triffids. I had for years been so used to taking precautions against them in my work that their becoming a regular part of the landscape struck me far less than it did the others. I had been used, too, to wearing a meshed mask and gloves to deal with them, so that there was little novelty for me in donning these things whenever I drove out. I had, in fact, got into the habit of according them little more attention than I would to mosquitoes in a malarial area. She mentioned it as we lay in bed one night when almost the only sound was the intermittent, distant rattling of their hard little sticks against their main stems.

"They're doing a lot more of that lately," she said.

I did not know what she was talking about at first. It had been the usual background to my living for so long that unless I deliberately listened for it I could not say whether it was going on or not. I listened now.

"It doesn't sound any different to me," I said.

"It's not *different*. It's just that there's a lot more of it—because there are a lot more of them than there used to be."

"I hadn't noticed," I said, indifferently.

"There certainly are. You take a look at them tomorrow," she said.

I remembered in the morning, and looked out of the window as I was dressing. I saw that Josella was right. One could count over a hundred of them behind the quite small stretch of fence visible from the window. I mentioned it at breakfast. Susan looked surprised.

"But they've been getting more all the time," she said. "Haven't you noticed?"

"I've got plenty of other things to bother about," I said, a little irritated by her tone. "They don't matter outside the fence, anyway. So long as we take care to pull up all the seeds that root, there's nothing to worry about."

"All the same," Josella said uneasily, "is there any reason why they should come just to this particular part in such numbers? I'd like to know just why it is."

Susan's face assumed its irritating expression of surprise again. "Why, *he* brings them," she said.

"Don't point," Josella told her, automatically. "What do you mean? I'm sure Bill doesn't bring them."

"But he does. He makes all the noises here, and they just come."

"Look here," I said. "What are you talking about? Am I supposed to be whistling them here in my sleep, or something?"

Susan looked huffy.

"All right. If you don't believe me, I'll show you after breakfast," she said, and withdrew into an offended silence.

When we had finished she slipped from the table, returning with my twelve-bore and field glasses. We went out onto the lawn. She scoured the view until she found a triffid on the move well beyond the fence, and then handed the glasses to me. I watched it lurching slowly across the field. It was over a mile away from us, and headed east.

"Now keep on watching it," she said.

She fired the gun into the air.

A few seconds later the triffid perceptibly changed course toward the south.

"See?" she said.

"Well, it looks—are you sure? Try again."

She shook her head.

"It wouldn't be any good. All the triffids that heard it are coming this way now. In about ten minutes they'll stop and listen. If they're near enough then to hear the ones by the fence clattering, they come on and join them. Do you mean to say you haven't noticed?"

"Well—" I said embarrassed. "Er—you must have been watching them very closely, Susan?"

"I always watch them. I hate them," she said, as if that were explanation enough.

Dennis had joined us as we stood there. "I'm with you, Susan," he said. "I don't like it. I've not liked it for some time. The damn' things have the drop on us."

"Oh, come—" I said.

"I tell you there's more about them than we think. How did they *know*? They broke loose the moment the comet dust fell, and there was no one to stop them. They were about this house the very next day."

"That's not new for them," I said. "In jungle country they used to hang around near the tracks. Quite often they would surround a village, and invade it if they weren't beaten off. They are a dangerous kind of pest in quite a lot of places."

"But not here—that's my point. They couldn't do that here until conditions made it possible. They didn't even try. But when they could, they did it *at once*—almost as if they *knew* they could."

"Be reasonable. Think what you're implying," I told him.

"I'm quite aware of what I'm implying—some of it, at any rate. I make no definite theory, but I do say this: They took advantage of our troubles with remarkable speed. I also say that there is something suspiciously like method perceptible in them right now. You've been so wrapped up in your work that you've not noticed how they have been massing up and waiting out there beyond the fence. But Susan has— I've heard her talking about it. And just what do you think they're waiting *for?*"

I didn't try to answer that. I said, "You think I'd better lay off the twelve-bore which attracts them, and use a triffid gun instead?"

"It's not just the gun. It's all noises," said Susan. "The tractor's the worst because it's a loud noise, and it keeps on so that they can find it. But they can even hear the lighting-plant engine quite a long way. I've seen them turn when it starts."

"I wish," I said, irritably, "that you wouldn't say 'they hear' as if they were animals—they're not, they're just plants."

"All the same, they *do* hear," Susan retorted, stubbornly.

"Well—anyway, we'll do something about them," I promised.

WE DID. The first trap was a crude kind of windmill which produced a hearty hammering noise. We fixed it up about a quarter of a mile away. It worked. It drew them away from our fence and from elsewhere. When there were several hundreds of them clustered about it Susan and I drove out there and turned flame throwers on them. (I had taken the flame throwers from a munitions plant near London.)

A tour of the boundaries every few days with a flame thrower could have kept the numbers down well, but it would have taken a lot of time, and quickly have run us out of fuel.

On the two or three occasions we tried mortar bombs on concentrations of triffids the results were disappointing. Triffids share with trees the ability to take a lot of damage without suffering lethal harm.

As time went on, and in spite of all our efforts, the numbers of triffids collected along the fence continued to increase. They did nothing there. They simply settled down, wriggled their roots into the soil, and remained. At a distance they looked as inactive as any other hedge, and but for the pattering sound that some few of them were sure to be making, they might have been little more remarkable. But if one doubted their alertness it was only necessary to take a car down the lane. To do so was to run a gantlet of such viciously slashing stings that it became necessary to stop the car at the main road to wipe the windshield clear of their poison.

We'd been trying a variety of weapons for a year or more before the day when Susan came running to our room early in the morning to tell us that the *things* had broken in, and were all round the house. She had got up to do the milking as usual. The sky outside her bedroom window was gray, but when she got downstairs everything was in complete darkness.

She turned on the light. The moment she saw the leathery green leaves pressing against the windows she knew what had happened.

I crossed the bedroom quietly, and pulled the window to, sharply. Even as it closed, a sting whipped up from below, and smacked against the glass. We looked down on a thicket of triffids which stood ten or twelve deep against the wall.

The flame throwers were in one of the outhouses. I took no risks when I went to fetch them. In thick clothing and gloves, with a leather helmet and goggles beneath the mesh covering, I hacked my way through a throng of triffids with our largest carving knife. The stings whipped and slapped at the wire mesh so frequently that they wet it and the poison began to come through in a fine spray. It misted the gog-

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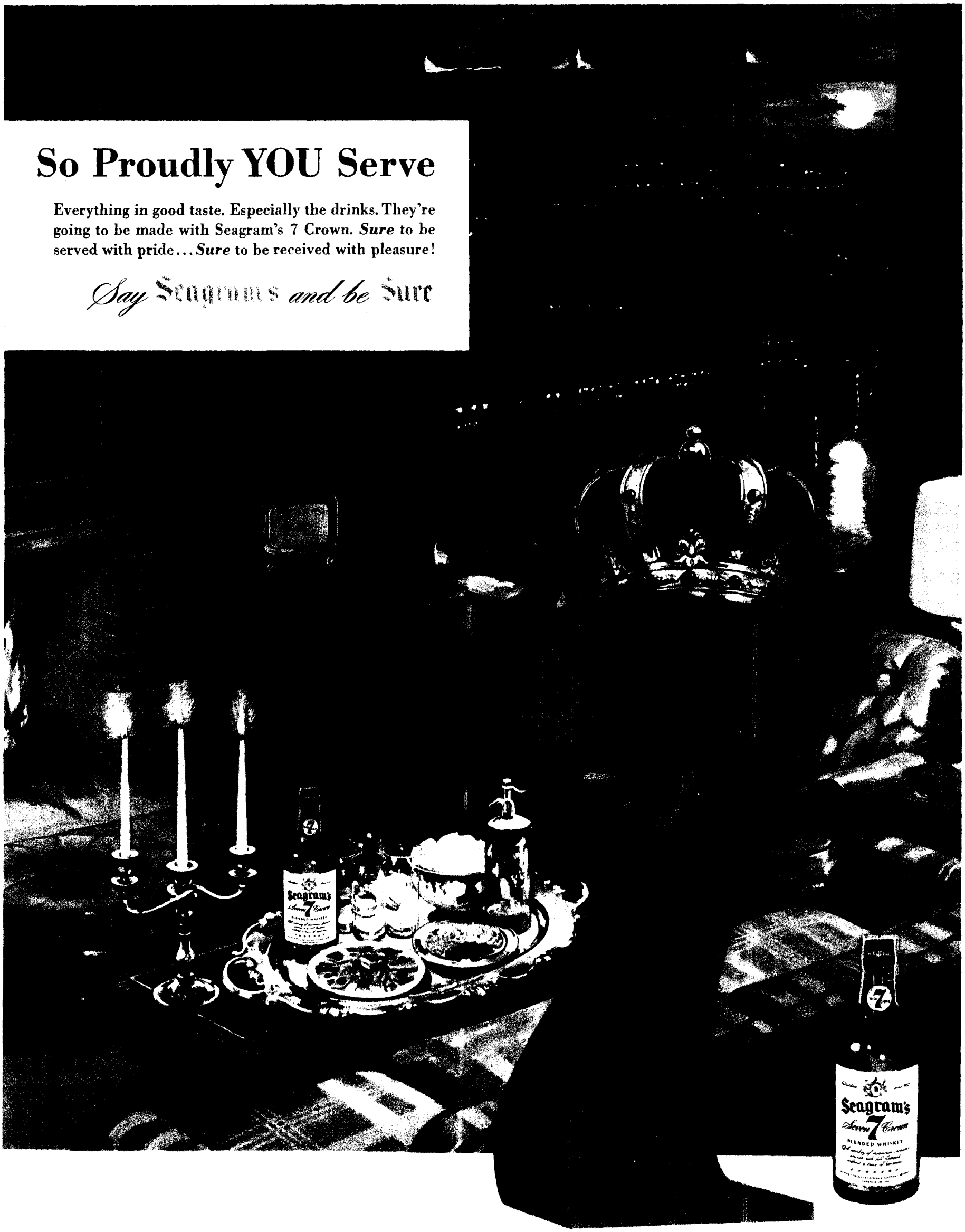
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gles, and I could feel the stuff on my face. The first thing I did in the outhouse was to wash it off.

I did not dare to use more than a brief, low-aimed jet from one of the throwers to clear my way back for fear of setting the door and window frames on fire, but it moved and agitated them so that I got back unmolested.

Josella and Susan stood by with fire extinguishers while I, still looking something like a diver, leaned from the upper windows on each side of the house in turn and played the thrower on the besieging mob of triffids. It did not take very long to burn a number and get the rest on the move.

Susan, now suitably dressed, took the second thrower, and started on the congenial job, to her, of hunting them down while I set off across the fields to find the source of the trouble. That wasn't difficult. From the first rise I was able to see the spot where the triffids were still lurching into our enclosure in a stream of tossing stems and waving leaves. They fanned out a little on the nearer side, but all of them were headed in the direction of the house. It was simple to head them off.

A jet of flame in front stopped them; one to either side started them on their way back.

Twenty yards or so of the fence was lying flat with the posts snapped off. I rigged it up temporarily there and then, and played the flame thrower back and forth.

Josella, Susan and I spent most of the day repairing and strengthening the breach. Two more days passed before Susan and I could be sure that we had searched every corner of our enclosure and accounted for all the intruders. We followed that up with an inspection of the whole length of the fence and a reinforcement of all doubtful sections.

FOUR months later they broke in again. This time a number of broken triffids lay in the gap. Our impression was that they had been crushed in the pressure that had been built up against the fence before it gave way, and that, falling with it, they had been trampled by the rest.

It was clear that we should have to take new defensive measures. No part of the fence was any stronger than that which had given. Electrification seemed the most likely way to keep them at a distance. To power it I found an army generator mounted on a trailer, and towed it home. Susan and I set to work on the wiring. Before we had completed it, the brutes were through again in another place.

I believe the system would have been completely effective if we could have kept it in action all the time—or even most of the time. But we couldn't afford the fuel consumption.

So, from motives of conservation, the barrier wire was only charged for a few minutes two or three times a day. It caused the triffids to recoil a few yards and thereby stopped them building up a pressure against the fence. As an additional guard we ran an alarm wire on the inner fence to enable us to deal with any breaks before they became serious.

The weakness lay in the triffids' apparent ability to learn, in at least a limited way, from experience. We found, for instance, that they grew accustomed to our practice of charging the wire for a while night and morning. It was perceptible that they were always clear of the wire at the usual time we started the engine, and that they began to close in again soon after it stopped. Whether they actually associated the charged condition with the sound of the engine was impossible to say then, though later we had little doubt of it.

It was easy enough to make our running times erratic, but Susan soon began to insist that the period for which the shock kept them clear was growing slowly but steadily shorter. Nevertheless, for over a year the electrified wire and occasional attacks upon them in the sections where they were densest kept us free from incursions.

Within the safety of our compound we continued to develop our agriculture, and life settled gradually into a routine.

On a day in the summer of our fifth year Josella and I went down to the coast together, traveling there in the half-track that I customarily used since the roads had become so bad. It was a holiday for Josella. Months had passed since she had been outside the fence. The cares of the place and the babies had kept her far too tied to make more than a few necessary trips, but by now we had reached a stage where we felt that Susan could safely be left in charge for a while. We drove up and across the tops of the hills with a feeling of release. On the lower southern slopes we stopped for a time.

IT WAS a perfect June day with only a few light clouds to fleck a light blue sky. The sun shone down on the beaches and the sea beyond just as brightly as it had in the days when those same beaches had been crowded with bathers and the sea dotted with little boats. We looked down in silence on the little coastal town. It was a jumble of small houses, whose roofs were overgrown with moss. The once tidy gardens had vanished under an unchecked growth of green, patched in color here and there by the descendants of carefully cultivated flowers. Even the roads looked like strips of green carpet.

Josella said suddenly, "Have we been just fooling ourselves since it happened? Don't you think we are finished, Bill?"

"I think," I said cautiously, "only think, mind you, that we've a narrow chance—so narrow that it is going to take a long, long time. If it weren't for the triffids I'd say it was a very good chance—though still taking a longish time. But the triffids are a real factor. They are something that no rising civilization has had to fight before. The real problem is to find some simple way of dealing with them. *We* can do it—we have the means to hold them off. But our grandchildren—what are they going to do about them? Are they going to have to live in human reservations only kept free of triffids by constant toil? That isn't to say that somebody, perhaps one of us, may not stumble upon a perfectly adequate way of dealing with them. We must hope that someone does. Otherwise I can't see anything for it but reservations. Like the one we live in."

Josella frowned down upon a group of four triffids ambling across a field below.

"They used to say that man's really serious rivals were the insects. It seems to me that the triffids have something in common with some kinds of insects. Oh, I know that biologically they're plants. What I mean is they don't bother about their individuals, and the individuals don't bother about themselves. Individually they have something which looks rather like intelligence; collectively it looks a great deal more like it. They work together for a purpose, the way ants and bees do—yet you could say that no one of them is aware of any purpose or scheme although each is a part of it. It's all very queer—probably impossible for us to understand. They're so *different*. It may be that no single triffid knows why it keeps on hanging round our fence, but the whole lot together know that their purpose is to get us. And that sooner or later they will."

"There are a lot of things that can happen before a hopeless stage arrives—if it ever does. You don't really feel as despondent as you sound, do you?"

"No, Bill. I don't *feel* it—except sometimes when I'm tired. Usually I'm too busy to worry over what might happen. No, as a rule I don't go much beyond that gentle melancholy that the eighteenth century esteemed so much. I go sentimental when you play records. There's something rather frightening about a great orchestra which has passed away still playing great music to our little group which is hemmed in and gradually growing more primitive. It takes me back, and I begin to feel sad, thinking of all the things we can never do again, whatever happens. Don't you feel like that?"

"Sometimes," I admitted, "but I find that I accept the present more easily as it goes on. I suppose that if there were wishes that could be granted I would wish the old world back—but there'd be a condition. You see, in spite of everything, I'm happier inside me than I ever was before, Josella—you know that, don't you?"

She put her hand on mine.

"I feel like that, too. No, it's not so much the things we've lost, as the things that the babies will never have a chance to know that saddens me. And as they grow up—they'll know that they were born into a world which was quite pointlessly destroyed. They may find living quite pointless, too."

She paused, pondering for a moment. Then she added: "Do you think we should be justified in starting a myth to help them? A story of a world that was wonderfully clever, but was so wicked that it was destroyed—or destroyed itself by an accident? That wouldn't crush them with inferiority; it might give them the incentive to build, and this time to build something better."

"Yes," I said, considering it. "Yes. It's often quite a good idea to tell children the truth. Kind of makes things easier for them later on. Only, why pretend it's a myth?"

Josella protested. "How do you mean? The triffids were—well, they were partly our fault, I admit. But the rest—?"

"The triffids were altogether our fault—not yours or mine—but the fault of our clever-clever opportunists. Even if they had not been scattered all over the place as they were, their seeds would soon have carried everywhere once the plantations were started. What we have to thank for them being here at all is a handful of greedy men."

"But they were useful—the extracts made from them, I mean."

"Sure. But did anyone ever sit down to weigh the pros and cons about bringing them here? It was just our careless cleverness that got the triffids here at all and has left us landed with them."

"But be fair, Bill—they didn't matter all that much. They've been here for years and years now, and we were able to deal with them all right. We benefited from them."

"As long as the conditions were to their disadvantage."

"Exactly. And it wasn't our fault the conditions changed. It was—just one of those things. Like earthquakes or hurricanes—what an insurance company would call an act of God. Maybe that is just what it was. Certainly we never brought that exploding comet."

"Didn't we, Josella? You're sure of that?"

She turned to look at me. "What do you mean, Bill? How could we?"

"What I mean, my dear, is, was it a comet at all?"

Josella was looking at me very hard. "Bill, are you trying to tell me that you don't think it was a comet at all?"

"Just exactly that," I said.

"But—but I don't understand. It must—What else *could* it have been?"

I OPENED a vacuum-packed can of cigarettes, and lighted one for each of us. I drew on my cigarette, looking out on the sea before us, and the blue sky above it.

"Up there," I said, pointing. "The genius of man made it possible for human beings to storm the very heavens and make wonderful machines to ride past the stars and set up colonies on the planets. Men lived on the planets—and for all you and I know live there still. What are they like, the bands of colonists on Venus and the other planets? All human history stands on the library shelves to prove that men have a genius for mischief—terrible, wicked mischief—as well as for making music and poetry and machines."

Josella looked at me in bewilderment. "I don't see what you're getting at, Bill."

"Maybe nothing," I told her. "But the earthborn colonists took all the human talents with them. They took—among other things—the talent for devising wonderfully destructive weapons. How do we know it was comet dust that fell that night? It was only a guess. Why couldn't it have been some inconceivably powerful firearm constructed to throw off radiations that human eyes could not stand—some chemical from the planets that destroys the optic nerve."

"But, Bill," Josella said, "that would be diabolical. What would be the purpose?"

"I don't know," I said. "What was the purpose of men fighting wars? The men on the planets might have been making sure that there would be no more travelers from the earth, looking for a share of whatever is to be found up there. Or they might

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have had some other, more limited purpose, and their weapon—if weapon it was—got out of hand . . ."

We sat silent a while, and then Josella said, "If you're right—I suppose in a way it's more horrible than the idea of nature striking at us blindly. We—mankind—shouldn't have challenged nature as we did. I hate the triffids, but it's an impersonal hatred. They're inhuman by right, I suppose. They can't pretend to kill people for lofty reasons—as people always did when they killed other people."

We sat there a while longer, looking down at the sea; then we drove on to the little town. After a search which produced most of the things we were looking for, we went down to picnic on the shore in the sunshine—with a good stretch of shingle behind us over which no triffid could approach unheard.

"We must do more of this," Josella said. "Now that Susan's nearly grown up I needn't be so tied."

"It's time you were able to let up a bit," I agreed.

I said it with a feeling that I would like us to go together and say a last farewell to places and things we had known, while it was still possible. Every year now the prospect of imprisonment would grow closer. Already, to go northward from Shirning it was necessary to make a detour of many miles to pass the country which had reverted to marsh. All the roads were rapidly becoming worse as roots broke up their surfaces.

"And we must have one real last fling," I said. "You shall dress up again, and we'll go to—"

"Sh!" said Josella, holding up a finger, and turning her ear to the wind.

I held my breath, and strained my ears. There was the feeling rather than the sound of a throbbing in the air. It was faint, but gradually swelling.

"It *is*—it's a plane!" Josella said.

We looked toward the west, shading our eyes with our hands. The sound increased so slowly that it could be nothing but a helicopter; anything else would have passed over us or out of hearing range in the time it was taking.

Josella saw it first. A dot, a little out from the coast, and apparently coming our way, parallel with the coast. We started to wave. As the dot grew larger we stood up, waving wildly and, not very sensibly, shouting. The pilot could not have failed to see us there on the open beach had he come on, but that was what he did not do. A few miles short of us he turned abruptly north to pass inland. We went on waving madly, hoping that he might still catch sight of us. But there was no indecision about the machine's course, no variation of the engine note. Deliberately and imperturbably it droned away toward the hills.

We lowered our arms, and looked at each other.

THE sight of the machine had changed our day for us. It destroyed a lot of the resignation we had carefully built up. We had been saying to ourselves that there must be other groups, yet they wouldn't be in any better position than we were, probably in worse. But when a helicopter could come sailing in like a sight and sound from the past it raised more than memories: it suggested that someone somewhere was making out better than we were.

A feeling of restlessness destroyed the mood in which we had sat, and the tracks along which our thoughts had run. In unspoken agreement we began to pack up our things. Without saying anything more, we climbed into the half-track and started for home.

We had covered perhaps half the distance back to Shirning when Josella noticed the smoke. At first sight it might have been a cloud, but as we neared the top of the hill we could see the gray column beneath the diffused upper layer. She pointed to it, and looked at me without a word. The only fires we had seen in recent years had been a few spontaneous outbreaks at the end of the summer: we both knew that the plume ahead rose from the neighborhood of Shirning.

I forced the half-track along at a greater speed than it had ever shown on the deteriorated roads before. The closer we came, the less room there was for doubt. We tore up the final lane, our hearts aching with apprehension, quite oblivious of the stings which whipped at the vehicle as we passed. Then, at the turn, we were able to see that it was not the house itself, but the woodpile that was ablaze.

At the sound of the horn Susan came running out to pull on the rope which opened the gate from a safe distance. She shouted something which was drowned in the rattle of our driving in. Her free hand was pointing not to the fire, but toward the front of the house. As we ran farther into the yard, we could see the reason. In the middle of our lawn stood the helicopter.

BY THE time we were out of the half-track a man in a leather jacket and breeches had come out of the house. He was tall, fair and sunburned. At the first glance I had a feeling that I had seen him somewhere before. He waved and grinned cheerfully as we hurried across.

"Mr. Bill Masen, I presume. My name is Simpson—Ivan Simpson."

"I remember," said Josella. "It was you who flew in a helicopter that night at the university building."

"That's right. Clever of you to remember. I—"

"Just a minute," I said. "That fire—"

"Safe enough—we've seen to that. Though I'm afraid most of your stock of wood has gone up."

"What happened?"

"That was Susan. She didn't mean me to miss you. When she heard my engine, she grabbed a flame thrower and bounded out to start a signal as quickly as she could. The woodpile was handiest."

We went inside, and joined the others.

"By the way," Simpson said to me, "Michael wants me to give his apologies to you."

"To me?" I said, wondering.

"You were the only one who saw the danger of the triffids."

"Do you mean to say you knew I was here?"

"We found out very roughly your probable location a few days ago—from a fellow we all have cause to remember: one Coker."

"So Coker came through, too," I said. "After the shambles I saw at Tynsham, I was afraid he'd caught that typhoid, or whatever it was."

Later, when we'd had a meal and produced our best brandy we got the story out of him. When Michael Beadley and his party had gone on, leaving Tynsham to the mercies and principles of Miss Durrant, they had not made for Beaminster, nor anywhere near it. They had gone northeast into Oxfordshire.

They had found an estate there which had seemed at first to offer the group all that it required, and no doubt they could have entrenched themselves there as we had entrenched ourselves at Shirning, but as the menace of the triffids increased, the disadvantage of the place became more obvious.

In less than a year Michael was highly dissatisfied with the longer-term prospects there. Clearly the best self-maintaining defense against the triffids would be water. To that end the group held a discussion on the relative merits of various islands. Climatic reasons chiefly decided them in favor of the Isle of Wight. Accordingly, in the following March, they had packed up again, and moved on.

"When we got there," Ivan said, "the triffids seemed thicker than where we'd left. No sooner had we begun to settle ourselves into a big country house near Godshill than they started collecting along the walls in thousands. We let 'em come for a couple of weeks or so, then we went for them with flame throwers.

"After we'd wiped that lot out, we let

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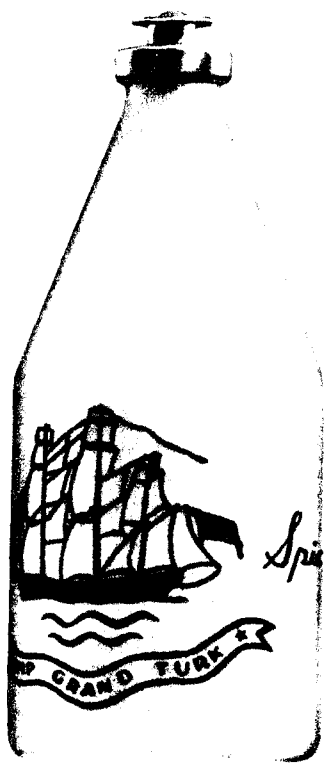

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them accumulate again and then we blitzed 'em once more—and so on. We could afford to do it properly there, because once we'd cleared them we'd not need to use the throwers any more. There'd only be a limited number in the island, and the more of them that came round us to be wiped out, the better we were pleased.

"We had to do it a dozen times before there was any appreciable effect, and all round the walls we had a belt of charred stumps. There were a devil of a lot more of them than we had expected."

"There used to be at least half a dozen nurseries breeding high-quality ones in the island—not to mention the private and park ones," I said.

"You don't surprise me. While we fought the triffids," Ivan went on, "we were getting organized. There were some fifty or sixty of us to begin with. I took trips in the helicopter and when I saw signs of a group anywhere I'd go down and issue a general invitation to come along. Some did—but a surprising number weren't interested: they'd escaped from being governed, and in spite of all their troubles they didn't want any more of it. There are some lots in South Wales that have set up sort of tribal communities, and resent the idea of any organization except the minimum they've set up for themselves. You'll find similar lots near the other coal fields, too. Usually the leaders are men who happened to be on the shift below ground so that they never saw the green stars.

"Still, quite a lot did come along. In a year we'd gone up to three hundred or so.

"It wasn't until about a month ago that we came across Coker and his lot—and one of the first things he asked was whether you had shown up. They had a bad time, particularly at first. A few days after he got back to Tynsham a couple of women came in from London, and brought the plague with them. Coker quarantined them at the first symptoms, but it was too late. They decided on a quick move. Miss Durrant wouldn't budge. She decided to stay and look after the sick, and follow later if she could. She never did.

"The infection went with them. They had three more hurried moves before they had got as far west as Devonshire, and they found a suitable place.

"When Coker found you weren't with us, he suggested you might still be in these parts."

"And now you're inviting us to your island haven?" Dennis asked Ivan.

"Well, to come on mutual approval, at least," Ivan said. "Bill and Josella will probably remember the broad principles laid down that night at the university. They still stand. We aren't out to reconstruct—we want to build something new and better. Some people don't take to that. If they don't, they're no use to us.

"Newcomers can spend six months with us. Then there's a council hearing. If they don't like our ways, they say so; and if we don't think they'll fit, we say so. If they fit, they stay; if not, we see that they get to the Channel Isles—or back to the mainland if they're odd enough to prefer that."

LATER that evening, after Ivan had taken off and vanished away to the southwest, I went and sat on my favorite bench in the corner of the garden, and tried to be honest. I looked across the valley, remembering the drained and well-tended meadows. Now it was well on the way back to the wild. The hedges had spread out. Thickets, beds of reeds, and stagnant pools dotted the neglected fields. The big trees were slowly drowning in the sodden soil.

I thought of all the work that would be needed to support us on our few acres. Of how it would affect each of us. Of the three blind ones, still feeling useless and frustrated as they grew older. Of Susan, who should have the chance of a husband and babies. Of David, and Mary's little girl, and any other children there might be who would have to become laborers as soon as they were strong enough. Of Josella and myself, having to work still harder as we got older because there would be more work that must be done by hand.

Then there were the triffids, patiently waiting. I could see hundreds of them in a dark green hedge beyond the fence. There must be research—some natural enemy or some poison for them must be found, and there must be the leisure to work on it and find it. Time was on their side. They had only to go on waiting until we lacked fuel for the flame throwers, or fuel to generate electricity, or until we had no more wire to mend the fences. They or their descendants could still be there waiting when the wire began to rust through.

And yet Shirning had become our home. I sighed.

There was a soft step on the grass. Josella came and sat down beside me. She leaned against me, and I put an arm round her shoulders.

"You've made this place and kept it for us, Bill. What do you think? Shall we stay a few years longer?"

"No," I said. "I think we had better admit defeat before it comes, and go now."

She pressed my hand.

"Not defeat, my dear, just a—what did they call it?—a strategic withdrawal. We withdraw to work and plan for the day when we can come back. One day we will. We'll wipe out every one of those foul triffids and get our own land back from them."

"But, first, we go—when?"

"There's no hurry. We could have the summer out. A sort of holiday, with no preparations for the winter."

We sat a while, watching the valley disappear into the dusk. "It's silly, but I shall cry when we do go. I shall cry buckets. You mustn't mind," Josella said.

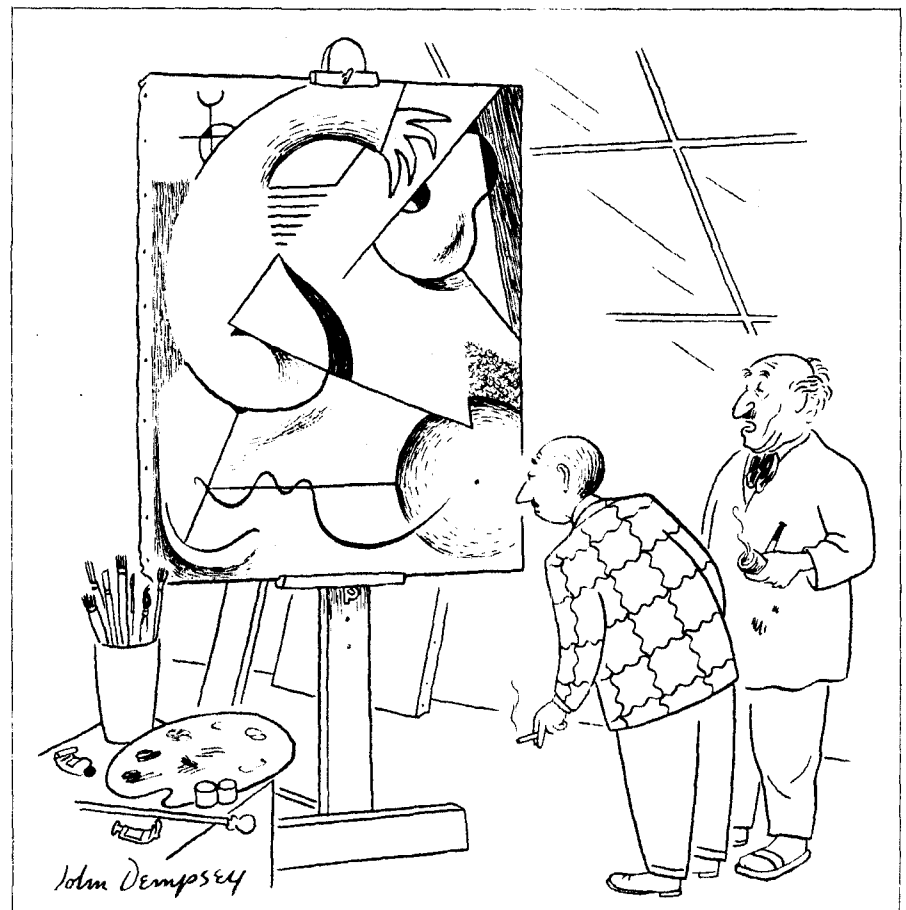
But as things fell out, we were all much too busy to cry.

There was, as Josella had said, no need to hurry. We would see the summer out at Shirning, during which time I would prospect a new home for us on the island and make several journeys there to transport the most useful part of the stores and gear that we had collected. Meanwhile, the woodpile had been destroyed. We needed only enough fuel to keep the kitchen going for a few weeks, so the next morning Susan and I set off to fetch some coal.

As the half-track wasn't suitable for that job, we used a truck. Although the nearest rail coal depot was less than ten miles away, the roundabout route due to the blockage of some roads and the bad condition of all of them meant that it took us nearly the whole day. We had no major mishaps, but it was late afternoon when we got back.

As we turned the last corner of the lane, with the triffids slashing as indefatigably as ever from the banks, we stared in astonishment. Beyond our gate, parked in the yard, stood a monstrous-looking vehicle. The sight of it so dumfounded us that we sat gaping a moment before Susan put on her helmet and gloves and got down to open the gate.

I drove in and dismounted, and together we went over to look at the contraption. The chassis was supported on metal tracks which suggested a military origin. Susan and I looked at each other questioningly. Then we went indoors.



COLLIER'S **"Oh, that's just a little mole the model has on her left shoulder"** JOHN DEMPSEY

Besides the members of the household, there were four men clad in gray-green ski suits. Two of them wore pistols holstered to the right hip. The other two had placed their sub-machine guns on the floor beside their chairs.

As we came in, Josella turned an expressionless face toward us.

"Here is my husband. Bill, this is Mr. Torrence. He claims to be an official of some kind. He has proposals to make to us."

I had never heard her voice colder.

For a moment I failed to respond. The man she indicated did not recognize me, but I recalled him, all right. Features that have faced you along sights get set in your mind. Besides, there was the distinctive red hair. I remembered the way that efficient young man had turned back my party in Hampstead. Then I nodded to him.

He said, "I understand you are in charge here, Mr. Masen?"

"The place belongs to Mr. Brent," I replied.

"I mean that you are the organizer here?"

"Yes," I said.

"Good," he said crisply. "I am Commander, Southeast Region."

He spoke as if that should convey something important. To me it didn't. I said so.

"It means," he amplified, "that I am Chief Executive Officer of the Emergency Council for the Southeastern Region of Britain. As such, it is one of my duties to supervise the distribution and allocation of personnel."

"I have never heard of this council."

"Possibly. We were equally ignorant of the existence of your group here until we saw your fire yesterday."

"Well, Mr. Torrence?"

"When a group is discovered, it is my job to investigate it, assess it, and make the necessary adjustments. You may take it that I am here officially."

"On behalf of a self-elected council?" I inquired.

TORRENCE ignored that. "This is a well-found place you have here, Mr. Masen," he went on.

"Mr. Brent has," I corrected.

"We will leave Mr. Brent out. He is only here because you made it possible."

I looked across at Dennis Brent. His face was set.

"Nevertheless, it is still his property," I said.

"It *was*, I understand. But the state of society that sanctioned that ownership no longer exists. Titles to property are, therefore, no longer valid. Furthermore, Mr. Brent is not sighted, so that he cannot be considered competent to hold authority."

"Indeed," I said. I had had a distaste for this young man and his decisive ways.

"This is a matter of survival. Sentiment cannot be allowed to interfere with the necessary practical measures. Now, I am told by Mrs. Masen that you number eight altogether. Five adults, this girl and two children. All of you are sighted, except these three." He indicated Dennis, Mary and Joyce.

"That is so," I admitted.

"H'm. Disproportionate. There'll have to be some changes here, I'm afraid. Have to be realistic in times like this, you know."

Josella's eye caught mine. I saw a warning in it.

"I'd better put you in the picture," he said. "Briefly, it's this. Regional headquarters is at Brighton. London got too bad for us. But in Brighton we managed to clear and quarantine a part of the town, and we ran it. Brighton's a big place. When the sickness had passed, and we could get around, there were plenty of stores; later we ran convoys in from other places. But that's folding up now. The roads are getting too bad for trucks. It had to come, of course. We'd hoped to last out there several years longer—still, there it is. Now we're having to disperse. The only way to keep going is to live off the land. To do that we must break up into smaller units. The standard unit has been fixed at one sighted person to ten blind, and their children.

"You have a good place here, fully capable of supporting two units. We shall allocate to you seventeen blind persons, making twenty with the three already here—plus, of course, any children they may have."

I stared at him, astonished.

"You're seriously suggesting that twenty people and their children can live off this land?" I said. "Why, we've been wondering how we shall support ourselves on it. It's utterly impossible."

He shook his head. "It is perfectly possible. What I'm offering you is command of the double unit here. And, frankly, if you don't take it, we shall put in someone else who will. We can't afford waste in these times."

"But look at the place," I repeated. "It can't do it."

"I assure you that it can, Mr. Masen. Of course, you'll have to lower your standards a bit—we all shall for the next few years. You'll eat mashed triffid, and so on. But placed as you are now, what sort of a future have you? Nothing but hard work until you die in your tracks. And your children faced with working the same way, just to keep going, no more. Where are the future leaders and administrators to come from in a setup like that? Your way, you'll be worn out and still in harness in another twenty years—and your children will be

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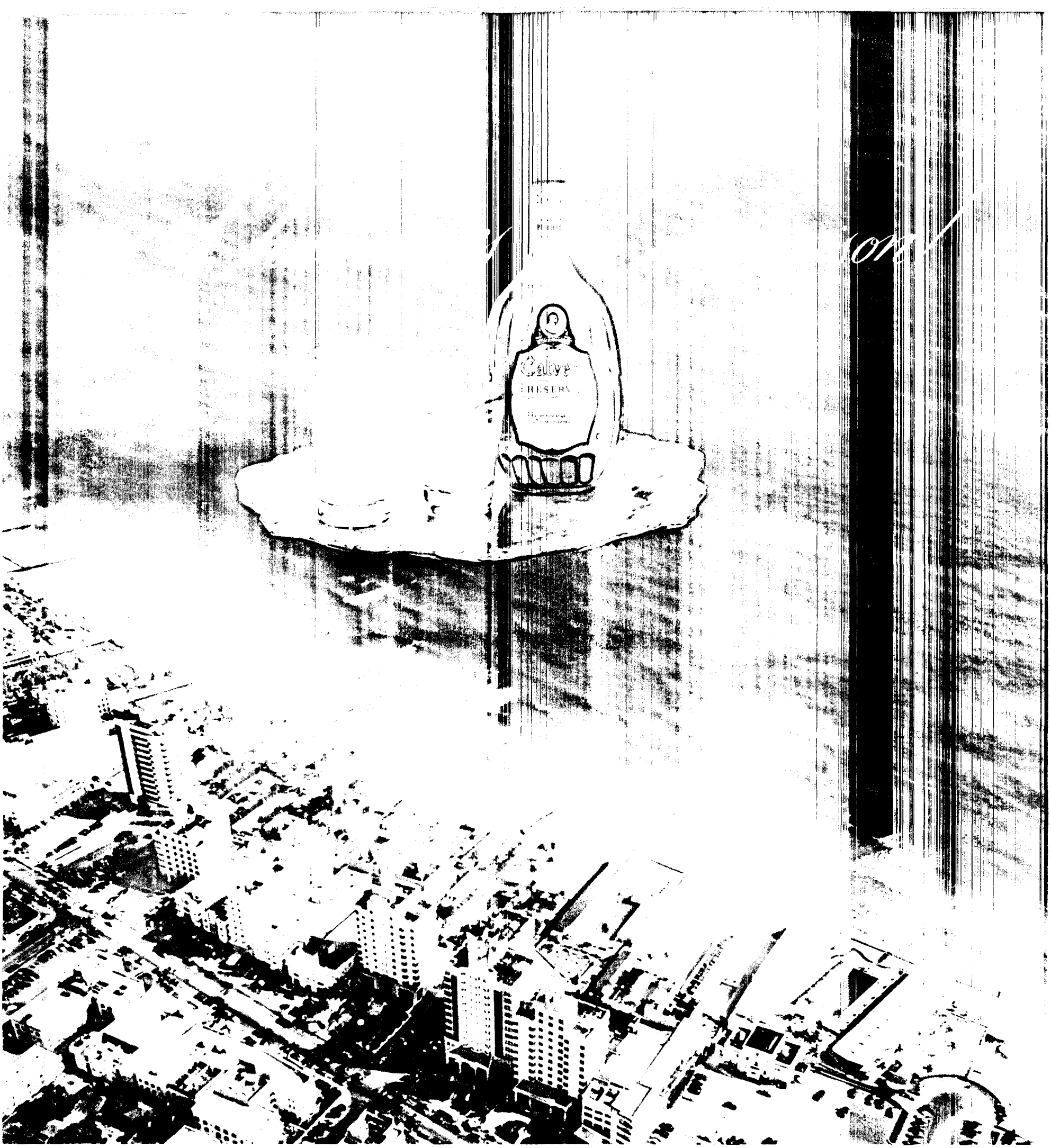

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yokels. Our way, you'll be the head of a clan that's working for you, and you'll have an inheritance to hand on to your son."

Comprehension began to come to me. I said, wonderingly, "Do I understand that you are offering me a kind of—feudal overlordship?"

He nodded. "I see you understand. It is, of course, the obvious and quite natural social and economic form for that state of things we're having to face."

There was no doubt whatever that the man was putting forward a perfectly serious plan. I said, "I don't see— Just where do you and your council stand in all this?"

"Final authority and legislative power is vested in the council. It will also control the armed forces."

"Armed forces!" I repeated, blankly.

"Certainly. The forces will be raised by levies, on leaders like yourself. In return, you will have the right to call on the council for assistance in case of unrest within or attack from outside."

I was beginning to feel a bit winded. "But an army! Surely a small squad of police—"

"I see you've not grasped the wider aspect of the situation, Mr. Masen. This affliction we have had was not confined to these islands. It was world-wide. Everywhere there is the same sort of chaos. That must be so, or we should have heard differently by now; and in every country there are probably a few survivors. Now, it stands to reason, doesn't it, that the first country to get on its feet again and put itself in order is also going to be the country to have the best chance of bringing order elsewhere? Do you suggest that we should let some other country do this and become the new dominant power in Europe, and possibly farther afield? Obviously not.

"Clearly it is our national duty to get ourselves back on our feet as soon as possible and assume the dominant status so that we can prevent dangerous opposition from organizing against us. Therefore, the sooner we can raise an adequate force to discourage any likely aggressors, the better."

FOR some moments silence lay on the room. Then Dennis laughed, unnaturally, and said, "Great God! All this—and now the man proposes to start a *war!*"

Torrence said, shortly, "The word 'war' is an exaggeration. It would be more a matter of pacifying and administrating for tribes that have reverted to primitive lawlessness."

"Unless the same benevolent idea happens to have occurred to them," Dennis suggested.

I became aware that both Josella and Susan were looking at me very hard. Josella pointed at Susan, and I perceived the reason.

"Let me get this straight," I said. "You expect the three of us who can see to be entirely responsible here for twenty blind adults and an unspecified number of children. It seems to me—"

"Blind people aren't quite incapable. They can do a lot, including caring for their own children in general, and helping to prepare their own food. Properly arranged, a great deal can be reduced to supervision and direction. But it will be two of you, Mr. Masen—you and your wife, not three."

I looked at Susan sitting up very straight in her blue overalls, with a red ribbon in her hair. There was an anxious appeal in her eyes as she looked from me to Josella.

"Three," I said.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Masen. The allocation is ten per unit. The girl can come to HQ. We can find useful work there for her until she is old enough to manage a unit herself."

"My wife and I have adopted Susan. We regard her as our own daughter," I told him.

"I am sorry. Those are the regulations."

I regarded him for some moments. He looked steadily back at me. At last, I said, "I must have time to think it all over. It's all quite new to me, and rather startling. Some points come to my mind at once."

I talked to him glibly for half an hour or more. By the end of it I had him showing something like affability; then I got rid of him by sending him off on a tour of the place while there was still light enough to see it, with Susan as his sulky guide. At last I was able to have a few words alone with Josella.

"Bill," she said, "what on earth—"

I told her what I knew of Torrence and his method of dealing with trouble by shooting it early.

"Besides," I added, "we're scarcely in a position to give a flat no to any proposition put up by four armed men."

"But you're not—?"

"Darling," I said, "do you see me in the position of a seigneur driving my serfs and villeins before me with a whip?"

"But you said—"

"Listen," I told her. "It's too late for them to leave now. They'll have to stay the night. I imagine that tomorrow the idea will be to take Susan off, and leave one or two of the men here to keep an eye on us. We're not having that, are we?"

"No, but—"

"I hope I've convinced him that I've come round to his idea. Tonight we'll have a lavish supper. Tell the others they've got to eat plenty. Lay on the best drinks. See that Torrence and his chaps have plenty, but tell the others to go easy on those. Toward the end of the meal I shall disappear for a bit. It'll be up to you to keep the party going. Play rowdy records at them or something. Tell the others they've got to help you. Another thing—warn everybody not to mention Michael Beadley and his lot. Torrence must know about the Isle of Wight setup, but he doesn't think we do. Now, what I want is a sack of sugar."

"Sugar?" said Josella blankly.

"Well, a big can of honey, then. I should think that'd do as well."

At supper everyone played well. The party not only thawed, it actually began to warm up. The visitors were in a state of very comfortable relaxation when I made my unobtrusive exit.

I caught up a bundle of blankets and clothes, and a parcel of food that I had laid ready, and hurried with them across the yard to the shed where the half-track was kept. With a hose from the tanker which held our main gas supply I filled the half-track's tanks to overflowing. Then I turned my attention to Torrence's strange vehicle. With an electric torch I managed to locate the filler cap, and poured a quart or more of honey into the tank. The rest of the large can of honey I disposed of into the tanker itself.

I could hear the party singing, and seemingly still going well. After I had added some anti-triffid gear to the stuff in the half-track I went back and joined it until it finally broke up in an atmosphere which any observer might have mistaken for general good will.

I LET them have two hours to get well asleep, and then gave the word to the others.

The moon had risen, and the yard was bathed in white light as I opened the shed doors, cursing at every creak. The Brents and Joyce were familiar enough with the place not to need a guiding hand. Behind them came Josella and Susan, carrying the children. David's sleepy voice rose once and was quickly stopped by Josella's hand over his mouth. She got into the front, still holding him. I saw the others into the back and closed it. Then I climbed into the driving seat. I kissed Josella, and took a deep breath.

Across the yard the triffids were clustering closer to the gate as they always did when they had been undisturbed for some hours.

By the grace of Heaven the half-track's engine started at once. I slammed into low gear, swerved to avoid Torrence's parked vehicle, and drove straight at the gate. The bumper took it with a crash. We plunged forward, knocking down half a dozen triffids while the rest slashed furiously as we passed. Then we were away.

Where a turn in the climbing track let us look down on Shirning we paused, and cut the engine. Lights were on behind the windows, and, as we watched, those on the vehicle came on, floodlighting the house. A starter began to grind. I had a twinge of uneasiness as the engine fired though I knew we had several times the speed of that lumbering contraption. The machine began to come round in a series of jerks to face the gate. Before it completed the turn the engine sputtered and stopped. The starter began to whir again. It went on whirring without result.

The triffids had discovered that the gate was gone. By a blend of moonlight and reflected headlights we could see their dark, slender forms already swaying in ungainly procession into the yard while others came lurching down the banks of the lane to follow them.

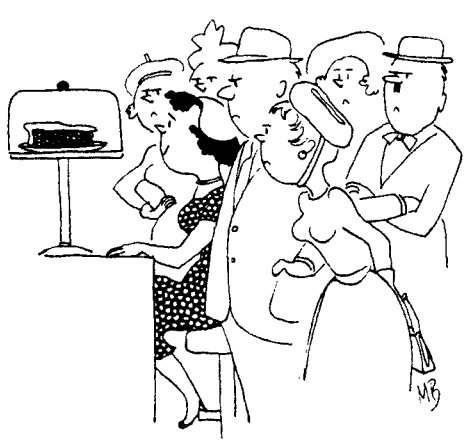
I got out to clear the debris from the front of the half-track, and wipe the poison from its windscreen. Then we drove on and away across the tops of the hills toward the southwest. . . .

It is there that my personal account ends. All that has happened to us since is merged in the mainstream of the colony's life, and can be found in any one of several conscientious histories.

All our hope is centered here. It does not seem likely that anything will come of Torrence's plan. A number of his neofeudal seigneuries still exist, with their inhabitants leading, so we hear, a life of squalid wretchedness behind their stockades. But there are not so many as there were, and every now and then Ivan Simpson returns from a flight and reports that another has been overrun and that the triffids which surrounded it have dispersed to join another siege.

So we must think of the task ahead as ours alone. We must go on researching and working for the day when our children, if not ourselves, will cross the narrow straits on a great crusade to drive the triffids back and back with ceaseless destruction until we have wiped the last one of them from the face of the land that they have usurped. THE END

MARTHA BLANCHARD



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And breathing down my neck remind me
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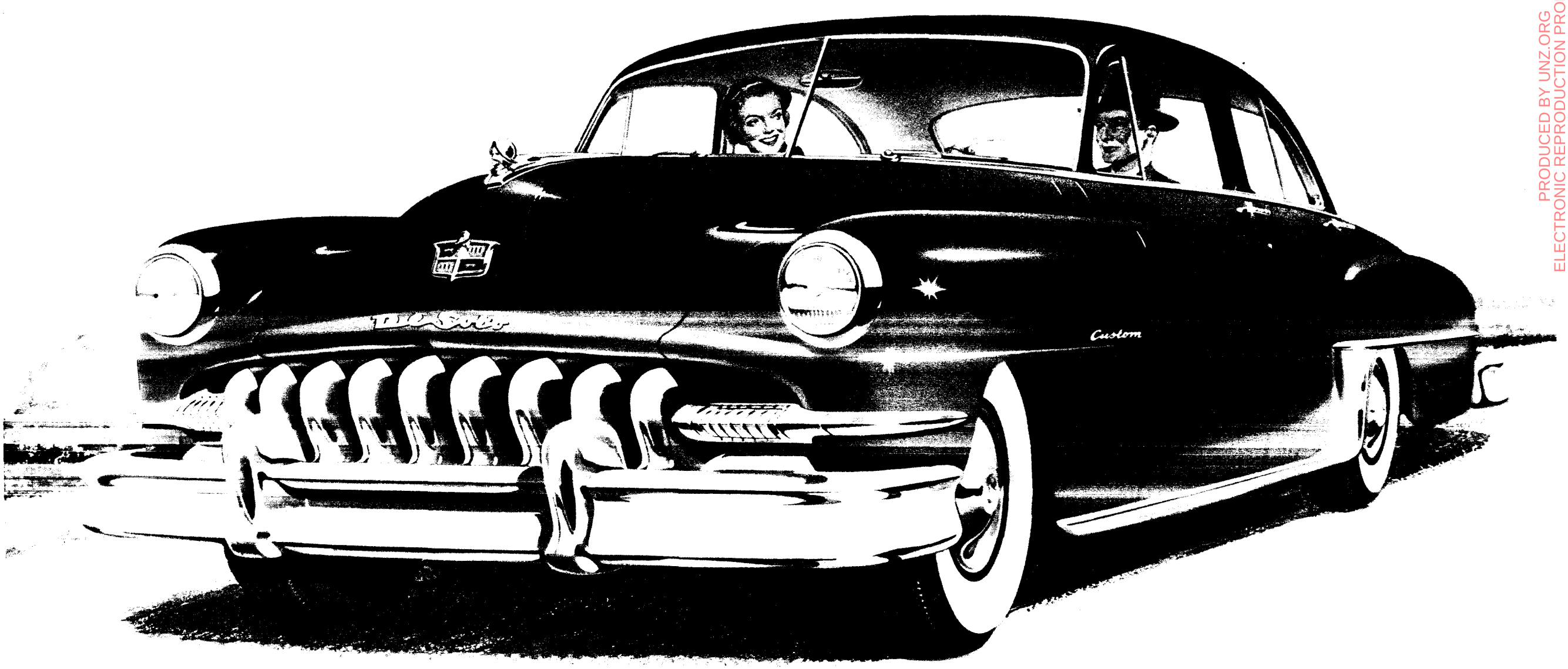

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America's Greatest Cop

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

was another of the college cops. Another was Walter Gordon, chairman of California's Adult Authority, which administers parole and rehabilitation activities. In this capacity, Gordon probably has one of the highest state executive ranks now held by a Negro American.

"Vollmer gave me the instructions he gave all recruits," Gordon recalls. "He told me that the tin badge he pinned on my chest didn't give me a license to push other people around. He said he would judge me by how clean I could keep my beat with the least number of arrests."

When Gordon started, many residents bitterly resented having their streets patrolled by a Negro. Vollmer stood pat, and Gordon soon became one of the most popular cops in town. When he was transferred to another post, residents signed a petition urging Vollmer to keep Gordon in their district; they let up only when they learned that the transfer represented a promotion.

In his crusade for better criminological methods, one of Vollmer's major targets was what he called the "by-guess-and-by-gosh" system of tracking down crime. He haunted laboratories and libraries in a search for more scientific police tools. Among his University of California faculty friends was Dr. Albert Schneider, a biochemist whom he often consulted on the use of chemical analysis in crime detection. In 1916, Vollmer persuaded Dr. Schneider to install and direct a "crime laboratory" at police headquarters, one of the first of its kind. Its value was soon dramatically demonstrated.

A wealthy Italian resident of Berkeley received a "Black Hand" extortion letter threatening him with violent death if he didn't pay a specified sum of money to the blackmailers by a specified time. He disregarded the letter. One morning a time bomb was found under his bedroom window.

Clues Found in the Twine

Vollmer turned the lethal package over to Dr. Schneider, who removed the twine tied around the time bomb, spun it through a centrifuge containing distilled water, subjected it to chemical treatment, then placed it under a microscope. When he had finished, he announced that the twine had come from a farm with a sorrel horse, a buff-colored Jersey cow, a flock of Rhode Island Red chickens, and some black and white rabbits. He further reported that certain species of trees and shrubs, together with a clear, fast-running stream, would be found on that farm.

The Black Hand gang which had planted the bomb was traced to a hideaway that fitted Schneider's description in every detail. The scientist had based his picture of the place on animal hair particles, plant pollens and bits of poultry feathers clinging to the piece of twine; there were also grains of sand of such kind and texture that they could have come only from a clear, fast-running stream.

In 1921, Vollmer read a scientific article by Dr. William Marston, describing experiments which showed that changing emotions—including the emotions resulting from willful deception—measurably affected an individual's blood pressure.

It occurred to Vollmer that if lying produced definite physiological changes, this might be recorded on a continuous measuring machine. Since crime detection consisted largely of "the battle against the lie," such an instrument, if devised, could be of great significance in police work.

Vollmer passed his theory on to a "college cop," John Larson, who was then studying for a degree at the University of California.

Several days later Larson came forth with a crude instrument consisting of rubber tubes to be bound around a person's arm and chest, each tube connected with a pen, or stylus, that recorded blood pressure or breathing rate on a strip of paper. This was the first lie detector devised for police investigation. Vacillations of the lines made by the pens on the paper strips usually indicated when the suspect or witness was telling the truth and when he was not.

An occasion soon arose for trying out Larson's lie detector. A series of thefts had been committed in a nearby girls' boarding school, climaxed by the loss of a diamond ring belonging to one of the students. Circumstances made it plain that one of the 91 students was a thief. The students sought Vollmer's help, and agreed to take the lie-detector test.

About halfway down the student list, the wobblings of the pen lines indicated that the girl being tested was lying. She was questioned more closely and finally confessed. (In a romantic postscript to that first practical police use of the lie detector, the girl whose diamond ring was stolen later became the wife of the man who retrieved it—John Larson.)

Vollmer's feats of crime detection never distracted him from what he saw as the ultimate goal of all police activities—the prevention of crime. He knew that the delinquent child was father to the adult criminal. Crime prevention had to start even with the *pre*-delinquent child. Would it be possible to sort these children out from the rest and mobilize efforts to correct their antisocial tendencies before they were tempered into hardened criminals?

Vollmer talked it over with Dr. Jau Don Ball, a local psychiatrist, and with Berkeley's assistant superintendent of schools, Dr. Virgil Dickson. A plan was worked out to conduct a complete checkup on the personality, habits and background of every child in a selected school. The experiment, believed to be the first of its kind in history, was launched at the Hawthorne Grammar School in 1919. Each of the 220 pupils was given a thorough mental, physical and social examination.

From this and later school surveys of delinquency, Vollmer concluded that, in every 100 children, between two and three represent a hard core of "problem children" who are embryo criminals. If community resources could be massed to concentrate on these few, the cost in time, men, money and work would be amply repaid.

So Vollmer organized in Berkeley an unprecedented community co-ordinating council, in which representatives of key health, welfare, law-enforcement and educational agencies pooled their efforts to plan and execute a common attack on child delinquency. Today nearly every large American city has such a group.

One of Vollmer's greatest contributions to police science was his work in gathering and compiling facts concerning crime and criminals. Aware that every science rests on an orderly body of facts, he was appalled by the sloppy methods then in use for keeping police records. He therefore developed the first *modus operandi* file in American police history.

Every professional crook, he was convinced, had his own method of operation and left his peculiar "trade-mark" in the crimes he committed; if these could be classified and catalogued, many crimes could be traced with deadly accuracy.

Maybe One of Them Was Butch

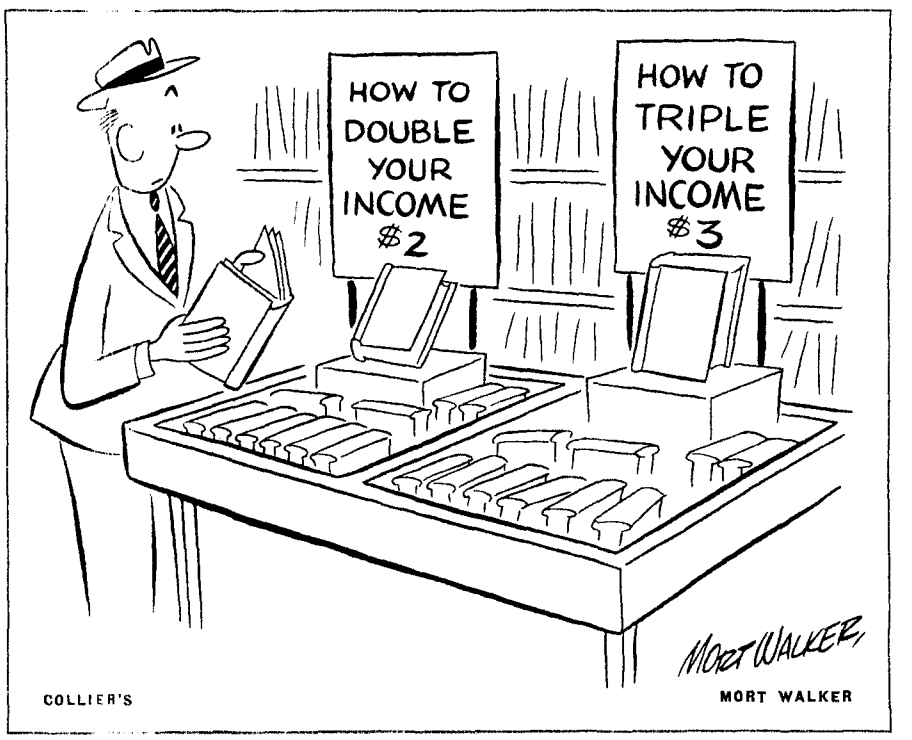
Berkeley, for example, had a shoeless thief, known as the "barefoot burglar," who was captured with the help of Vollmer's *modus operandi* file. Another had an irresistible desire to raid the icebox during his housebreakings. Another stole only particular objects, leaving other valuables untouched. Most had their favorite weapons or tools; many had peculiar ways of disposing of their loot. All these were carefully noted in Vollmer's MO (*modus operandi*) files; such files are now indispensable in every police system.

Vollmer not only plumped for keeping accurate records on a local level, but on a state-wide and national level, too. This led directly to the creation in 1917 of the California State Bureau of Criminal Investigation and Identification—and it played a large part a few years later in the establishment of an identification division in the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington.

Early in his career as police chief, Vollmer had been amazed by the ease with which big-time crooks could jump from state to state—"cooling off" in one while they were "hot" in another. He saw how a criminal committed similar crimes in scattered communities, escaping detection for lack of a centralized agency to co-ordinate the information necessary to catch him.

As early as 1916, Vollmer was writing congressmen to urge the creation of a system under which criminal fingerprint records, photographs and other identification data could be filed and made available to police forces throughout the country.

In 1922, the International Association of Chiefs of Police, of which he was then president, devised a plan for the proposed system, and submitted it to Congress. The



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lawmakers appropriated funds for an FBI Identification Division in 1924.

Vollmer by this time had become America's top trouble shooter in the field of police administration. City after city invited him to survey and to reorganize corrupt and inefficient police departments. In 1923 he accepted an urgent invitation from the mayor of Los Angeles to spend a year there as police chief. That city's police department was at the time ridden with corruption. Notorious criminals were on intimate terms with police officials. The population, then 800,000, had more than 85,000 burglaries a year. So high was the crime rate that insurance companies had threatened to stop theft insurance in the city.

Vollmer had all cops in Los Angeles subjected to a thorough physical, mental and efficiency examination. The psychological tests revealed that many were low-grade mental defectives, and over-all tests showed three out of every four unfit for police work. Vollmer ordered a wholesale shake-up and recommended that future cops be chosen on a merit basis, after thorough tests.

Vollmer also launched a study of the local crime situation in Los Angeles. He had huge maps made of the city, with varicolored pins stuck in them, each representing a particular type of crime—murder, arson, burglary, etc. These pin maps made it possible to tell at a glance where crimes were concentrated, and which types were being committed where.

Making a Burglary Timetable

Vollmer broke down the burglary rates by month, week, day—and even time of day. He found that certain kinds of crime were usually committed at certain hours in certain areas of the city. For example, the favored time for burglarizing rooming houses was at noon—when the roomers were out to lunch. Apartment-house burglaries occurred mostly between two and four in the afternoon—when housewives were out shopping. Most chain-store holdups occurred between four and six—when all the day's proceeds were in the till.

Vollmer shifted patrolling schedules to meet the scientifically deduced timetable of crime. More and more, when burglars showed up, they were greeted by policemen. The burglary pins in the crime maps grew scarcer. The insurance companies reduced their premium rates.

Even some of Vollmer's most devoted admirers were puzzled when he announced that among his main needs in cleaning up Los Angeles were a good statistician and a set of calculating machines. The city council could understand a request for more cops, clubs, pistols, jail cells. But who ever heard of crooks being caught by calculating machines? Old-line cops thought their new chief crazy as they saw him in the statistical room, puttering with little index cards. They were even more convinced of it when Vollmer put a woman, Mrs. Rhoda Cross, in charge of his "fancy gadget" department.

But later the police gave Mrs. Cross a report on a safecracking job just perpetrated; within 20 minutes, by checking her identification and MO files, she was able to identify all seven members of the guilty safecracking ring.

In a year, Vollmer fashioned the Los Angeles Police Department into an efficient force. After his return to Berkeley, corrupt political domination—an imponderable over which Vollmer could have no control—returned; but many Vollmer reforms left the city's police system with a hard core of modern law-enforcement methods.

The Los Angeles story was repeated later in Kansas City: scientific reform of the police system by Vollmer, and reversion to ward-heeler control when he left.

Vollmer subsequently surveyed many other American cities, including Minneapolis, Syracuse, Wichita, Detroit and San Diego. Adoption of his recommendations usually brought some modernization of the police force and a safer city. His report on the latest of these surveys—conducted in Portland, Oregon, in 1948—summed up what he had found in police administration throughout the country: "Overcostly, underproductive, poorly organized, inadequately supervised, underpaid." Within a year of the Vollmer survey on Portland, Police Chief James Fleming effected a drastic administrative shake-up, installation of modern equipment, the creation of a pension system, new training courses for the police force, and the organization of a Juvenile Department.

A survey Vollmer made of Chicago in 1928 at the request of the Illinois Commission for Criminal Justice so impressed University of Chicago President Robert M. Hutchins that he invited the police chief to join his faculty as America's first full professor of police administration. Vollmer accepted, and the man who had never been to high school exchanged his police uniform for a professorial robe. At first, only graduate students were admitted to his classes, but at his insistence ordinary career cops—from beat-pounders to police chiefs—were accepted.

Eventually Vollmer got homesick for the Berkeley hills, and in 1931 returned to active duty as Berkeley's police chief, simultaneously with a new role as professor of police science at the University of California. The following year he resigned the police post which he had first taken 27 years before.

Meanwhile, the professorial trail blazed by Vollmer has spread. In many colleges, departments and schools of police administration have been organized and headed by former Vollmer cops and pupils.

Vollmer retired from his professorship in 1937, but the word "retired" in connection with Vollmer is somewhat misleading. He still retains a place on the California faculty. He is an active member of an informal but influential organization known as "the Mob," composed of California state and local law-enforcement and prison officials, psychiatrists, criminologists and sociologists. He is writing a textbook, first of its kind, on the techniques and duties of police supervisors from the chief down to the sergeant. As more colleges install the police-training departments he has urged these many years, he is often asked to help select the staff and draft the curriculum.

Former "Pupils" Consult Him

Even more important, his advice is still eagerly solicited by police officials all over the world. Among recent visitors at his home were officials of Scotland Yard and the inspector general of the Belgian Ministry of Justice. Yusai Takahashi, director of police affairs in Japan and a former Vollmer student, keeps in regular touch with him. William Cheng, chief of the harbor police in Kaoshiung, Formosa, who also studied under Vollmer, recently asked for and received from his old teacher a large amount of reference material to aid him in the general organization of his force.

Since 1946, Vollmer has been a widower, and he has never had children of his own. Yet he is constantly preoccupied with the well-being of the nation's youngsters, especially as it relates to the whole problem of crime prevention.

"Nobody knows for certain that the things we're doing are the things we ought to be doing," he recently remarked. "We still make criminals by repeating past follies. We build more prisons to confine our failures when we ought to be subsidizing scientific laboratories and social projects that would render prisons obsolete."

The old man's eyes swept the book-filled stacks of his study, pausing on the shelves devoted to volumes on crime prevention.

"Some of the answers we seek can be found there," he said. "Not all. We can make a start, however, by putting this distilled science at the service of the cop on the beat."

He walked to the window and pointed to San Quentin Prison across the Bay.

"Over the years," he said, "I've seen many a child who might have been turned into a useful citizen, with prompt help at the right time, wind up his adult life in the gas chamber over there. For every hundred dollars we spend to catch, convict and keep him, we would have to spend only one to save him from a career of crime in the first place." THE END

Letter to a Child

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

to describe myself. I can think back to that first day in May of 1943, and see him as I saw him first, and tell you about a big awkward man who didn't like what was happening and shook it off like a dog shaking off a bath. But now that doesn't seem to me like Mark. It was only the empty shell of him before he and I went together to live in the empty shell of his life.

"You've never seen me without you," he used to say. "You can't imagine what a scarecrow I was, Chris."

But I could imagine. Because I knew myself without him.

I met his mother first. Peregrine, my agent, was having a tea and private showing before my exhibition. It is an ordeal for me, for the paintings have been so foreign to those trivial pleasant moments when strangers in gloves stand about and discuss them.

Peregrine always gets a great crowd of people to his parties. I never know anyone present. I am the only one who doesn't really belong there. Peregrine knows this, but he insists that I be present anyway.

"It may even be good, that frowning way of yours," he says, when I falteringly plead with him to have the private showing without me. "People like to think a good artist is unhappy."

So that afternoon I was there, scowling and frightened to death of everyone.

Peregrine's gallery was full of soft laughter and the graceful little words which people utter while they're looking at paintings. Everyone seemed acquainted with everyone else, except one tall shaggy-looking man in an Army captain's uniform. His hair was thick and dark and stood up in little tufts as if no brushing could keep it down. His eyebrows were peaked. He had queer little lines in his face, as if he had done a great deal of smiling deliberately, because it is easier to do what people expect you to do.

(Sometimes in the night when he has lain asleep beside me, I have touched his face with my lips. I feel it now as I lie alone. More clearly than my eyes can see, my lips know the planes and lines of his face. He is gone now, but he remains with me in a feeling on my lips, as the tide of music flows in our veins long after music has ceased.)

He was absorbed in his catalogue. He looks like the guilty artist, I thought, and I felt so relieved that I went around to the tea table, and even got into a conversation with a frisky old gentleman with white eyebrows and a sharp mustache.

"These must not be real art," he said. "I can recognize what they're supposed to be."

I laughed as appreciatively as possible, and he said, "See anybody around here that looks like the artist? My wife brought me here to speak a kind word to C. Bruning."

I indicated the big man in the uniform. "What about him?" I suggested.

He said good-by to me then, and squirmed away through the crowd. A few

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minutes later, I saw the man in uniform elbowing his way out of the gallery, and I felt a little stab of disappointment. I was annoyed because I myself had driven him out of the gallery. Yet I knew I never would have got up my courage to go over and stand near him, much less speak to him.

That was the first time I saw Mark.

A few minutes later Peregrine, unctuous and pleased, brought over a clever-looking little woman—the kind who frightens me the most because she is always so right in every appearance, and I am always so wrong.

Peregrine said, "Christine, my dear, Mrs. Seville wants to talk to you about something very interesting."

Mrs. Seville looked at me from behind her little blue veil, and I knew she was seeing that I wash my face with soap and water, and never can remember cold cream, and that when I am alone and eat tomatoes for luncheon, I munch them like apples.

Then I saw that somehow she was excusing these things, for after a long moment she reached out and took my hand, still looking into my face.

In a few minutes I had forgotten that this was a tea at my one-man show, and that she was probably one of those wealthy picture buyers I needed so badly and feared so much. I had forgotten even that she was beautiful and had white hair tinted a metallic blue and that she was wearing a fur coat that must have cost as much money as had been spent on me since I was ten years old. We talked so easily, as people do who like each other instantly.

After a while she said, "Chris, I want you to meet my son. He's here someplace." She looked around, frowning slightly. Almost immediately I knew that she was looking for the shaggy man whom I had driven out.

"He's probably dashed off," she said. "He didn't want to come. Well, never mind. We'll find him later."

She asked me questions about the paintings, and I forgot that I cannot talk about them, and I got quite excited explaining. A little group of people gathered behind me, and Peregrine was delighted, and for the first time in my life I was behaving properly at my show.

AFTER a while Mrs. Seville took me home in her car. I was happy, as admiration makes you feel.

But mostly, of course, I was excited because I knew I had made a new friend, and that she wanted me to know Mark.

I was living in three big rooms on the top floor of a shabby old house on the East River. I wanted to show my studio to Mrs. Seville; but she couldn't come up, she said. We sat a moment in her car, while the street lights came to life, and the little tugs bustled up the river.

"What I wanted particularly to ask you," she said suddenly, "is to do a portrait for me of my son."

"I have an idea what he looks like," I told her.

"You couldn't have any idea. Unless you will imagine everything the very opposite of me." She smiled, and then her face slowly sobered, and after a moment she said, "We don't know how long he'll be around, and I want a portrait of him very much. I was never happy with my husband, and I'm frank to tell you that I've made my life of my children."

She was quiet a moment and then she said, "And the odd part is, I really didn't want either of my children." Then she added almost guiltily, "Until after they were born, of course."

"I'll do the portrait," I said. It sounds almost absurd to declare that what she had just told me about not wanting her son had decided the matter for me.

Her face was moody and somehow unmasked now, and I had a feeling that she wanted to tell me something that had troubled her for a long time. She said Mark had already reluctantly agreed to sit for a portrait, but he hated the whole notion.

"You'll have to work fast," she said. "He'll be around on leave less than two weeks. And besides, Mark has less patience than any man I've ever known."

It was as if Mark himself were in the car, prodding us both with his restlessness. But I refused to be prodded.

"I can't work fast," I said sullenly, but I said it not to her but to him.

She said decisively, "Let's begin tomorrow. Three o'clock?"

I got out of her car, and stood there looking at her, thinking again how happy I was, and being glad of the pink twilight in the street. I knew there was a war; it had brought this man in an impatient hurry, and it would take him away again in two weeks, and the street would go on being the same. Fourteen pink twilights, and he would come and be gone.

THE next day I wanted everything to be charming and perfect. I wanted to find myself all made over, with a voice more mature and musical and not full of flecks of mirth and cracks of enthusiasm. I wanted my face to be really beautiful. My strong, square hands displeased me especially. All my usual clothes were wrong and absent-minded-looking; my hair was too naïve and childish. I was seeing everything with Mrs. Seville's practiced eye, and finding it not nearly good enough. *Good enough for what?* I kept asking myself angrily. But although I wouldn't say, I knew perfectly well.

I got my green silk dress I had bought last year and held it against me, and for a moment I thought I was beautiful. Then I could see I was wistful-looking, a plain girl presuming on prettiness.

I knew I would squirm and suffer in the green dress, so I decided to put it on only about ten minutes before three. Meantime I had on a red-checked pinafore, and my studio sandals. I had pinned up my hair in two curly knots on each side of my head. At the last moment I put on my raincoat and flew out to First Avenue to buy flowers.

Suddenly I saw by the clock on the florist's wall that three o'clock had come and passed, and there I was haggling over lilacs and apple blossoms.

That is how it happened that the first thing I saw of Mark was his feet. As I came charging up the last flight of stairs I saw them, standing beside my door.

This will finish it, I thought. Now he won't want to sit. His mother said he hated waiting.

I looked up farther, into his face, and he was smiling down at me.

"I hope this is Christine Bruning," he said. "But from where I stand it looks like an apple tree."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," I said. "You're Mrs. Seville's son, of course."

That was the first instant I had realized that Mrs. Seville wasn't with him.

"She decided at the last minute not to come," he said, and I noted swiftly that whereas most people would have said, "Something happened to keep her from coming—she was awfully sorry," Mark said it the direct, unpolite way.

"Reminded me of the first day I went to kindergarten," he said nervously. "She stayed home then, at the last minute. Everything I've accomplished since, she attributed to her starting me out independent."

I opened the door, and we went in. He threw off his Army topcoat, and took the armful of flowers I was still holding helplessly. He glanced around the place and accepted it, as if he had lived there himself and was returning to it after absence.

"I bet you don't like this any better than I do," he said.

"It's only the first few hours that are ghastly," I told him. "After we really get the portrait started, we just forget that we're two people staring at each other."

I cannot remember what we did talk about, but this I know: it must have been absorbing to me, for it wasn't until after he had gone down my steps that I suddenly remembered that I didn't have on my green silk dress, and that the tea, all set out on a tray ready to be made and served, was still waiting in my kitchen.

I ran to the top of the stairs and called down, "Captain Seville, have you gone?" I hung over my railing and saw his face looking up at me, grinning and young. "Please come back. I forgot the tea. I've made little anchovy sandwiches, and I bought some cakes. Wouldn't you like to come up again?"

The second day Mark came to my studio, the picture started easily. We got to work immediately, hardly meeting each other's eyes, as if we were both afraid that if we did, we should never get on with the portrait.

"Do we talk or just sit?" he asked.

"You talk. I mumble occasionally."

When the first sitting had been finished, and I was rubbing my knuckles and squinting at the canvas, trying to see it freshly, he did not ask to see the painting. During that sitting and the others we scarcely mentioned the portrait.

Sometimes I would hear my voice going on in a drugged flow; I knew I was talking as much to myself as to Mark.

An hour would sometimes pass and neither of us would speak, and then suddenly Mark would begin telling me about when he was a child.

"I wish we'd been kids together," he said once. Sometimes he would laugh, remembering some nonsense about his friend Dr. Rob.

We didn't talk much about the present. When a portrait is being painted, only the past discloses itself, as if, by accounting for itself, it could explain the face.

At the end of the first week, I had seen him three times. I knew him well, and not at all. I knew his face so well I could call up every inch of it in memory. I knew his face with my finger tips as well as with my eyes, although my hands had never touched his face. But they knew the feel of him, as a sculptor's hands do, or a lover's hands.

I didn't know much about Mark's life. I did know that when he joined the Army he had given up his job in an investment brokerage and didn't expect to go back to it.

"That's one thing the war has done for me, Chris," he said. "I'm going to be what I want to be and do what I want to do."

"What's that?"

"Not entirely clear yet, except that it's going to be work with children."

"You mean teaching?" He looked so little like a teacher.

"Maybe. Maybe I'll just open up some kind of a kids' home, or a settlement house where kids who haven't any father of their own—and perhaps fathers who haven't any children—can kind of get together." He was serious about it.

"Anyway, I want a chance to work in education some way. Not conventional education. A way of opening up kids inside themselves."

He had lost my pose now. He went on: "Maybe it's too late to get 'em after they're born. Maybe you ought to start with prospective parents before they get their hands on the kids. But I'd like to help create a few more people who like being here on earth."

"Do you?"

"I do now," he said, entirely serious. "After living about twenty-eight years in bewilderment, I'm glad now that I'm alive."

I painted a few minutes in silence, hardly seeing what I was doing.

"When you get that settlement house, or that school, or home, or whatever it turns out to be, maybe you'll give me a job in it."

"Have you any qualifications?"

"You mean am I glad I'm alive? Yes, or I wouldn't be painting."

"Maybe you paint to get away from facts."

"Maybe I try to see behind the facts and find the truth."

He thought about that a few minutes, and then he said, "Okay, Chris. The job is yours when I get back."

MRS. SEVILLE telephoned to me a few days later. "How's it going, Chris?" she asked eagerly.

"Well, I think."

"I suppose you'd rather I didn't see it?"

I was trying to think of a polite way of saying, "Please wait."

"That's what I thought," she said, laughing. "If we looked at it together, you'd try to see it the way I do. You're such a courteous little person."

That was so completely wrong about me that I could only shrug helplessly. Then she said, "Chris, I was wondering if you'd like to come down to the country with us for the week end."

"I'd love that," I said uneasily. I could just see myself worrying every minute from now until Friday night about what I should wear, and how I should appear to Mark in his own house.

"That's arranged, then," she said. "Mark can bring you down Friday after the sitting."

When Mark came that afternoon, he seemed to have forgotten we were doing a portrait. When I opened my door at his knock, he stood there grinning down at me. He came into the studio, and suddenly we were both uncomfortable. But he said, "Don't let's stay indoors today, Chris. Let's go out and see the city."

"I've seen the city."

"You haven't seen it with me. You haven't seen it today."

But I appeared to hesitate. "We don't have very much time."

"Oh, the portrait," he said, grinning

COLLIER'S **"Darling, I wonder if you'll do me a favor?"** JERRY MARCUS

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CAPITALISM

Nothing is superior except by comparison

WHEN we compare the conditions of nations and people in anti-capitalistic countries with the security, prosperity, happiness and well-being of our people under United States capitalism, we appreciate our privilege of living in a capitalistic, democratic country.

The basic principle of the free, capitalistic system which we have developed in our country affords opportunity to the individual who is willing to use his talents to the extent of his ability and desire to produce —to accumulate something for investment in a home, a farm, in savings accounts, bonds and other securities, life insurance, the education of his children, and comforts of life—and become a capitalist.

The following facts give us a deep appreciation of what capitalism has done and is doing for our country and its people.

Private capital in the form of taxes and purchases of United States Government Bonds made it possible for us to spend three hundred thirty billion dollars in carrying out our part of the program in winning World War II. This, of course, is unimportant when we consider the loss of life and permanent and partial disability, which our youth sustained and which cannot be measured in dollars.

Our participation in World War II has left us today with a national debt of two hundred fifty-seven billion dollars, but on the credit side we find that our annual national income, at the current rate, is equal to 90% of our total national debt. Of this total national debt, thirty-nine billion dollars are in treasury obligations owned by Government agencies, so our net debt is slightly over two hundred eighteen billion dollars.

The United States free enterprise business system is operating at its highest level, furnishing employment to sixty-two million people at the highest hourly and weekly earnings ever recorded. Stockholders and corporations, after paying the highest peacetime taxes in the post-war years, have had the highest net average earnings in history from their investment.

Our farmers had cash income from marketing last year amounting to twenty-seven billion five hundred million dollars, the highest on record.

Total farm assets of our country amount to slightly more than one hundred twenty-seven billion dollars, against which there is an indebtedness of only twelve billion four hundred million dollars. Thus our farmers have ownership equity of over 90 per cent in their farms.

In non-farm homes, counting apartment buildings with four or less families, and all valued at a total of two hundred billion dollars, our home owners have an equity of one hundred fifty-eight billion dollars—a substantial ownership of 79 per cent.

Therefore, as a result of the opportunity provided by our free-enterprise capitalistic system, the people of our nation have a free and clear ownership in their homes and farms of 83.4 per cent.

Our people have savings of more than one hundred thirty-six billion dollars in government bonds and savings accounts.

An additional ninety-seven billion dollars are on deposit in commercial bank accounts.

Our men and women have a cash investment of sixty billion dollars in life insurance policies.

A high percentage of our working people are provided with unemployment insurance, sickness, accident and retirement benefits, financed by employers, employees and government. Others who are not covered by these plans and who find themselves in need are provided for by governmental and social institutions.

We are increasing our efforts to improve the standard of living of the people in the lower income brackets.

The United States, with only six per cent of the world population and seven per cent of its land area, under its democratic, capitalistic system, before World War II, produced forty-seven per cent of the world's manufactured goods, but what is more important, ninety per cent of that production was consumed within our own borders. Today we are producing over fifty per cent of the world's manufactured goods, of which a substantial percentage is for other countries.

Capitalism is backing freedom of worship and providing increasing educational opportunities by constantly giving more and more support to the two things upon which our democratic, cultural civilization depends—spiritual and educational values.

We have a permanent investment in churches and schools of eighteen billion five hundred million dollars and are spending annually eight billion dollars for religious and educational purposes.

Membership in the churches is increasing at a much faster rate than the increase in the population, and in our Sunday Schools at an even greater rate.

In the past thirty years, elementary school enrollment has increased 13.5 per cent, high school enrollment 146.1 per cent and college and university enrollment 351.6 per cent.

Our public school expenditures per pupil enrolled have gone up from $48.02 in 1920 to $132.06 in 1947, or 175.0 per cent.

Since 1920 the population of our country has increased 43 per cent and the investment in school and college equipment has increased 571 per cent.

Since the beginning of our industrial and scientific development in the early 1800's, the capitalistic system, due to individual freedom, initiative and ingenuity, has given the world more of the comforts and conveniences of life than mankind had received in the previous 5000 years of civilization.

Under this system our people as a whole are happy and united, are increasing their capital and enjoying a fuller spiritual, cultural and material life.

Today our scientific and industrial knowledge and experience in the various fields of peaceful activity are open to the rest of the world, and in this respect we have joined with other like-minded nations in contributing to the technical assistance program of the United Nations.

No nation, no individual, no venture, no private or public institution, no program for the welfare of people can progress without capital.

It is each individual's duty to contribute to the preservation, protection and improvement of our democratic civilization on a basis which is sound and fair to all our people.

Chairman of the Board,
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frankly because he was forever forgetting that was the reason for our being together. "Well, maybe you need to look at some other angles of my face—eating lunch, for instance, and watching the lions in the zoo."

I couldn't help laughing. It was the first time in my life I had ever been conscious of that delicate feminine strategy—hanging back and trusting that I would ultimately be persuaded to do what I had firmly made up my mind to do.

"It *is* a day for lunching at the zoo," I said.

Everything was beautiful that day. We had lunch on the terrace at the zoo. The paper napkins kept blowing up and assaulting us, so Mark threw them away finally and took out his linen handkerchief and solemnly tore it neatly in half for us.

"You do impractical things in such a practical way," I said.

"You'll find that one of my basic qualities. I'd be nice to be wrecked with on a desert island."

Below us in their pool the seals were flipping indignantly on their diving platform, demanding their dinners. Mark doffed his hat to them. "I love even the seals," he said thoughtfully, as we stood arm in arm and looked at them.

"I even love them too," I said, coming as near to telling him as he had come to telling me.

But it was too near, for after that he was careful.

After that, we went out of the park and walked down Fifth Avenue.

"Nine days," he said, off guard. "Just nine days, isn't it?"

We walked along without saying anything for nearly a block.

"We don't know each other very well," I said in an argumentative voice, though what I was arguing with I didn't quite know. "Nobody could know anyone else as well as we do in nine days."

"Maybe we don't know each other at all," he said harshly.

"I know you," I said. "Perhaps it is from looking and looking at you, and thinking about the painting."

"You don't know me at all. If either of us knows the other, I know you. I've meant to speak about it, Chris. Be careful when you paint. Don't paint just anybody. You have no idea what comes into your face while you're painting."

"I'm sorry. We could have posed you the other way, so you wouldn't have to look at me," I said stiffly, trying to misunderstand his meaning. But I saw from his scowl that he was really disturbed.

"I know what you meant," I said. "I was only being feminine. It was just a novelty I was trying out. Being feminine, every once in a while."

"Well, for God's sake don't be feminine," he said. "It's complicated enough just being human."

WE TURNED east off the avenue at Fifty-fourth Street, and I thought we might be going over to my apartment. Perhaps he was returning me to my doorstep. Maybe he had had enough of me for one day.

"There's a little spot around here somewhere that always reminds me of London. Antique shops built around a little court."

"I know the place," I said, horribly relieved that we were going someplace, and that this wasn't yet over. "Little shops like an illustration from Dickens."

Now we were on Third Avenue. I could see that Mark didn't like the street as I did. It distressed him because it was poor.

"It's because you're kinder at heart than I am," I said.

"Not kinder—only more impatient," he said, knowing what I meant and trying not to scowl as he had been. "It'll all be cleaned up one of these days, and I wish they'd get on with it."

We were approaching the antique-shop section now. We looked in windows, not caring what we saw but loving everything: the Lowestoft, the glass, the precious sentimental Dresden figurine. I felt as if everything I saw was an enchanted, tiny scene looked at through the frosting-rimmed eye of a sparkling sugar Easter egg. No matter what happened, this afternoon was mine forever, to be kept in some secret drawer of my heart, as I had kept the Easter egg when I was eight, to look at and to love the tiny château and the boy and girl in the rose garden, between the sugar sky and the sugar earth.

Mark was saying, "There's a nice piece of Irish glass. My wife's mother collects Irish glass."

THE pane of the shop window was close to my face, and I could see myself reflected, and beside me the beloved blur with its cap on at a tilt, and his earnest eyes. I could see those two ghosts terribly close to me, filmily painted on the pane, and beyond them, just out of my reach, the Irish glass which his wife's mother collected.

I kept looking and chattering as if my voice were something real. "Where? You mean that green bottle? Is that Irish glass?" I asked brightly. "Pretty stuff, isn't it?"

Then, above my reflection, in Mark's dim mirrored image, I saw just the glint of his eye as it turned to me and then turned back, but I knew that the moment had been the meaning of our whole day. I knew that this crude moment was at last accomplished. Now that it was over, Mark was weary beside me.

I don't know how we got home, or what I said or how he looked. I tried not to be too gay, because I knew that would tell him. And he tried not to be too relieved, for he knew that would tell me.

At the door he said, "Oh, Christine, I almost forgot. My mother says you're coming out to the country this week end. That'll be fine."

I hesitated a moment. Then I was saying yes, and all the time I was thinking underneath that of course later I would telephone and explain that somebody from out of town had arrived unexpectedly.

" 'By, darling," I said, as if I were never going to see him again. "And thanks for—for a lovely day."

I don't believe he said anything. I opened the front door and went in, thinking nothing at all. Not crying, and not thinking. But when I unlocked the door of my studio, I was carrying myself stiffly, as if all of me inside were made of glass—of Irish glass—that mustn't be jarred or it would smash.

I sat down then and tried to think. Tears kept forming in my eyes. There was a sound in the room; I couldn't remember hearing myself cry since I was a child.

I'll go away, I thought wildly, forgetting for the moment that in less than a week Mark himself would be going away.

My phone rang, and suddenly I remembered that I was going to have dinner with a nice elderly couple over on Central Park South.

Mrs. Davison said cheerfully, "I expect you've forgotten, Christine."

I wanted to say I wouldn't come, but somehow I couldn't.

It was good to be with the Davisons, to sit at their incongruously modern black fireplace, talking unrealistically about the war, and my show at Peregrine's. I kept trying to rouse myself, and when the Davisons stopped to look at me, I sank back into a stunned gloom again.

For under everything, I kept seeing that ghostly blur of Mark's face reflected on the windowpane. The first wasp-sting had numbed a little now, and I could begin to think back reasonably over it. Of course he had had to tell me. Naturally, if Mrs. Seville had invited me to their home for the week end, I should have to know. And why hadn't *she* mentioned it?

I kept saying Mark's words over and over to myself. "My wife's mother. My wife." I tried to imagine how she looked, and she was all the young and beautiful women who frightened me before they even spoke to me, because they had had time in their lives to learn all the charm and easiness which I have never mastered.

Suddenly I realized that the room was

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quiet. Then Mrs. Davison was saying, "I'm going to send you home, Christine. You look tired." . . .

It was only a little after ten when I unlocked my front door.

At the top of the stairs, just as I had seen them once before, I saw feet waiting.

"Mark! What on earth are you doing here?"

"I came back," he said. "I couldn't leave it that way, Chris." I went past him and unlocked my door with unsteady fingers.

"Isn't this rather an odd hour for you to be paying calls? Suppose I hadn't come back until two o'clock?"

"I'd have waited," he said. "I couldn't leave it as it was."

He stood stubbornly just inside the closed door, afraid to come in any farther. "Christine, I've been trying to say something about it for days. I've—" He stopped talking and his hands made big, clumsy, groping gestures. His face, I suddenly realized, looked as it had not looked since that first day I saw him, when he was a stranger.

I felt a great tenderness for him. But what I had to do was to keep him from saying more than he wanted to say, from saying what I wanted to hear.

"I don't know what you're talking about," I said unsteadily.

Up to now, we had not looked directly into each other's eyes, but now we did.

"Maybe you didn't even hear me say it," he said. "I told you today that I'm married, Christine."

"Of course," I said calmly. "It isn't any secret, is it?"

"No, of course it's no secret," he said. "But I thought—" He took off his cap and tried to laugh. "God, what a chump I am."

"I don't quite know what you're talking about," I said a little giddily, "but whatever it is, it's sweet of you to be so concerned about it, Mark."

SUDDENLY it was easy for me to talk about it, for the whole scene felt so far outside the realm of our private reality that it didn't matter.

"I suppose Millie told you," he said. "I suppose she told you all about it."

I tried to think what his mother *had* told me. Something about unhappiness.

"Millie's got everything all worked out," he said. "Millie never lets loose of anything until she's straightened it out. Took a global war to help her straighten this out, but she managed it finally."

I had come through the whole encounter so artificially well that now I felt strong.

"Stay a while," I said. "It's still pretty early. I'll make some coffee."

"You mean we'll get this thing all decently dressed up again," he said bluntly. "Okay. Suits me, Chris. I made a fool of myself worrying about it. But you're going to tidy it all up."

I took off my coat, and he put some kindling in the fireplace and lighted a fire.

"I'll miss this place," he said. "You hear guys talking a lot about how much they miss home. I've never missed a thing in my life when I didn't have it. I guess that's because I never felt much at home." He sat down and let his long legs stick out in front of him, and his face, which always seemed too young for his man's body, didn't look young tonight.

I leaned against the door of the little kitchen, watching him while the water boiled, and he glanced up and saw me watching him and didn't mind.

WHEN the coffee was finished I brought it in, and he poured it into the cups. He sat on the rug with his knees drawn up and sipped the coffee. But I could see that he had not really noticed that it was coffee.

"The thing is, I'm too careful now," he said, out of nothing. "I've seen so much unhappiness that I can't risk hurting anybody. So the other day . . ."

"Yes, darling?"

He looked up quickly at the darling. "You said that this afternoon," he said accusingly. "I know the rest of them say it that way, but you never do."

"I mean something very special," I said. "I mean you're a nice person, and we've made something between us this last week."

"For both of us?" He asked the question so quietly I could not be sure. But I answered it anyway.

"Of course. If anything's good for one, it's good for both."

"Do you really believe that? And the opposite, too? If it's no good for one . . . ?"

"Of course."

"If that *is* true, it would make things easier for everybody. It would mean there was some design in what happens."

But I went back to what he had said, for I had to know.

"You were saying, Mark, 'and then, the other day . . .' "

His whole taut posture softened, and he turned and looked up into my face with a yearning earnestness.

"Something in your face gave me the idea that you were in love with me, Chris."

If I said, "I am in love with you," he'd go away, and that would be the end, and in a little while I'd get used to it. I chose the longer way around. "It's the way I look when I'm painting," I said. "People are always warning me about it."

He got up and set his cup on the mantel.

"Sure. I realize that now," he said. "I suspected that was it all the time. But then—well, I've got to be getting along. Forget all this stuff of mine. Will you?"

"I've already forgotten it."

"The fact is, I guess war just pulls a man up by the roots and he sort of dies unless he's got something to grow down into. So we'll blame it on the war." He shrugged into his overcoat.

"I'm going out to your house tomorrow," I said.

"Don't come," he said.

"I want to come," I said. "I think maybe it would help us all."

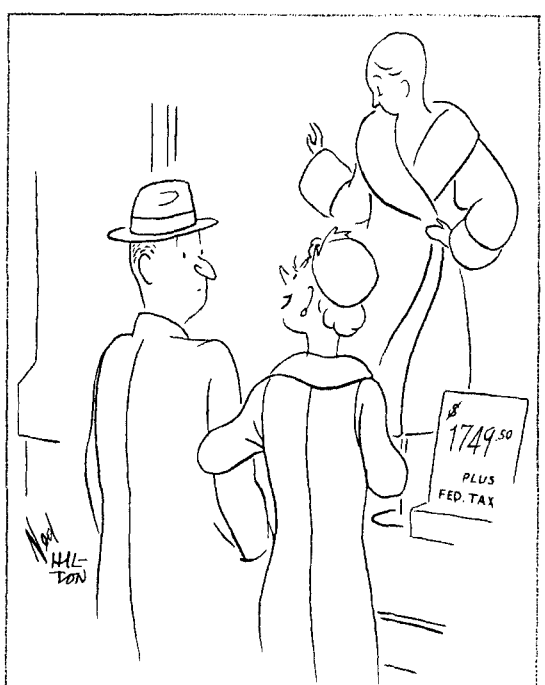
I didn't get up out of my chair, because I knew that if I did, and if I went too close to him I might find myself running to his arms—to his charitable, clumsy arms.

I heard him going swiftly down the stairs.

"If he comes back up the stairs, I'll open the door and take him in and keep him forever," I said to myself.

But he didn't come back.

(To be continued next week)



"If I say I don't want the coat, will you give me the tax on it?"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON

Easy broiler meal!
SPAM
Golden cling peaches, grilled to a juicy turn, join sizzling slices of pure-pork SPAM. Easy, superb!
Slice . . . . . 1 whole SPAM.
Drain . . . . . canned cling peach halves.
Arrange . . . . . sliced SPAM and peaches on broiler pan.
Sprinkle with . . . brown sugar, dot with butter.
Broil . . . . . until delicately browned. Fill peach halves with currant jelly. Serve with buttered broccoli.
COLD OR HOT ® HITS THE SPOT!
SPAM
SPAM is Hormel's unequalled blend of juicy pork shoulder and tender ham. Economical all-meat buy!
SPAM is a registered trademark for a pure pork product, packed only in 12 oz. cans by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

SERVES 4 AT ABOUT 18¢ A SERVING
Ann Pillsbury's LONDON BEEF PIE
ALL YOU NEED IS PILLSBURY PIECRUST MIX AND DINTY MOORE BEEF STEW! . . . Serve it tonight—savory beef and vegetables in rich gravy, enclosed in tender flaky pastry.
Prepare pastry for two-crust pie as directed on Pillsbury Piecrust Mix package. Fit 1 round of pastry into 8-inch pie pan.
Fill . . . . . pan with Dinty Moore Beef Stew (contents of 1 can). Place top crust over filling; seal and flute. Cut slits for escape of steam.
Bake . . . in hot oven (450°F.) 10 min., then at 375°F. about 30 min. Serves 4 at about 18¢ a serving.
The BIG MEAL in the BIG CAN
Pillsbury MIX
DINTY MOORE STEW
Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.
Hear MUSIC WITH THE HORMEL GIRLS — Saturday, CBS — Sunday, NBC

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Tin Pan Alley's Tin Ear

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

everyone else's—as of four o'clock one Saturday morning last November. Richmond had just gone to bed after completing the second half of his 16-hour day, when his bedside phone rang. It was a friend of his, Lucky Wilbur, calling from Hollywood. Lucky, says Richmond, has been in the music business for years and is seldom excited, but this time he was greatly aroused.

"Look," Lucky explained, "an executive at RCA-Victor, name of Charlie Grean, has knocked out a rhythm novelty for laughs, and Phil Harris has gone along with the gag by recording it with his orchestra. I've heard it and it's terrific! Hop a plane and get out here before word gets around."

Richmond demurred, pleading a headache. Lucky persisted, suggesting urgently that Richmond soak his head in a bucket of water and hop a plane. The young publisher demurred once again and hung up. Eight days later New York's Tin Pan Alley was in a frenzy. Grean had shown up with the record and music houses were scrambling for the privilege of publishing the song.

A Bonanza He Almost Missed

"I heard the record and almost went crazy," says Richmond. "Lucky was right: it was a sure hit. I jumped in and got it, but mostly because Lucky is a good friend of Harris and Grean. Also, it was thought I would give the song a nice handling because of the way I had handled novelty deals like Music! and Polka.

"But I almost missed it. And there's the music business for you. You knock yourself out making hits the hard way, and then through dumbness almost lose out on a sweetheart like The Thing."

For Richmond, at least, The Thing has two great charms. One, of course, is the estimated $50,000 he will net from perhaps 2,000,000 records, 500,000 copies of sheet music, and no one knows how many public performances. (Perhaps $25,000 more will go to Grean.) The other lies in what he calls its "unresolved dramatic suspense."

"I've been studying playwriting and acting for years," he says enthusiastically, "and I have yet to come across a story that builds to such suspense and then signs off without resolving it. You can listen to The Thing a hundred times and still not be able to find out what The Thing actually is. I think that helped make it a hit."

In the unlikely event that the reader has never heard the song and would like to try his hand at the mystery, the following synopsis is offered:

Against an orchestral background whose rhythm might be described as emphatic, the singer explains, with much stamping of feet, how he was walking on the beach one bright and sunny day and found a big wooden box. He opened it up and much to his surprise:

"Oh,—I dis—cov—ered a (Boom, Boom, Boom)
Right be—fore my eyes.
Oh,—I dis—cov—ered a (Boom, Boom, Boom)
Right be—fore my eyes."

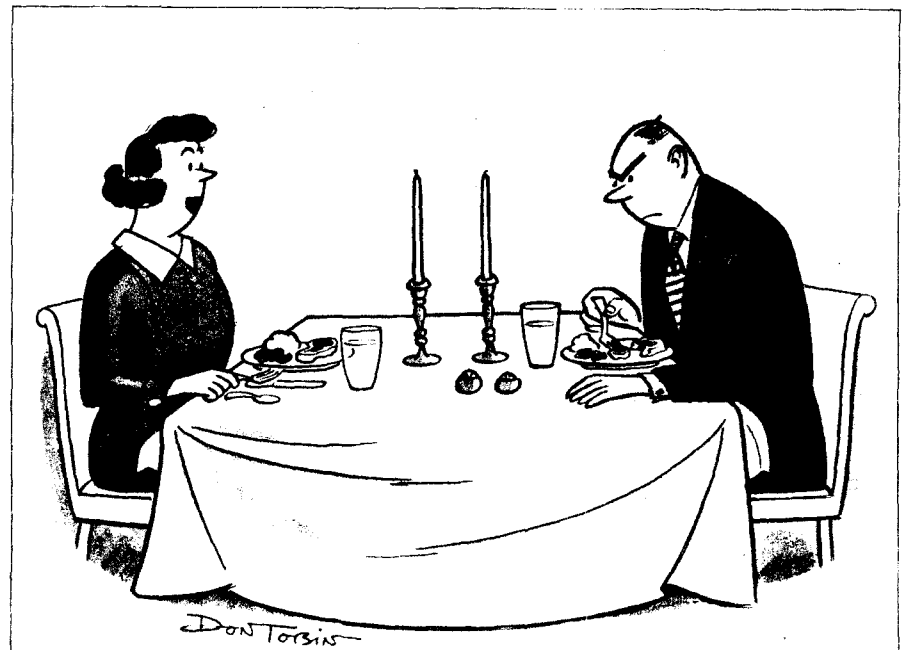
That sets the mood of suspense; in stanza two the finder intensifies this mood. He picks up the *(Boom, Boom, Boom)*. He runs to town as happy as a king, and offers it to a guy he knows who'll buy almost anything. But this character recoils in mingled horror and rage, shouting:

"Oh, get out of here with that (Boom, Boom, Boom)
Be—fore I call a cop.
Oh, get out of here with that (Boom, Boom, Boom)
Be—fore I call a cop."

In stanzas three, four and five the situation, as the diplomats say, rapidly deteriorates. He shows it to his wife, who tells him to get out with it and not come back; he shows it to a hobo, who turns around and runs; he finally shows it to Saint Peter, who tells him to take it down below. In the sixth and last stanza, the singer advises in solemn, but no less emphatic rhythm:

"The mor—al of the stor—y is
If you're out on the beach
And you should see a great big box
And it's with—in your reach,
Don't ev—er stop and o—pen it up,
That's my ad—vice to you,
'Cause you'll nev—er get rid of the (Boom, Boom, Boom)
No mat—ter what you do.
'Cause you'll nev—er get rid of the (Boom, Boom, Boom)
No mat—ter what you do."

Another aspect of The Thing which Richmond likes is that he thinks it may have a chance to become a "gang song." Gang songs are numbers like Sidewalks of New York, Sweet Adeline, and Show Me the Way to Go Home. Such songs seem never to die; they keep getting themselves sung by "the gang," which is any two or more people who are feeling gay, blue, or maybe a little bit tipsy. Irene, Richmond thinks, has an even better chance of becoming a gang song. Music publishers like gang songs. The sheet music wears out or gets lost, and the publisher who owns the copyright has the happy privilege of replacing the music at an additional profit.



"I thought of the nicest dish to have for dinner tonight, and then I got to thinking you might expect something nice for dinner every night"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

"Sidewalks" Was an Annuity

Richmond's favorite gang song, by the way, is Sidewalks of New York, for it provided much of the family's bread and butter when he was a boy. His father, Maurice Richmond, published Sidewalks some 57 years ago, and it brought him a pretty steady income during two 28-year copyrights, which is all the law allows.

"Just when Dad thought the song was about dead," says Richmond, "Al Smith adopted it as his theme and it became a hit all over again. Since then it has appeared in the movies every three or four years, bringing in a few additional grand for Dad each time. Now it's PD, or in the public domain, but for over half a century it was a nice annuity for Dad. I sure hope I can build myself a few annuities like it."

The elder Richmond switched years ago from music publishing to music distributing, a venture in which he is assisted by his older son, Larry. (A daughter, Shirley, is married to a lawyer.)

"Dad said publishing took too many hours a day," Howard explains. "He felt he couldn't be both a family man and a publisher, so he settled for the family. If he thinks it was tough then, he should try it now, what with all the relating a guy like me has to do."

"Relating" is young Richmond's word for his technique of making his songs into hits. It consists, in his case, of keeping in pretty close personal touch with about 300 disk jockeys all over the country, and persuading them to play his new songs until a public demand for them is created and they become hits. Among Richmond's favorite jockeys are Art Ford and Martin Block, of New York; Bob Clayton of Boston; Don Bell of Des Moines, and Al Jarvis of Los Angeles. "Jarvis," says Richmond, "practically invented disk jockeys."

"A hit is a hit only 50 per cent on its merit," the youthful publisher says. "The other 50 per cent is the treatment the DJs give it. My first move on getting hold of a song like Irene is to persuade the best band or singer I can to make me a record of it, and I air-mail copies to these three hundred DJs who are personal friends of mine.

"I never needle them with, 'Look, give this a break for a pal, will you?' Instead, I just enclose a few words like, 'What do you think?' They like that human approach and do me some very nice favors."

While he is building a song, Richmond often spends all day Saturday and Sunday in his office, telephoning DJs all over the country to see what they think. Their reaction is sometimes mixed. When he was pushing Molasses Molasses, a novelty number sung in baby talk, some of his best DJ friends asked if he was serious, and some even asked if he was sane.

"But they played it," says Richmond. "Boy, how they played it! In two weeks Molasses was running out of everyone's ears. The public was sick of it before I had a chance to sell much in the way of records and sheet music. In a couple more weeks it died like a dog."

Richmond prefers to have a song "come along" as Irene did. Irene got a nice but not overburdening play by disk jockeys, became the tenth tune on most surveys in about a month, and then climbed week by week through ninth, eighth and seventh place, and so on to the top.

"That way," Richmond explains, "we got some very important people, including Sinatra, to record it, and were able to sell maybe 2,000,000 records and 500,000 in sheet music before it went over the hill."

For a while he was frightened at the quick popularity of The Thing, but matters turned out all right. Records and sheet music in 11 languages, including Yiddish, have melted off the stands, and the song is just now catching on overseas, especially in Britain, Australia and South Africa.

"But I was holding my breath for a while," Richmond admits. "Novelty tunes can get popular and die awful fast."

Like any other business involving money, music publishing has its occupational hazards, and Richmond is already encountering them. One of these hazards is litigation, which is so common in music publishing that about half the hit songs published become known as "litigation songs."

"You spend months," Richmond explains, "researching lyrics and tunes to make sure they're original or in the public domain. You bring out the song and nobody says a word.

"Then, the minute it becomes a hit and is making some money, a lawyer appears. Maybe one in 10 of such beefs is legitimate; the other nine are strictly for nuisance. There's a whole army of guys who make a living threatening to kill your song in court unless you slip them a grand and their lawyer a grand. And this does not happen just to small operators like me; they go after the big fellows, too."

At the moment Richmond has two suits on his hands, which is far below par for a man with his number of hits.

Copyright Traps in the Mail

"I don't talk about them," he says, "because they might be legitimate. I'll take whatever the court says. But I've learned never to open a piece of mail from a stranger that looks as if it might contain a manuscript or a record. I send it right back unopened. Some of the stuff is innocent; a lot of it is meant to lay groundwork for a suit claiming I had what the copyright laws call 'access' to some guy's work."

Where does he get his songs? Well, now that he is successful, a good many are brought to him. At least one, an extremely mild success named Happy Feet, was built at his suggestion from a shoe company's advertising jingle. Tzena Tzena Tzena was an adaptation of an old folk tune, later used as a marching song by the Israeli army. Goodnight Irene had been sung for some 20 years by its composer, the late blues singer Huddy Ledbetter, before a folk quartet called The Weavers picked it up as a sort of house song. Richmond heard it and had them record it with Gordon Jenkins—thus making it a national and even an international hit.

Hop-Scotch had been kicking around even longer when it was called to Richmond's attention by three of his good friends among the disk jockeys, Gene Rayburn and Dee Finch of New York, and Eddie Gallaher of Washington. The melody had been composed by an Englishman named Billy Whitlock who, at the age of seventy-eight, was working as a watchman after a career in the British music halls.

The hit whose origin Richmond remembers with mingled fascination and horror is his second, Music! Music! Music! He had been making his living relating to disk jockeys for records by Frank Sinatra, Dinah Shore and the Andrews sisters when he got wind of a novelty song called The Hop-Scotch Polka that was seeking a publisher. He published it as a side venture and did right well with it. He was back at full-time relating again when one day a small man with a foreign accent burst into his office waving a manuscript and exclaiming, "A heet! A positive heet!"

Richmond calmed his exuberant visitor, who identified himself as Stephan Weiss, lately of Austria, and steered him to the

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piano store of Steinway & Sons. Richmond has access to a rehearsal piano there because he had gone to Loomis School, in Connecticut, with one of the Steinway sons.

After Weiss had played the song, which he had co-authored with a man named Bernie Baum, Richmond did not know whether to be amused or sympathetic. But he told the excited composer to have 50 cheap records made of it, and sent them to 50 disk jockeys with the notation, "Merry Christmas. Maybe this will amuse your fans." It evidently did, for within a few months Music! had sold a million and a half records in this country and almost a million in England, and there were correspondingly gratifying sales of sheet music and income from "live" performances.

Naturally, things do not always pan out that way. Richmond handles his share of duds, many of them songs he is reasonably certain will make good. Such a number was Everybody Clap Hands. "I would have bet my life on that one," he says. "It had all the ingredients, and we plugged it very hard. Nothing happened, absolutely nothing. It didn't sell sheet music, it didn't sell records. It just passed away quietly. Wasn't even mourned." It was just one of the times when Tin Pan Alley's tin ear didn't click.

Although his boyhood home in Hollis, Long Island (now a part of New York City), resounded to the tune of his father's dues-paying gang songs, music did not really "register" with young Richmond until he had finished prep school and was in the University of Pennsylvania. There he caught the habit of sitting around with his friends and listening to the records of the popular band leaders of the middle thirties, particularly Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey. Their offerings, he says, "did something" to him. But the real turning point came while he was taking a course in Practical Publicity at the university's Wharton School of Business. The future publisher, assigned to lay out a book jacket with sales appeal, succeeded so admirably that his professor commented: "If you really designed this, you should go out and get to work right now." Richmond promptly left school and decided to crash Tin Pan Alley—which may not have been precisely what the professor had in mind.

The Alley, Richmond soon found, is a hard-bitten place, more interested in commercial experience than in college-boy enthusiasm. All doors were closed to him with resounding bangs, until he volunteered to work for a press agent for free while acquiring the commercial touch. He was assigned to "promoting" records with disk jockeys, and in time was doing it so well that he went into business on his own, promoting —or, as he prefers to call it, "relating"—the records of Guy Lombardo, Benny Goodman, Gene Krupa, Larry Clinton, Glenn Miller, the Andrews sisters, Frank Sinatra and Dinah Shore. Then came four years of the Army, in the course of which young Richmond attended 14 different service schools, and wound up training navigators at an Air Force base in Mountain Home, Idaho.

Upon his discharge from the service, Richmond did more relating for clients until The Hop-Scotch Polka came along and put him in business as a publisher in his own right. That was barely a year ago. Since then Richmond has done practically all his relating for himself. He has found that this leaves him little time for additional ventures; the one exception at present is a new young night-club singer named Don Cherry, for whom he is acting as agent on a pay-me-when-you-make-good basis.

Someday He'll Get Married

His lengthy working day imposes a severe strain on Richmond's social life and is undoubtedly one big reason for his present status as a bachelor. Tall and dark, he has the sort of rugged good looks which many women find pleasing, and although he has not yet married he says he fully intends to do so eventually.

"I want to get really established first," he explains. "I've had swell breaks, like the way The Thing was handed to me, but that may not keep on happening."

Meanwhile, Richmond continues to puzzle the Alley by remaining friendly and modest. "I know I'm successful enough now to afford a big head and some enemies," he admits. "But why bother?"

In line with this policy, Richmond opens each of the hundred or so conversations he holds each day, whether face to face or by phone, with the earnest inquiry: "How are you feeling?"

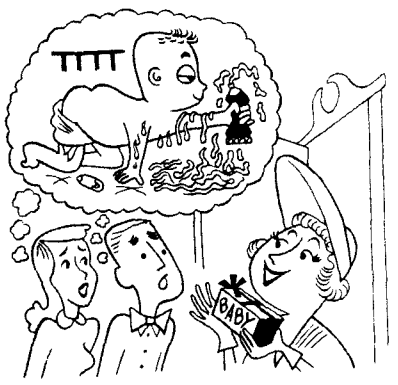
"He asks that question more often than 10 city blocks of Park Avenue psychiatrists," says a puzzled competitor. "The funny thing is, he always waits for an answer, and acts all upset if you don't feel so good. But he must be a businessman. Look at that row of hits."

Richmond's row of hits, and his night studies at New York University, keeps him so busy that he now occupies bachelor quarters on elite Sutton Place, not too far from his place of business, although he tries to spend at least part of each Sunday at the family's home in Hollis. He considers these visits, and his Thursday-night class in medieval philosophy, the high points of his week. (The low point is his weekly class in copyright law, which is a stiff one.) He also does some amateur acting and would like to write a play.

At the moment, he says, he has only one important worry. He is behind on his philosophy homework.

"You know, that's serious. It's one thing to be a success, and another to have it interfere with your private life. I may have to go easy on songs and buckle down to my books."

Tin Pan Alley is a grimly competitive place; should Richmond make that decision, not too many of the Alley's denizens would mourn deeply. In fact not a few of them would almost certainly be willing to buy him a set of any books he would care to mention. THE END



JACK DONOVAN

Unproud Parents

Our baby looks radiant after
we clean him,
But that's not the way any visitor's seen him.
It's always the time when he's
very untidy,
Disgraceful of visage, and losing his didie,
That someone is certain—please
tell me, why is it?—
To stop by the homestead and
pay us a visit!

—RICHARD WHEELER

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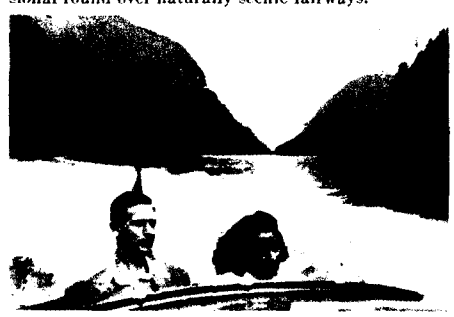

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Can the Atom Bomb Beat Communism?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

course for a peace-loving people: We disarmed. It is fashionable to refer to this as a mistake. But anything so completely in character for us, anything so inevitable, given the traditions and the history of this country, cannot sensibly be called a mistake. The political and civic leaders of both parties had one policy at that time: "Bring the boys home."

Disarmament after V-J day went beyond bringing the boys home. We stopped abruptly the stockpiling of strategic materials, stopped economic aid to our friends or allies overseas, closed and disposed of plants for production of war materials.

The atomic bomb was an exception, in the sense that the plants were not closed down or sold. But when the war ended, the drive went out of the great Manhattan District organization. Its mission accomplished, many of its industrial and technical men returned to the companies and universities from which they had withdrawn for wartime service. Conscious that it had developed a weapon whose significance extended far beyond military matters, and sharing the general preoccupation with peace, the War Department itself proposed that the enterprise be turned over to civilian control and direction.

* * *

While Congress deliberated over a new law and a new management, the Manhattan District inevitably deteriorated, despite the efforts of those devoted officers and civilians who carried on. It was actually not until April, 1947, 20 months after the end of the war, that the members of the Atomic Energy Commission, functioning under the new McMahon Act, were finally able to absent themselves from Congressional hearings long enough to get our work under way.

But by this time—early 1947—the process of American disarmament had become almost complete. There was a general assumption in military top levels, however, that we had a "hedge" in the form of a substantial accumulation of atomic weapons ready for an emergency. The size of this A-bomb supply was not known. The new Atomic Energy Commission had not been handed a detailed schedule of the properties transferred to it from the Army, for the good reason that no such inventory existed. So one of our first steps was to initiate such an inventory, and we began with a check of the number of completed and serviceable atomic weapons we had in storage.

We asked our fellow commissioner, the eminent physicist, Dr. Robert F. Bacher, to make a personal investigation. When he returned, his report stunned and shocked us. There remained a great scientific team at Los Alamos but a stout stockpile did not exist.

In the two intense years that followed, this was changed. By taking long technical chances and by prodigious effort all along the line, a formidable stockpile of improved weapons was created.

During this period there was no other significant long step in strengthening our military security. Public opinion and bipartisan political opinion in Congress would permit neither a large costly standing Army nor Universal Military Training. Neither the Navy nor the Air Force was able to sustain a broad, all-round program. The amount of Congressional appropriations required for atomic weapons, compared with the requirements for a large Army or Navy, were small. The atomic course required no draft of men, no interference with civilian life. Furthermore, it involved expenditures most of which also had potential peacetime value.

There were still other reasons—intangible but very real—why we were able to proceed vigorously with atomic rearmament despite the prevailing mood for American disarmament in every other area. The atomic bomb had had a gigantic build-up. It was a secret weapon, full of mystery. It had the appeal of the absolute. Secrecy measures prevented Congress, the press, civilians, or even the military, from taking a hard look at this great weapon.

So it became almost inevitable that step by step the idea became a fixed one: The A-bomb was a "decisive weapon," the possession of which would insure our military safety, the control of which by international measures would insure the foundations of peace.

This fixation on the Big A-bomb War left us with little interest and no capacity to focus attention on any lesser or more limited kind of warfare. For example, it obscured the very real usefulness of atomic bombs so engineered that they could be used in the field for the function that artillery is now used, or by air drops in support of our own or against enemy troops, or to destroy particular military targets such as oil fields, marshaling yards and ports of entry and supply.

Then in September, 1949, came the news that Russia had achieved her first atomic bomb, and shortly thereafter followed the discussions, largely in secret, of the so-called hydrogen bomb.

The H-bomb raises many difficult questions but a discussion of them is outside the scope of this present article. I refer to the H-bomb here only to illustrate how dangerously far we had drifted—just prior to Korea—in our reliance upon one and only one means of protecting this country and furthering the peace of the world, how confused we were becoming in thinking about these weapons. The ignition of hydrogen, and weapons based upon that ignition, is only a remote possibility. It is a possibility that may well grow more remote rather than less. That such a possibility existed was nothing new; it had long been known, indeed it was disclosed formally by Secretary Stimson on the very day of Hiroshima in 1945.

The significant thing about the H-bomb discussions in 1949 was the almost frantic mood with which this remote possibility was suddenly promoted by some as a new "cure." And this at the very time when this country's over-all military resources on the ground, at sea and in the air were at a very low point indeed, considering the hazards then evident.

The H-bomb discussions showed clearly how a one-shot view can throw us off the track. Technical considerations of the military value of such a bomb, if achievable and if deliverable, were slighted; the H-bomb was proposed chiefly as providing a counter to the Russian A-bomb by providing a still bigger explosion. This is where we were when in June, 1950, the North Korean tanks began to roll.

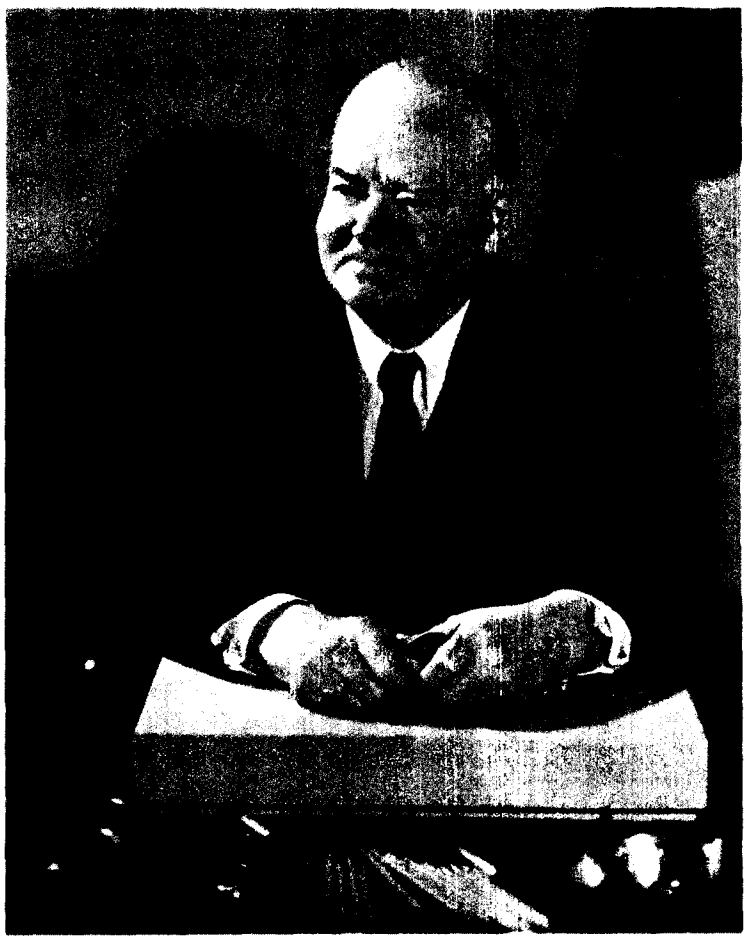
Atomic bombs make war, as a means of attaining domination of other peoples, a terribly risky adventure upon which to embark. Since aggressive or acquisitive war has no part in our planning, the A-bomb's deterrent effect operates to our advantage, and to the disadvantage of the Russian leaders. How great an advantage to us, however, depends upon how effectively the time and opportunity thus afforded can be used to work out our problems without war—little wars or a big one.

The considerable deterrent value of the A-bomb has been gradually overshadowed by a quite different outlook, a concept that there are only these alternatives: to annihilate the Russians or be annihilated by them. The logical conclusion of such a thesis is advocacy of preventive war. Apart from the military ineffectiveness, the political impracticability and the moral cost of such a course of action, initiating a war is clearly no way of preventing or avoiding one, the prime purpose of our whole defense effort. Peace is the victory we seek.

* * *

I have traveled about this country in some 20 states in recent months, have spoken to many audiences, had hundreds of questions addressed to me, visited individually with scores of people on farms, in factories, in directors' meetings, on college campuses and in newspaper offices. Deep anxiety and fear one does find, of course. This experience, however, has confirmed me in the view that the temperament and outlook of the people of the country have not been changed by our troubles.

Our dangerous situation has not yet taken from us as a people our great strength: a buoyant, sanguine, hopeful spirit. The annihilate-or-be-annihilated formula is the absolute in despair, defeat, fatalism, hopelessness. It is not in our nature to accept



Begin

THE PERSONAL MEMOIRS OF

HERBERT HOOVER

"Both Mrs. Hoover and I had always resented the intrusion of the press and public into our family life. It seemed to us that this refuge, with its joys and sorrows, belonged only to us . . . But over the years a multitude of seekers for 'human interest' stories and some biographers have elaborated incidents either into good or poorish fables, and, finally, I decided that an autobiography of an individual and an American family in itself furnished a background of the times that might have interest and perhaps value."

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readily so profoundly and abysmally pessimistic an outlook, nor any public policy or military concept based upon that thesis.

Our war against Communism is a war on many fronts. It takes more than a military defeat to effect a real setback to Communism. In the long run our interest in an economically healthy, morally confident Europe, in the human, agricultural and industrial development of Asia, is every bit as direct as our interest in the aid they will supply, the position they will take, in the event of overt Communist aggression.

Unlike the Soviet, we want and need strong, self-respecting allies and friends. We seek not a uniform world—all acting alike—but a diverse world united for peaceful purposes.

* * *

The first and the chief concern of most Americans and of most free people all over the world is how to keep the universal tragedy of world war from happening. If our atomic stockpile and the growing over-all military strength of the free nations succeed in averting war, the great hope for peace lies in America's assertion of world leadership in her special and historically unique role; in the demonstration, in concrete, workaday and easily understandable terms, that a living democracy is the best way of satisfying the universal wants of man: his physical needs for food, shelter, education, health; his moral need for a sense of purpose, a sense that as an individual he counts for something.

What is needed—in addition to time—is a program of action that calls for the kind of accomplishments that have made America known the world over as a land of hopes fulfilled, a land of individual promise.

If we have a chance to carry on such a program we can, as a world leader, help in the building of the strength and confidence of the whole community of free peoples. And as this strength grows, year after year, and confidence increases, Russian hopes that she can win through subversion and by capitalizing upon discontent will decrease. It may even become clear to the Russians that they too have more to gain by peace than war. A few more years of peace could mean many more years of peace, and probably would.

An action program as a foundation for the peace we seek should rest not upon argument and ideological appeals, but upon real things, universally understood. The vitality of American leadership consists in the things we *do* to satisfy deeply felt and universal needs and aspirations of human beings. Hence the program of world leadership of the democracies should emphasize pastures and fields and forests, and how to make them yield greater benefits to men; rivers, and how to make them work for people; disease, and how to control it. We should dwell on such matters as how we organize and manage industry, large and small, and co-operative ventures, by what methods we are able to keep politicians and policemen in their places; such definite, concrete and greatly desired things as these.

Our program should moreover be based upon the principle we ourselves exemplify that productiveness is unlimited, a fundamental but little-understood tenet of our American experience. Accordingly, our peace program should provide a minimum role to controls, to restrictions, allocations, directives, orders, and a maximum role to stimulating productivity of human and material resources.

We can win—if our efforts to prevent a world-wide war succeed—by reason of comprehensive demonstrations of the unique

COLLIER'S "Junior!" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

virtues of a way of living in which freedom, not fear, prevails. The ultimate issue we face is not one that we can win by military force. It is not one the Communists can win by force, either.

As a part of our affirmative policy we should emphasize agreement and compromise among contending individuals and groups as a means of getting along, for this accounts in large part for American success; and we should therefore explicitly reject, as a tool of policy, appeals to dogmatism, bitterness, envy and group separatism. Above all, our program of action should rest explicitly upon and be governed by those moral and ethical precepts by which our own material advances have been guided. The Communists show (by their propaganda) that they know the pulling power of idealism that has marked American life. That is why they seek to steal the words of democracy, and pretend to its idealism.

* * *

The peace-seeking peoples of the world need a constantly strengthened and more actively functioning, *operating* United Nations. Democracies have little to fear from such a strengthened and actively functioning UN, the United States least of all. For our long suit is knowing how to adjust and accommodate to differing points of view. The American tradition of "getting along," of flexibility and adaptability serves us well as members of a genuinely strong international body.

But the issue of war or no war is not our decision alone. It is possible that the Russian and the Chinese leaders want to precipitate a vast war. They may believe that now is the time to unleash the chaos and terror that their dogma teaches is necessary for their revolutionary ends. It may be, therefore, that there is nothing to negotiate, nothing to adjust, no concessions, no compromises that would change their predetermined course. Time may soon disclose that we have no choice but war, that the deterrent effect of the A-bomb has run out, that our plans for a better life for ourselves and for the peoples of the world must be postponed, or forgone.

Our reluctance to go to war, our efforts to avert that awful tragedy for ourselves and for the world, may lead to miscalculations for Russian leaders that will be even more serious for them than for us. If they underestimate the power of this country to wage war, to devastate Russian cities, they will have made an error that will never be forgotten. They will have caused the erasure of most of the industrial progress built with such pride and such deprivation by the people of Russia.

Let no Russian leader—and no rattled American—underestimate the fabulous productive capacity of this country, or our ability to produce fighting men the equal of any. Let no one fool himself by talk of how we shall "exhaust" ourselves by fighting a war all over the world, or by providing arms for Europe. The ability of this country to produce—if the need be great enough—is almost beyond limit. A war with Russia would be terrible, bloody, costly and heartbreaking, but if we must, we can and we will fight.

Full of risks and uncertainties as our future course certainly is, we have no choice other than to summon every resource of intelligence, resolution and good sense we possess. Perhaps it was in order that we be prepared for this supremely difficult role that America has so long been favored by Providence. The full purpose of the American Experiment may now be unfolding in the dangerous decade of the 1950s: this people's role in striving to avert world catastrophe, and to open the door of new and unbounded opportunity for the whole world.

THE END

Next Week

THE RED CZAR MOVES TO CONQUER US

By Thomas E. Dewey

The Punchboard Racket

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The Retired Torpedo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

empowered to pay him anything up to five dollars. Better yet, don't mention money at all. Appeal to his vanity. Tell him he'll be performing a great public service. Tell him anything. Only get the statement. And hurry. Love, Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

IF GRANDMOTHER SAID IT ONCE SHE SAID IT A THOUSAND TIMES—LET SLEEPING DOGS LIE. I COULDN'T CONSIDER DISTURBING DIAMONDS MORONI AT THIS TIME. WHAT ELSE IS NEW? REGARDS. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL BOOK-CADILLAC DETROIT
MICH

GEORGE, THE MAN HAS BEEN RETIRED FOR TWENTY YEARS. HE HASN'T SHOT ANYBODY IN MONTHS. HE GOES FISHING. PROBABLY TEACHES A SMALL SUNDAY SCHOOL CLASS. THE ONLY POSSIBLE THING YOU HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT IS BEING CAREFUL OF YOUR LANGUAGE. WHEN ARE YOU LEAVING? DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

A RETIRED GANGSTER IS LIKE A RETIRED PREACHER—THEY NEVER STOP PUNCHING. THE LEOPARD GOES TO THE GRAVE IN THE SPOTS OF HIS YOUTH. LET US ATTEMPT NO BUSINESS DEALINGS WITH ANY ACTUAL HOODLUMS. AS AN OLD CHICAGO POLICE REPORTER LET ME GIVE YOU THE WORD, AND THE WORD IS UH-UH. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL BOOK-CADILLAC DETROIT
MICH

OH, HOW RIGHT YOU ARE. FORGET WHOLE PROJECT IMMEDIATELY. ALSO SENDING SEVERAL MOUNTED POLICEMEN TO ACT AS YOUR BODYGUARD. YOU MIGHT HAVE TO GO OUT FOR SOME CIGARETTES OR SOMETHING, AND THE STREETS ARE SO DANGEROUS. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

OKAY, OKAY. GRANDMA ALSO SAID THAT A FOOL HAS TO BURN HIS OWN FINGERS. LEAVING FOR MIAMI ON ONE O'CLOCK PLANE. YOU'LL SEE. GEORGE.

HOTEL RONEY PLAZA
Miami Beach, Florida
January 4, 1951
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California
Dear Dick:

Well, if this thing is a cinch I would hate to be handed anything difficult.

There is no more chance of carrying out this ridiculous mission than there is of my becoming the first United States senator from Alaska.

Dick, you could get into Fort Knox carrying a gunny sack easier than you can get in to see this Moroni guy. He has a place up on the north end of the beach about the size of a Federal reserve bank; it's surrounded by an eight-foot, pink stucco wall, and this is topped by barbed wire so loaded with electricity that it is said that on damp nights you can read by it. Sea gulls are often electrocuted just flying past overhead.

As for Moroni himself, no one ever sees him. He is occasionally glimpsed striding briskly across the street, surrounded by a covey of bodyguards, to board his big cabin cruiser for a few days' fishing. But that's all. Nobody that I can find has actually spoken to him in fifteen years.

Not that I haven't tried. This morning I walked manfully up to the only visible break in the wall, a big solid-oak gate, and played the Normandy chimes on his outer doorbell.

On the fourteenth ring a small iron grille opened, and what can be described only loosely as a face appeared.

Dick, have you ever seen a real killer's eyes? They do not burn with the accepted deadly flame. They don't burn with any flame at all. A real killer has the eyes of a codfish that's lain on a dock for at least three weeks. Dull, lifeless, no expression whatever. When you see eyes like that, take yourself elsewhere.

Unfortunately, at the moment I couldn't. Having tapped on the cage, it seemed necessary that I should offer a banana.

"Is Mr. Moroni in t-t-t-t-town?" I said, my knees running through some old Gene Krupa numbers. "I have come c-c-c-clear from Hollywood to see him."

And I gingerly handed in my card.

Gargantua studied it carefully, reading the words with one finger as though they were in Braille. Then he said, "We don't want no pictures taken; there ain't no babies here." And the wicket slammed.

It was not a satisfactory interview.

But from it I did gather one definite impression. I feel that Mr. Moroni does not wish to be disturbed, and I have no wish to disturb him. Actual gangsters, retired or not, are a different kettle of fish from those movie gangsters of yours with their blank peashooters.

Anyway, going to see anybody as loaded with ill-gotten gain as Moroni, and offering him a few dollars to endorse a crime picture, is utterly ridiculous.

Wire me an okay to forget this fool's errand, and I'll get back up to Detroit and we'll get back in the picture business. I'll get all packed up tonight, and be ready to leave tomorrow the minute I get your okay.

Okay?

As ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL RONEY PLAZA MIAMI
BEACH FLA

AW, THE LITTLE FELLOW SAW THE BOGEYMAN AND HIM IS SCARED. GET BACK OUT THERE, YOU BUM, AND SHOW THAT GUY THAT PICTURE IF YOU HAVE TO STICK THE PROJECTOR DOWN HIS THROAT. NO TWO-BIT HOODLUM IS GOING TO MAKE A MONKEY OUT OF ME. I WANT MORONI SEEN, I WANT HIM SEEN TODAY, AND I WANT A STATEMENT FROM HIM. DO YOU HEAR ME?
RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

YES SIR. GEORGE.

HOTEL RONEY PLAZA
Miami Beach, Florida
January 6, 1951
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California
Dear Dick:

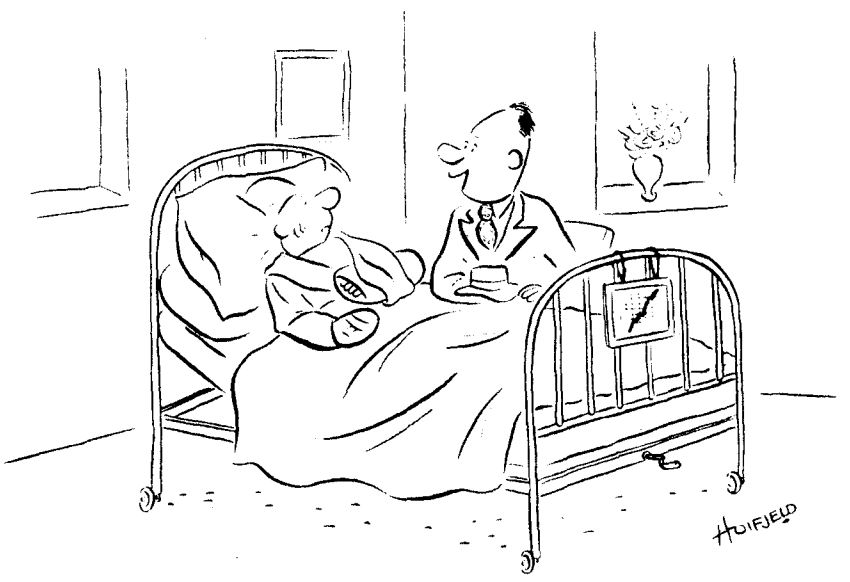
Well, the only thing you can be absolutely sure of in this world is that you never know. If anybody had told me that Diamonds Moroni would turn out to be one of the nicest guys I've ever talked to I'd have said he was nuts. But such are the wonders of science.

At any rate, I can assure you that it comes as a distinct relief. Even before I received your gentle, understanding telegram yesterday, I knew that dead or alive I would no doubt have to see the guy somehow, and so yesterday morning I began jotting down the rudiments of a small will. It didn't take long. Once I had disposed of my new brown pants I found myself practically finished.

But it did give me the solution to my dilemma. While writing out the will I suddenly saw how to contact Moroni. They must have some means of receiving mail at the fortress. Q.E.D. Tearing up the will, I wrote a short note to Mr. Moroni, stating my business, and sent it off. Perhaps the mailman could hurl it in from across the street.

And evidently he did. This morning who phoned but Mr. Moroni himself, and just as nice as pie. You'd have thought he was the new minister. "Love to see the picture, George," he said. "No, no trouble at all. And don't even think of paying anything for a little statement for the papers. Glad to do it. I'll be away on a little fishing trip over the week end, but you bring your picture over at nine o'clock Monday morning. We'll run it off right here in my projection room. I'll write out a little recommendation, and we'll have the whole thing done in no time. *Glad* to do it. See you Monday."

What a nice guy. This afternoon I'll stop



COLLIER'S **"Don't worry about a thing. Everyone at the office is going to pitch in and do your work as soon as we can find out what you were doing"** NORMAN HOIFJELD

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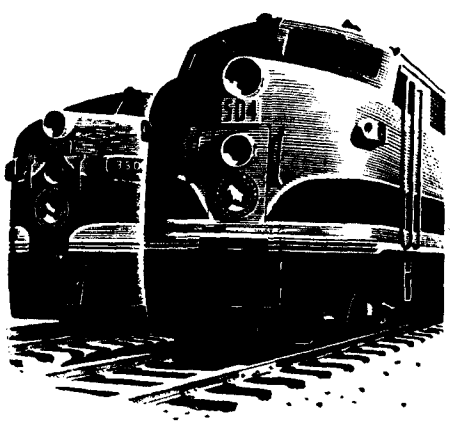
Minneapolis · Spokane
Seattle · Portland
California



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by somewhere and get him a new machine gun or something. After all, the nicest present is something a person can use.

I'll air-mail the print of the picture and Moroni's signed statement from here Monday noon, and then head back to blissful Detroit. How glad I will be to see that place.

As ever,
George

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL RONEY PLAZA MIAMI
BEACH FLA

WONDERFUL. BUT JUST BECAUSE WE GOT LUCKY LET'S NOT RELAX. SENDING IMPORTANT ADDITIONAL INSTRUCTIONS AIR MAIL SPECIAL.
DICK.

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

January 7, 1951
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Roney Plaza
Miami Beach, Florida
Dear George:

Here's the extra idea.

If Moroni's that pleasant, let's get a few publicity shots of him. I haven't seen any recent pictures of him anywhere, and if we get some good stuff we ought to get an inspired play in the public prints.

I've just talked by phone to Imogene Jill in New York. She's the new girl from Minneapolis. She's been in only one other picture so far—another crime picture, naturally—and in Corruption she again plays the beautiful blond girl friend of the brilliant detective. She's been in New York on a personal-appearance thing, and she was set to fly back here tomorrow night. But I'm having her return by way of Miami, and she will arrive there tomorrow night, Flight Six.

Bed her down somewhere, take her over to Moroni's with you Monday morning, shoot whatever pictures you can get him to hold still for—you might even get something in bathing suits on his boat—and then load her on the next plane and send her on, along with the film and Moroni's statement. She will add definite interest to the pictures, particularly if you can figure out any excuse to get her into a bathing suit, and in any case the papers will have to identify her, and thus can't avoid the picture plug.

Only whatever you do, don't give her the film and the statement to bring. She is as beautiful as a Christmas bonus, but she hasn't got sense enough to come in out of a monsoon. So send the film air express, and Moroni's statement separate air mail. Expect nothing resembling thought from Imogene. Just get her on the right plane, and she has to get off here; it's the end of the line.

And don't pitch any horseshoes. I know your life is lonely, but she has to be here definitely first thing Wednesday morning to start another picture.

Incidentally, it seems evident that the whole secret of Moroni's splendid attitude is just the fact that nobody else has spoken a kind word to him since he retired. Fifteen years in a rocking chair tends to mellow a man, but everybody's still scared to death of him just because he once killed a few people. Such is the sad fate of all elderly gorillas. Moroni evidently sees this picture thing as a chance to show the whole country what a true-blue boy he has become.

But watch yourself. As far as I'm concerned he's still a stinking lousy gangster. And if you want the truth of the matter I don't trust him any farther than I could throw this studio. If I were you I'd take a pistol, and if he starts anything, call a cop.

However, as I say, if he's actually agreeable, try to get some good pictures.

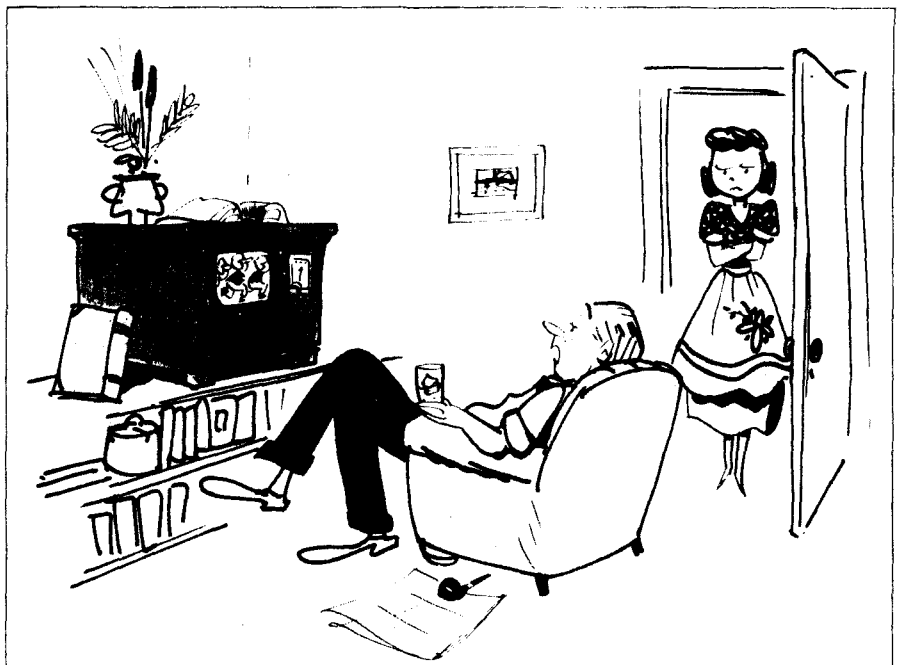
As ever,
Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

QUIT WORRYING. I TELL YOU, I'VE NEVER HEARD A MAN SOUND MORE PLEASANT. WE'LL GET DANDY PICTURES, INCLUDING FAMILY GROUPS. AND THANK YOU KINDLY FOR THE LOAN OF IMOGENE. SHE'S A LOVELY GIRL. A LITTLE WITLESS, YES, BUT LOVELY. WE'RE GETTING ALONG LIKE DAMON AND RUNYON. TOGETHER IN LOVELY MIAMI AT COMPANY EXPENSE. OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING. AND NOW OFF WE GO TO DEAR MR. MORONI'S. GEORGE.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

RUN FOR THE HILLS! WHAT A SNAKE IN THE CABBAGE THIS MORONI HAS TURNED OUT TO BE. WHAT A TURN-



"Certainly, I heard you! You said, pick up the cake at the movies, say hello to the cleaners, stop by Tom and Mary's and leave our laundry, then put Junior on the grocery list and phone some air in the tires"

COLLIER'S — REAMER KELLER

COAT. WHY, THE GUY IS AN ABSOLUTE CROOK. GHASTLY DETAILS FOLLOW AIR MAIL SPECIAL. AND DON'T BOTHER WIRING TILL YOU GET IT: WE'RE ALL DEAD HERE.
GEORGE.

HOTEL RONEY PLAZA
Miami Beach, Florida

January 9, 1951
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California
Dear Dick:

Well, for once nobody can blame me for tipping over the milk. But perhaps you would like to hurry on to the play-by-play.

After dispatching my boyish telegram this morning, I picked up Imogene and a stray photographer I'd hired, and we were at the gates of the castle at nine sharp.

And at first you'd have thought we were at Mrs. Sunnyweather's garden party. One tap of the outer bell and Willie the Monster ushered us in as though we were delivering the uranium. And on the front stoop to greet us stood Mr. Moroni, immaculate in smile, dove-colored slacks, a flowered silk sport shirt, and several of his famous diamonds, each about the size of a football. We advanced and shook hands.

"Come in, folks," he said; "come in."

And during the showing of the picture he was attention itself. Personally, I thought the thing was a new high in lowness, but Moroni sat there as enthralled as though he were at a performance of the La Scala Opera Company.

But as the cannonading went on, and more and more of our actors became shot and maimed in various foul ways, I could feel his assembled gorillas and bodyguards around us becoming restive. I found myself looking about for the door.

Sure enough, when the picture ended with a final burst of gunfire all around, and Moroni jerked open the blinds, his black eyes would have lighted a campfire.

"So!" he said. "You want a statement from Moroni about this picture. I'll give you a statement—don't show it!"

"Don't show it?" I cried, aghast.

"You think you make a monkey out of Moroni, eh?" he went on. "You put all my old secrets in a picture and then come and ask Moroni to endorse the picture. Maybe you should learn a little about Moroni. Eh?"

And he strode over and gave me a kick in the pants that would have jarred a bank.

Shoving my removable bridge back in and making a hurried count of the opposing forces, I decided to make an orderly retreat.

"Come," I said to Imogene and the photographer. "Perhaps we had better go."

"Go! Go! And don't come back!" yelled Moroni. "Where'd you learn about the Palermo job? Eh! And the little killing on the North Side? Eh! And what happened to Frankie Arruti? Eh!"

By this time we were all hurrying down the hall, with me protecting our flank and taking a fresh kick in the pants with each "Eh!" The result was that I progressed in short leaps, as though propelled by a sputtering jet engine. It was not a good exit. But there are times when any exit is good.

Moroni fortunately stopped at the door, to rest his foot, but his voice washed us on down the walk and through the outer gate like a fire hose washing leaves.

"Get smart with Moroni, will you? I'll burn your picture! I'll throw it off my boat in the ocean! I'll—"

Fortunately, I had told the cab to wait. Piling in in some disorder, we repaired to the hotel for something for the nerves. And we were only on our second when a communique arrived by messenger from Mr. Moroni's lawyers. It stated in hurried but icy tones that in making said motion picture based on the well-known career of Mr. Clarence Moroni, without payment or permission, we had grievously wronged Mr. Moroni and also invaded his privacy, and if we now proceeded to show the picture they would be forced to file suit against us for one million dollars. Very truly yours, Smith, Smith, Smith and Epstein.

At any rate, I trust that you are now satisfied. You have not only established the authenticity of your picture; by sheer hard work you have finally proved that it is so authentic that you can't show it at all.

Just in passing, the next time you put a lot of damaging secrets about a known gang leader in one of your movies, I would appreciate your telling me about same before sending me out to interview the picturee. It might assist me to avoid getting shot.

Medium regards,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL RONEY PLAZA MIAMI
BEACH FLA

YOU MISERABLE KNUCKLEHEAD. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW? YOU'VE MESSED THIS THING UP SOMEHOW, AND I KNOW IT. THERE ARE NO SECRETS WHATEVER ABOUT MORONI IN THAT PICTURE GOOD OR BAD. THE THING WAS WRITTEN BY OLD SAM SAMUELS, WHO HAS NEVER BEEN NEARER CHICAGO THAN PASADENA AND WHO WOULDN'T KNOW A GANGSTER IF HE SPENT THE NIGHT WITH ONE IN AN UPPER BERTH. EVERY CRIME PICTURE EVER MADE HAS HAD SOMETHING IN IT RESEMBLING MORONI; HE'S COMMITTED EVERY CRIME BUT BARRATRY. THERE'S NO SLIGHTEST BASIS FOR A SUIT ON THIS THING, AND I CERTAINLY WON'T HOLD STILL FOR ONE. AND YOU CAN JUST GET BACK OUT THERE AND TELL THAT LITTLE BUM SO. RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

UNFORTUNATELY WE ARE NOT IN A GOOD POSITION FOR SUCH DIRECT NEGOTIATIONS. YOU SAID TO APPEAL TO MORONI'S VANITY, AND I DID. IN MY ORIGINAL NOTE TO HIM I TOLD HIM THAT THE PICTURE WAS BASED ON HIS LIFE STORY. AND FURTHER TO INTRIGUE HIM I SIGNED MYSELF VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE STUDIO. I INTENDED TO CORRECT BOTH THESE IMPRESSIONS LATER, BUT THE CONVERSATION GOT GOING TOO FAST FOR ME TO JUMP OFF. DON'T WORRY; I'LL WORK IT OUT. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL RONEY PLAZA MIAMI
BEACH FLA

YOU JUGHEAD. GET BACK UP TO DETROIT IMMEDIATELY, AND IF YOU HAVE ANY SENSE YOU'LL GO RIGHT ON INTO CANADA. NORTHERN CANADA. OUR LEGAL DEPARTMENT WILL HANDLE THE THING SOMEHOW FROM HERE. INCIDENTALLY, WHERE THE HELL IS IMOGENE? IF SHE'S STILL THERE, PUT HER ON A PLANE AT ONCE, AND GET OUT OF TOWN YOURSELF BEFORE YOU FALL DOWN ANY MORE MANHOLES. RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

HAVE JUST HEARD THAT ONE OF YOUR MOST IMPORTANT EXECUTIVES, MR. GEORGE SEIBERT BY NAME, HAS BEEN KIDNAPED BY LOCAL GANGSTERS AND IS BEING HELD FOR RANSOM. HE IS IN DIRE DANGER. MY ONLY INTEREST IN THE CASE IS THAT I DO NOT APPROVE OF SUCH ACTIONS, AND IF YOU WILL ONLY DELIVER TO ME AT ONCE THE NEGATIVE AND ALL PRINTS OF YOUR MOTION PICTURE ENTITLED QUOTE CORRUPTION UNQUOTE I WILL DO EVERYTHING POSSIBLE TO HELP POOR MR. SEIBERT SECURE HIS RELEASE UNHARMED.
MR. CLARENCE MORONI, RETIRED
BOX 397
MIAMI BEACH FLA.

CLARENCE MORONI
BOX 397 MIAMI BEACH FLA

OH, MORONI, YOU KIDDER YOU. IF YOU'VE PUT THE SNATCH ON OLD

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GEORGE YOU HAVE PICKED UP A VERY SHORT CIGAR BUTT. DO WHAT YOU WANT TO WITH HIM. USE HIM FOR BAIT. MOUNT HIM ON YOUR LIBRARY WALL. AND GOOD LUCK TO YOU. BEST REGARDS.

RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

WELL, I'M LOOSE. NO THANKS TO YOU. AND I GOT KICKED AGAIN. I'M BEGINNING TO DISLIKE THIS LINE OF WORK. AND PLEASE DON'T BECOME TROUBLESOME ABOUT IMOGENE. WE ARE NOT SPENDING MUCH MONEY. IF IT WEREN'T FOR HER COOL HAND ON MY BROW I'D GO DAFT.

GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL RONEY PLAZA MIAMI
BEACH FLA

BUY A CHEAP ICE BAG AND GET THAT GIRL ON A PLANE. AND DON'T GO DAFT. GO TO DETROIT. TONIGHT.

DICK.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL RONEY PLAZA MIAMI
BEACH FLA

WHAT THE HELL. GEORGE, IS THIS MORONI NUTS? WHAT DOES HE THINK HE CAN PULL AROUND HERE? JUST BEFORE ELEVEN O'CLOCK TONIGHT SIX MASKED BANDITS WITH SUBMACHINE GUNS SHOT THEIR WAY INTO THE STUDIO, TERRORIZED THE WHOLE PLACE, AND STOLE THE NEGATIVE AND ALL THE PRINTS OF THE PICTURE. GET EVERY COP IN MIAMI AND GO ROUST THAT LITTLE GUY OUT AND LET'S SEE WHAT MAKES HIM TICK. ENOUGH IS ENOUGH. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

CALM YOURSELF. WOULD DO NO GOOD TO ARREST MORONI NOW. WE HAVE NO CASE WHATEVER UNLESS WE FIND THE FILMS IN HIS POSSESSION. SO FIRST THING IN THE MORNING I'LL PUT IMOGENE ON THE CASE. SHE'S BEEN CLOSELY ASSOCIATED WITH SOME OF THE MOST BRILLIANT DETECTIVES IN HOLLYWOOD. SHE OUGHT TO HAVE THIS THING CRACKED IN NO TIME. GEORGE.

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California
From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

January 11, 1951
Air Mail Special

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Roney Plaza
Miami Beach, Florida.
Dear George:

Boy, you pick great times for humor.

I can assure you that this thing isn't funny. Not out here it isn't. Last night Bentley, Joe Merle and most of our other gold-plated executives had just come back from a preview of another crime picture, and they were in Lou's office talking over the cuts and changes when these masked mugs suddenly came barging in, pushing the gateman ahead of them, and spraying machine-gun slugs around like confetti. They roughed up Lou and Joe, kicked them thoroughly in the pants, and at gun point forced them to go down to the film vaults and the lab and hand over the Corruption negative and all the prints. Then they roared out of the place in a high-powered black sedan. Just like in the movies. And so far we haven't found a single trace of either them or the picture.

This morning, between indignant interviews with the reporters, Bentley and Merle are already talking about tapering off on the crime pictures around here. After a small sniff of the real thing, they aren't sure that they like crime, even in pictures. They're both using air cushions on their swivel chairs, and every time a door slams they quiver like aspens.

If they ever connect me with this thing my head would roll down Hollywood Boulevard like a lost hubcap. We'll get out of it somehow, but until I can figure out something, don't light a match.

Hurried regards,
Dick.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

WHAT ARE YOU COMPLAINING ABOUT? THE STORY OF THE ROBBERY IS GETTING THE PICTURE A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF PUBLICITY IN EVERY PAPER IN THE COUNTRY AND YOU MAY USE ME TO STRETCH CURTAINS ON IF THE FOLLOWING THINGS DO NOT HAPPEN BY TOMORROW NOON: 1. IF THIS CASE IS NOT CRACKED. 2. IF IT IS NOT PERSONALLY CRACKED BY MISS IMOGENE JILL. 3. IF WE DON'T RECOVER THE FILM INTACT. 4. IF WE DON'T STILL GET THE STATEMENT FROM MORONI. AND 5. IF WE DON'T GET ENOUGH MORE PUBLICITY OUT OF THE THING TO CHOKE A GIRAFFE. JUST STAND BACK. AND GIVE ME TILL TOMORROW NOON. I'VE GOT AN IDEA. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL RONEY PLAZA MIAMI
BEACH FLA

ABSOLUTELY FORBID ANY FURTHER ACTION ON YOUR PART. JUST KEEP YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS AND HEAD NORTH. THAT IS ALL THE HELP I WANT OR NEED FROM YOU.

RICHARD L. REED.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

SORRY. COULDN'T BEAR TO LEAVE. PREPARE EITHER A LARGE BONUS, OR A SMALL URN FOR MY ASHES, AND WATCH FOR THE AFTERNOON PAPERS.

GEORGE.

HOTEL RONEY PLAZA
Miami Beach, Florida

January 13, 1951
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California
Dear Dick:

Well, by the time you get this you will of course have seen the papers. And didn't Imogene look nice in her bathing suit beside smiling Mr. Moroni? But even with the amount of space they so kindly devoted to us, there are a few little details they missed.

First, I do not want to leave you with any mistaken impression that Imogene is a wayward girl. She is not. I held her here long enough to get her picture taken with Moroni only by a clever stratagem.

I appealed to her sense of woman's rights. Why, I said, did she always have to be only the girl friend of the brilliant detective? With her role consisting merely of smiling prettily, and asking him every so often when he'd be back? Why didn't Hollywood ever make the *girl* the brilliant detective, with the man asking *her* when she'd be back? Because men just didn't think women had any brains, that's why. And here she had the chance of a lifetime to solve this big film disappearance, and show everybody that a woman could too be a brilliant detective. If she cracked this case, the studio might even star her in a whole series of films of her own—Phyllis Vance, Private Eyeful.

"Why, George," she said, "wouldn't that be wonderful? How do I start?"

"Just put yourself in my hands," I said. "The first rule of any detective is to observe the quarry. And when is the only time that Mr. Moroni can be observed? When he is boarding his boat. We will therefore hire the use of some other boat within spyglass range of Mr. Moroni's boat, and we will there lie in wait, ready to observe."

"Oh," she said, "I'm beginning to feel like a detective already. What shall I wear?"

"Why, there is only one possible thing to wear," I said. "Some sort of bathing suit, preferably sleeveless. After all, we'll be on a boat, practically yachting, you might say, and the minute we solve the crime you will have to have your picture taken with Mr. Moroni, and I want you to look your best."

And I hastened over to rent a boat. I found a beauty just a couple of blocks down the channel from Mr. Moroni's, and rented it quite inexpensively. The people were away.

And how nice Imogene looked aboard. When she doffed her yellow terry-cloth robe the first morning and said, "How do I look?" my twelve toes vibrated like piccolos. She didn't seem to have on a bathing suit so much as a strip or two of adhesive tape to hide a couple of nasty scratches. But she did look lovely in white.

We spent the next several days on our borrowed boat, Imogene sunning herself, and I instructing her in various simple elements of detective work, and other items. I had bought an excellent pair of field glasses in a drugstore for a dollar, and a couple of times a day we would look over

COLLIER'S — **"What's wild?"** — VIRGIL PARTCH

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at Mr. Moroni's boat. When Imogene would get restive, and remember that she was supposed to be in Hollywood, I would say, "Patience, woman; the very essence of a good detective is patience." We of course spent the nights in town at the hotel, and I went in several times a day to check the mail.

And thus the lazy days passed, sunning and observing, and observing and sunning. I haven't had as good a time since I discovered that you could make popcorn at home.

I found later that the reason Moroni didn't appear for any more fishing was that all the time Imogene and I were lying in wait for him, he was busy inside his house, trying to convince the relays of cops you sicked on him that he honest to by Joe didn't know anything about any missing films. And since they couldn't find them after a search of the premises, they finally begged his pardon and went away. It was all they could do until Imogene cracked the case.

She cracked it this morning, although I must say that I thought she would never get around to it. I had been up much of the night, on various nefarious errands, and I fear that I was possibly a little short-tempered with her. But for at least two hours this morning, while time crept relentlessly up on me, I kept asking her where she thought the missing films might be. I stared at Moroni's boat until my eyes watered; I drew pictures of boats for her, I spelled boat several times, and each time any stray boat passed I would say, "Look, Imogene, a boat. Now where do you suppose Mr. Moroni might have hidden the films?"

"I know," she said; "in his attic."

"Whew," I said. "Now think hard. B-o-a-t, boat. Now once more, Imogene, where do you suppose the missing films might be?"

"George," she said, "I've just had the most amazing thought. You know where I'll bet Mr. Moroni hid that film—*on his boat!*"

"Imogene!" I cried, leaping to my feet. "I'll bet a cooky you've hit it. All great detectives get their most brilliant ideas right out of the blue like that. I'll bet you're absolutely right—those missing films are under the life preservers on the left side of the cockpit of Mr. Moroni's boat. How in the world did you ever think of it?"

"I don't know," she said; "it just came to me."

"Hurry," I said; "straighten your adhesive. And we will hasten ashore and call the police, and all go over and search Mr. Moroni's boat."

And we did, Imogene babbling away to the goggle-eyed police about how she had suddenly solved the case.

And so she had. There were the missing films, can after can of them right under the life preservers. The most cursory examination showed that they were indeed good old Corruption.

"Ah ha," said the police sergeant, "and now let's go in and see what Mr. Moroni has to say."

He had a great deal to say, consisting of the fact that he'd somehow been framed, robbed, swindled and bamboozled. But after he was through saying it, off he went to jail. And shortly there was a great to-do of policemen, reporters, photographers and all sorts of people, with Imogene explaining proudly to one and all how she had trapped the beast.

I went out for a cup of coffee.

When I got back they were still taking Imogene's picture, fore and aft, and asking her to tell just once more how she had figured out that Moroni had hidden the films on his boat.

"Why, actually," she said, warming to her work, "it was just the most logical place to look. What he evidently wanted to do, for I can't imagine what reason, was to destroy this picture we'd made, and being a fisherman the simplest way for him to do it was to hide the film on his boat, and the next time he went out fishing just weight it down somehow and throw it overboard."

What a wonderful disposition of a crime picture, I thought.

"Is your studio going to prosecute him?" asked the reporters, turning regretfully from Imogene to me.

"I can't say yet," I said, with judicial calm. "First I want to have a talk with the prisoner, and try to find out why he has done this ridiculous thing."

"We'll wait right here," they said. "With Miss Jill."

And since I had to do it sometime, I went in to see Moroni. I insisted on seeing him alone, but stationed several of the larger cops within easy yell range.

"Well, Clarence," I said, entering his cell, "what made you think you could get away with this mad scheme?"

"You—you—you—" he spluttered. "You know I didn't steal that picture. This is nothing but a lousy frame."

"That is entirely beside the point," I said. "The pertinent fact, Clarence, is that we've got you colder than a snowball in a deep freeze. The chain of evidence, plus your reputation, plus the fact that the negative of that film out there is worth at least a half million dollars cash money, adds up to pretty bad news for you. If we decide to prosecute you, the chances are a thousand to one that you will go back to the jug, and you know it.

"But," I went on, "there is an out. If you would care to co-operate, you can call in the boys and tell them as follows: When we brought this picture to you for a possible endorsement, it was so completely true to life that it brought back all the old terrible days in Chicago, and you just lost your head. You attempted to destroy the picture because you thought that we should all forget those old sinful days, and go on to the better world that's here for all of us, if we will just obey the traffic laws and avoid bad company. And if you will just sign a short statement to that effect, with the right to use your name and the line, 'so authentic I didn't want it to be shown,' in our ads, we will call off the dogs, and we can all get back to the golf course. And what surer way could there be to convince anybody that there are no secrets about you in the picture, than to endorse it?"

Moroni slowly broke into a smile. "George," he said, "you're a pretty smart boy. How would you like to run a little place I've got over in Havana? That's where I do my real fishing."

"Thanks," I said, "but I must get back to my beloved movies."

"Okay, George," said Moroni, "call in the boys."

And after his chat with the press, he posed for those nice smiling pictures with Imogene. And then, alas, there was nothing to do but take Imogene past the hotel, so that she could change into something a little warmer for the plane, and bid her a fond farewell.

Oh, by the way, when you get the films, which I am sending air express, don't be alarmed when you find that the negative is really not among them. I enclose herewith the key to safety deposit box R52114 at the bank right across the street from the studio, where you will find the negative. It was there all the time.

Richard, I cannot tell a lie. Your terrible gangsters were hired by me, the undersigned. They shall forever remain nameless, but they were just a few of our own beloved actors, doing a little nightwork. Tuesday, after Moroni's hoodlums released me, I suddenly got the idea, and arranged the whole thing by telephone. And don't give me that business about their spraying machine-gun slugs around like confetti. That's just what Lou Bentley and Merle told you. All they were shooting were blanks, except for about four slugs they carefully shot a couple of lights out with for dramatic effect.

And incidentally we don't owe them a cent. They did it for nothing for the privilege of kicking a producer.

As ever,
George.

THE END

Reader's Digest Story Tells How to

STOP BODY ODOR STOP BAD BREATH

both with one amazing tablet!

Wonderful Green Tablet Contains Nature's Deodorant, CHLOROPHYLL! Safely Eliminates Offensive Odors At Their Source, Inside Your Body —For A Full Day!

An article in Reader's Digest reports an amazing "green medicine" that can safely stop bad breath and body odor, *both at same time!* It's chlorophyll, Nature's own deodorant. Chlorophyll is available now at drug counters, in tiny tablets, called **"ENNDS".** One or two tablets every morning can end your worry about offensive odors, *for a full day!*

Sweetens Breath Almost Instantly—Tobacco, Onion, Alcohol Odors Vanish!

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IMPORTANT! Research proving the safety and effectiveness of chlorophyll, in eliminating body and breath odors, was done with **"ENNDS"** tablets—each tablet containing a full dosage of 100 mgms. of "Darotol" (Pearson's brand of chlorophyllins). Other tablets, which contain smaller amounts of chlorophyll, are now being sold but any inference that they will produce the same results as **"ENNDS"** is false and misleading.

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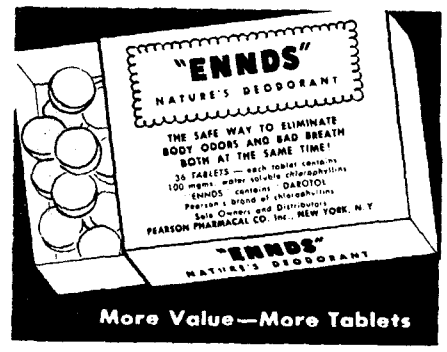
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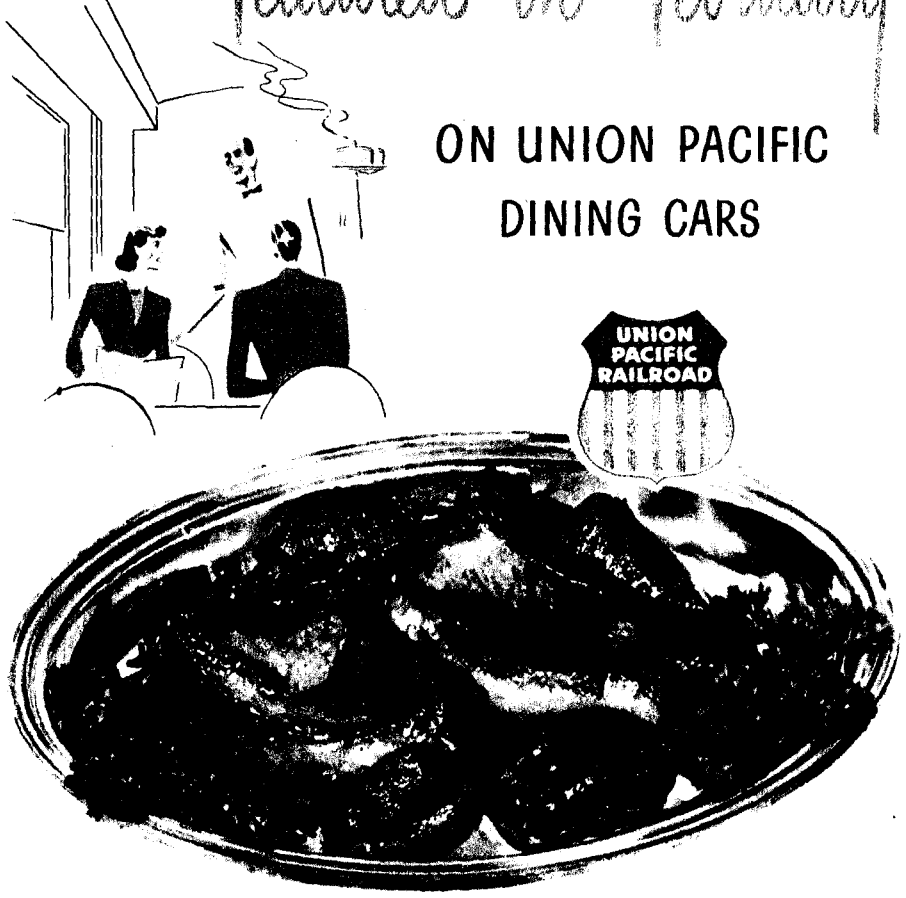

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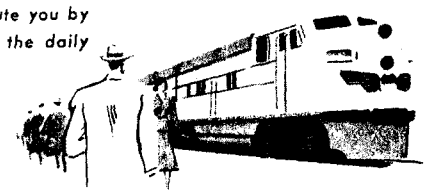

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That's What a Machine's for

Dear editar:

I don't know how it got out here on my Johnson grass farm at Circleville, but I picked up a copy of the New York Times which one of my cows had been chewin on the other day, you can say what you please but the finest newspaper on earth is a might poor substitute for salt for a cow and I aim to get mine some the next time I'm in town and think of it, and took it down to the river to my favorite restin place where three trees are lined up so I can sit under one and doze and the other two keep the sun off of me one after the other as the afternoon wears on, and when I got through with my nap opened it up and read where an expert has announced that farmin is gonna be mechanized still more and more but that we ain't got anything to worry about as it won't cause unemployment.

Now I certainly ain't got no objection to mechanizin farmin, any time anybody can invent a machine that'll take work off of me I'm in favor of it. In fact, they can't go too far in this direction, a machine that would crank itself up around January 1, plan a crop and prepare the land and plant the seed and cultivate the stuff and harvest it and honk when it passes my front porch in the summer or fall on the way to market, would suit me all right, although that would be far enough, wouldn't be no need in havin the machine cash the check, I could do that, no use in a man gettin stale.

But what puzzles me is why the expert has to assure us machinery ain't gonna cause unemployment.

Thunder. That's what a machine's for. If it don't throw me out of work, I ain't interested. If we're gonna have more and more machines and still have more and more work, I'd just as soon leave things like they are. What I want is a machine that does more and more work and produces more and more unemployment, if it's gonna be a success with me.

A four-row cultivator ain't no improvement over a one-row cultivator, which wasn't no improvement over a forked stick, if a man still has to go up one set of rows and down another from sunup to sundown.

An elevator is supposed to save people the job of walking up stairs, but I notice most city people use them just to get to work quicker. Ain't no progress in that at all.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

CHARLES HAWES

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Listen to the Music of the Hounds

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

in Hankin's Store, and the matter of hound supremacy had finally reached the "shut up or show" stage. So five eager foxhounds and four proud owners were gathered on the margin of Tobey's swamp.

Roy the plumber was present with his two Walkers, Howie the odd-job-man clutched the lead of his bluetick, Ebb the carpenter carried worn, dog-eared papers to prove his entry was a "gen-you-wine" Trigg, and George the farmer had a heavy chain on his big black-and-tan. Even at the last minute, the latter was required to justify his status in foxhoundom.

"Coonhound hell!" George exploded. "Sure he'll run coons, and rabbits too. But when he's fox huntin', he'll run nothing but foxes. And while your poor fleabags are babbling, cutting and backtracking, Preacher'll be sticking to the line and pushing the fox."

The tirade was brought to an end by a wave of Roy's mittened hand.

"Let's stop the fussing and get down to hunting," he suggested. "There's a big gray been using the swamp. I figured we could meet here and cast the hounds over there back of those firs. There's a crossing there leading up to Palmer's place, and he says he's been losing chickens. They ought to be able to pick up at least a cold trail there. Turn 'em loose."

The Preacher in Action

For several minutes after the hounds had been cast no word was spoken. Then George broke the silence. "Coonhound, huh?" he snapped. "Take a look at my Preacher."

The big black-and-tan, nose to the powdery snow, was apparently trying to gyrate his entire body by the movement of his tail. While we watched, he disappeared into a clump of gaunt sumac brush that fringed the swamp. A few seconds later there was a tentative "bluurrp" from that point, then a series of gulping, basso roars that lured the scattered hounds like iron filings converging on a magnet.

Bedlam broke out immediately as the pack struck the hot scent. The high soprano of the two Walkers was lauded by their owner, although the Trigg advocate glared sharply and pointed out that his hound was "right in there too."

Perhaps you have noted the expressions of a crowd listening to a choir on some solemn occasion. If so, you can picture the rapt faces of the fox hunters. Individual animosities were swept away on the fading and swelling music of the hounds. Occasionally, during a brief lull in the concert, the faint, mournful bellow of the Preacher, faithful to the line, told his hearers that the fox was still being driven. George nodded in quiet satisfaction.

Distant Voices of the Pack

Almost an hour passed with hardly a word being spoken. The only movement in the little group was the intermittent stamping of feet to restore circulation. Several times the voices of the pack faded into the distance, only to swell a few moments later. Once, the hounds seemed to be approaching the very rim of the swamp, then for several minutes they were quiet. The sudden cessation of sound seemed unnatural. Then, on signal from that old maestro the Preacher, the chorus soared to even greater heights.

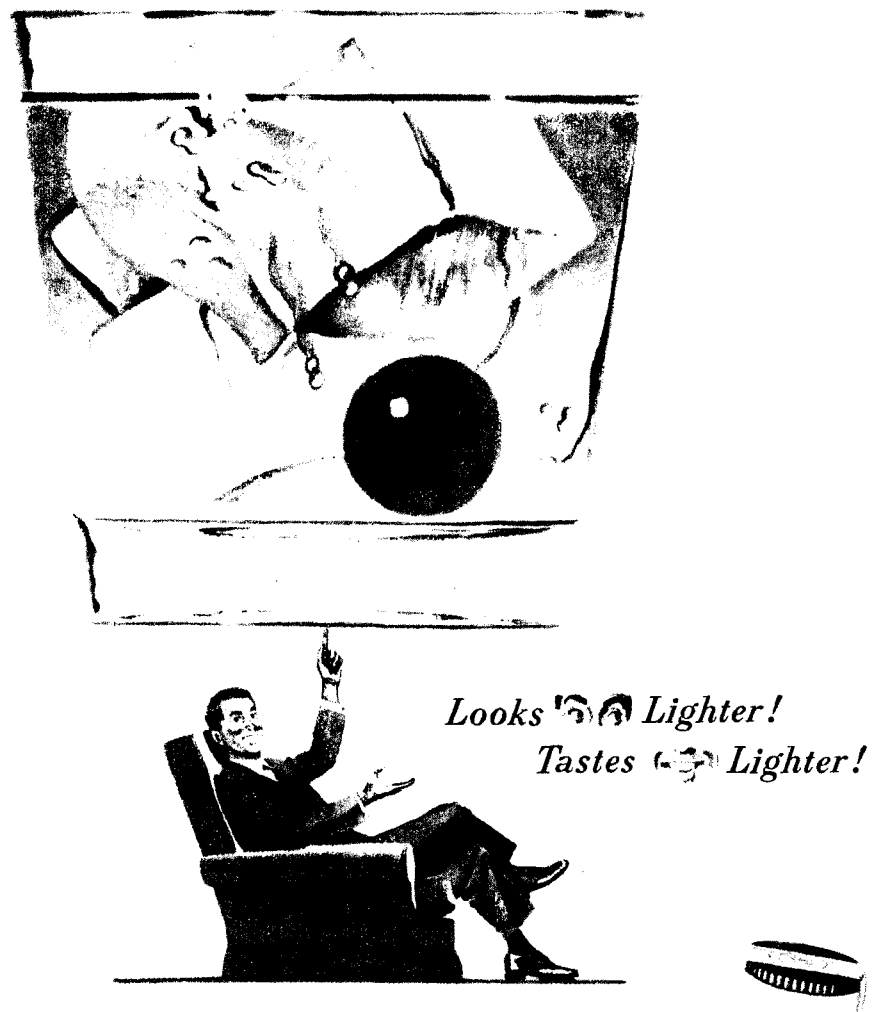
"That fox doesn't act like any gray to me," George announced. "And he's not going to keep swinging around that swamp forever. Chances are he'll break out of there and head either for Carter's woods or Palmer's bog. We'd better spread out and cover some of the likely crossings. Roy, why don't you and Ebb and Howie cover Palmer's, and we'll watch the ledges by Carter's?"

A fox, when driven from its home coverts, normally follows definite trails, or crossings, and local hunters usually know the location of most of these runways. George led me, on the run, to a break in a stone wall on the edge of a rocky, spruce-grown slope. A faint, twisting line in the snow led from the break in the wall across a wide pasture and to the fringe of the swamp, indicating that a fox had been using the trail. The light snow of the previous night had eliminated signs of recent passage, but it seemed a good vantage point. I dropped a pair of shells, loaded with number two shot, into the chambers of my long duck gun, and took up a post in the lee of a big spruce. While this blocked out some of my view, it was out of the bitter wind. George moved on at a lope to another crossing.

The cry of the pack was fainter now and,

"Everything went fine, Mrs. Evarts. Francie drank all her milk . . . Junior went to bed without a peep . . . and oh, yes . . . a quiz show called. I won ten thousand dollars"

COLLIER'S — LARRY HARRIS



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occasionally, the wind swept it to a mere whisper of sound. I did not see the fox until he paused in the gap in the wall to look back toward the swamp and his pursuers. George had been right; it was not a gray fox, but a big red. He did not appear at all winded from the run he had given the hounds. Ending the chase with a shot at this stage, with the hounds still working out the scent in the swamp, would have been sacrilege. I did not even raise my gun.

The fox trotted a few paces from the wall, paused, then made a large loop, returning to the gap for another glance at his back trail. He then leaped lightly to the top of the wall, ran along it for fifty yards, then leaped from the wall toward a clump of juniper, and disappeared.

Several minutes passed before the pack worked out the "check" (temporary loss of scent) and found the new line. A few seconds later they poured through the gap in the wall, one of the Walkers leading, and the Preacher a poor last but bellowing at every jump.

There was considerable milling around near the wall, and a lot of snuffling and whining, until the Preacher once more smelled out the fox's course and roared along the top of the wall. Ebb's Trigg could not countenance the slow pace, so he attempted to leap over the Preacher, but came to grief on the slippery stones and floundered from his high path. Two of the hounds overran the point where the fox had leaped from the wall, but not the Preacher. He scrambled down, made a wide cast, and picked up the fresh track.

Shot Signals End of Chase

A few minutes later the fox passed within 10 feet of my post on his return trip to the swamp, but this time the pack was only a half minute behind him. Another quarter hour passed while the fox led the pack on a wide swing through the swamp, then a hollow *boom* echoed from the edge of Palmer's bog, signaling the end of the chase.

George was grumbling in his mustache when he picked me up to rejoin the others.

"Glad you didn't shoot," he growled. "That fox was fresh as a daisy. He had a good two hours of run left in him. You can lay your last dollar that was Howie that shot. He's not passing up a fox, even with pelts down to three dollars."

At the firs, where the hunt had begun, a spiral of smoke was rising through the dense branches, and we found Roy and Ebb, tears coursing down their cheeks, regarding the fox-killing member of the trio. Howie's outer garments were hanging from nearby limbs, close to the fire, and Howie himself, clad from neck to ankles in bright red flannel, was hugging the blaze as close as safety permitted.

"He got the fox all right," Roy gasped, "but he crossed Palmer's brook at the wrong spot. Fell right in up to his ears."

George glanced at the dead fox, then at the wet, shivering Howie, and merely grunted. But there was something of satisfaction in the grunt.

"George," Ebb admitted, "I take back whatever I said about that black-and-tan. If you could scare up a bit to boot, I might even consider a swap. Of course, you realize a gen-you-wine Trigg is a more . . ."

One long, level glance from the Preacher's owner curbed the overture.

Fox-Hunt Customs Down South

If, in the North, fox hunting is something of an intermezzo, in the South it is the whole opera. In many of the rural communities from Virginia to the Gulf there is hardly a farmhouse without a hound. Some of them are of the "potlicker" variety (a conglomerate mixture of hound breeds), employed on coons, rabbits and possums; but the great majority are foxhounds, and it is amazing how many of them are bred in the purple.

Through the years, the ritual of fox hunting has undergone little change in the South. Supper over, a half-dozen hunters with at least as many hounds will gather at an appointed place and the hounds will be cast. While they are "drawing" (searching) nearby coverts, a fire will be started, likely a jug of mountain dew, minus revenue stamps, will appear and the hunters will relax to await the opening movement of the chorus. The man whose hound runs a cold trail into a hot scent ahead of the others enjoys at least a momentary glory.

"There goes my Smoothbore," he will cry. "That hound's got a nose like a third eye. Hear him tongue that line."

"That's my Pelter coming in now," another will announce, as a second cry merges with the first. "That fox'll know he's in a race now."

The chorus usually builds up rapidly after the opening, but every hunter seems to isolate the note of his own hound in the pack with an ease that would be the envy of Toscanini. During the course of the first hour, the fire may attract additional hunters, and the pack new voices. The late arrival may find a place around the fire without comment, or he may explain his tardiness.

"Got a sick mule, and hadn't planned to run Striker this evenin'. But that music was too much to stand."

The run may last one hour or six, depending upon how things go. The hounds may run one or more foxes, but they will continue the chase until the fox they are running decides to seek the sanctuary of his den. The den cry of a hound differs from the trail cry, and when it is heard the hunters take up their horns and begin blowing in their hounds.

The unlucky mortal whose hound sneaks in to the fire before the chase is over suffers his disgrace in silence, for no man likes to admit that his prize has been bedded by the other hounds.

The man whose hound does not come in at the horn is worried. Traps and barbed wire are a real menace, and the hunter who gets no response to the horn usually is in for a long, exhausting search, and occasionally a futile one.

Failure to return to the horn, however, does not always mean the hound has been caught in a trap or a fence, for en route to the fire he may strike a fresh scent and run the fox into the next county. There was an amusing example of this at a trial held in the Catskills in 1946. More than 90 foxhounds, each with a number painted on its side, were lined up on a high ridge, and were cast as one hound. A fox was jumped almost immediately, but at the tremendous cacophony of sound that arose he must have believed that every hound in the country was on his trail, for he holed up in the rocks without delay. For the next three days almost a hundred fox hunters tramped the ridges of the Catskills, blowing their horns desperately at hounds that were still running foxes on a dozen adjacent hills. Noncompetitors who attended reported afterward that they would not have missed it for a fortune.

It is to the Southern fox hunter that the praise must go for breeding the great strains of foxhounds. The Northern breeders seem to have spent most of their time developing superior beagles, coon hounds and spaniels; but the Southern sportsmen have given us the immortal Walkers, Triggs, Julys, Brookes and Birdsongs.

Of them all, probably no strain has the popularity, quality and long, interesting history to compete with the Walker. This strain is the result of careful, tedious and unrelenting selective breeding, and it has taken almost 100 years to produce it in its present state of near perfection. The Walker strain was originated by two gentlemen from Kentucky, John W. Walker and George Washington Maupin, around the middle of the nineteenth century—although the Walkers had hunted foxes and bred hounds as far back as 1742. For more than 50 years, Walker and Maupin bred from the same stock, relentlessly weeding out every hound with undesirable traits.

It is legend that when a Walker hound showed a tendency to "babble" (give tongue when not on scent), "cut" (leave the line of scent to course by sight) or quit, one of the Walkers, a shovel over his shoulder, would lead the hound to a nearby wood lot and return with only the shovel and a collar.

It was the "outcross" (breeding to other strains), however, that led to the eventual supremacy of the strain, and strangely enough the hound that is said to have played the most important part in establishing Walker greatness was a stolen dog. Henry Davis, the sporting-dog authority, softens this harsh term by making it "liberated."

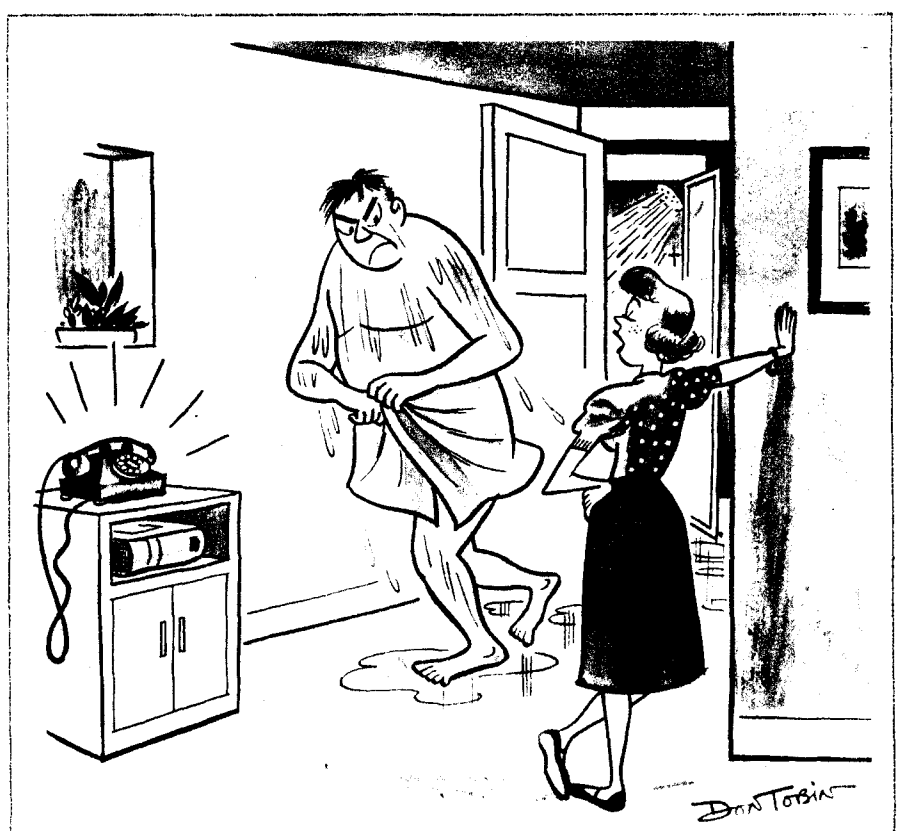
Sire of the Present Walkers

A friend of Maupin's, while driving cattle through the Tennessee mountains, saw a pack of hounds running a deer. He managed to capture one of these hounds, and upon returning to Kentucky presented it to Maupin. This hound, a dog proved to be one of the great foxhounds of his day, was christened Tennessee Lead. Crossed with the existing Walker strain, and later with other strains, the offspring eventually became the present Walker hounds, which have been in demand by fox hunters for nearly a century.

Some authorities—many foxhound enthusiasts define an authority as "an ordinary guy a hell of a ways from home"—insist that the improvement of the Southern foxhound really dates from the infiltration of the red fox from the North. It was not until about 1850 that the red appeared in any numbers south of the Mason and Dixon's line. This fox, smaller but faster and more cunning than the gray, stimulated the Southern fox hunters to resort to the outcross in order to compete with the extremes of speed and endurance of the red.

Biologists are convinced that the Eastern red fox was not a native of this continent at all, but was imported from Europe by colonial fox hunters in order to improve their hunting. The skull structure of the red is sufficiently different from that of the gray to be readily detected, and bones deposited in caves prior to the colonization of the

COLLIER'S **"I met Henry's new secretary at the company party last night. She's very attractive AND SO IS HER HUSBAND"** SCOTT BROWN



COLLIER'S **"Oh, you didn't have to bother—it's only Joe. I just want him to stew for a while before I answer"** DON TOBIN

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ontinent include many gray fox skulls but ot one red.

The spread of the red fox to the South as slow, but that of the gray northward as still slower; it was not until 1900 that ie gray appeared in any numbers in New ngland, and it did not sift into the Adironacks until about 25 years ago. The red is ow found in at least 45 states, and the ray in about 40.

Fox hunters the country over have fought ie introduction or continuation of bounty ayments on foxes, and in some instances ith success. The arguments, pro and con, re many and varied. Fox hunters insist iat bounties tend to upset the balance heel of Nature by eliminating the foxes nd at the same time bringing about an bundance of less desirable predators. Also, ney point out, the system encourages the idespread use of traps with a subsequent ncrease in hound mortality. Normal fox unting, these advocates declare, will keep he fox population in almost any area down o a satisfactory level.

In Defense of Brer Fox

In this contention they have the support f some biologists, who are convinced that he fox is too severely condemned as a redator. Both the red and gray are omnivorous in their feeding habits, and their iet includes berries, apples, grapes, acorns, uts, insects, all forms of rodents, clams, hrimps and such birds as they can catch ithout too much trouble. Along with the ox hunter, they classify the common house at as a more serious danger to game birds han the fox. Regardless of the fate of this rgument or controls instituted, there is ittle chance that the fox will be exterminated or even reduced in numbers to a dangerous extent. There probably will be fox unting in this country just as long as other forms of hunting exist.

You can hunt foxes without the aid of a hound, just as you can hunt quail or pheasants without a bird dog, but the success is seldom commensurate with the effort expended.

Two general houndless methods are practiced, with varying degrees of success; one is the "drive" and the other the "bell method." Both call for physical exertion far out of proportion to the usual results.

The drive method calls for the assembly of a large group of hunters—the larger the better. They are divided into "drivers" and "standers." The latter form a line—with the hunters a theoretical gunshot apart—on the downwind fringe of an area believed to harbor foxes. The drivers proceed to the upwind extreme of the area, spread out, and move toward the standers. The movement of the drivers is supposed to drive the foxes within range of the standers.

Drive Bags Three Victims

About five years ago an exercise of this type was carried out near Buffalo, New York, by one of the local sportsmen's groups, and no less than 1,000 persons turned out to participate. The event was spectacular, and with many incidents of interest, but it reduced the wild-life population of that area to the extent of two foxes and one sleepy woodchuck.

The "bell method" has never been what might be termed popular, and no one but a Yankee hill farmer with plenty of time on his hands and an abnormal desire for exercise would consider practicing it. When a fresh snow has fallen during the night, one hunter wends his way to the nearest woods believed to harbor a fox or two. In one hand he carries a large dinner bell. His function is to stroll through the woods until he strikes the fresh track of a fox. He then follows this track, ringing the bell with vigor. About 500 yards behind this bell ringer comes the man with the gun.

The theory is that a fox, after being pursued by the bell ringer for an indefinite period, will be overcome by curiosity and swing in a circle to come up on his back track in order to identify his pursuer. At this juncture the man with the gun can, theoretically, get in his deadly work. The writer neither recommends nor endorses this method.

Whether you do your fox hunting on the snow-covered hills of the North, around the fires on the fringe of a Southern swamp, or follow the formal pack on an expensive hunter, you will find you have nibbled of the lotus.

As a sport it is interesting, exciting and different. And opportunity lies almost anywhere just outside the city limits—if you want to hunt foxes. THE END

BUTCH

"Tch! Tch! *Smooching!*"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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DORMAN H. SMITH

Reminder to Stalin and Mao

THE UNITED NATIONS RETREAT in North Korea, with its story of bitter fighting and heavy losses, must have turned the minds of many Americans back to Pearl Harbor and the dark days that followed. We have been wondering whether the men in the Kremlin have also been remembering Pearl Harbor. Does it occur to them that their ordering of the Chinese armies into the Korean war resembles the unwarranted, unprovoked attack of December 7, 1941? Do they realize that the Japanese war lords committed an eventually fatal error by their treacherous act? For that act not only infuriated the American people. It aroused and united them.

On the day before Pearl Harbor the country was bitterly divided by factional and political disputes. On the day after, it had closed ranks behind its weak and defeated military force, determined to work through the grim days ahead until Pearl Harbor was avenged and the powerful enemies were defeated.

The entry of the Chinese Communists into the present war was not quite as stunning as the Japanese attack, and the reaction at home was not as immediate and dramatic. Yet we can sense a new anger and a new determination since the Soviet string-pullers, with a cynical disregard for their mouthings about peace, have dispatched the hordes of vassal "volunteers" to be slaughtered and frozen in an attempt to destroy the United Nations.

There are still differences of American opinion about what should be done next. That is as it should and must be. But the division of opinion is not now so deep. There are still factions, but they are not irreconcilable. The differences are of degree rather than of purpose. No responsible American is preaching appeasement, though there is still disagreement over the limits of the word's definition. And the tendency to underestimate ourselves is also lessening. We are hearing and reading fewer words of hopeless defeatism than when the UN retreat began.

We doubt that Stalin fully understands what is taking place over here, because we don't think any dictator can really understand the workings of the collective American mind. Certainly Hitler couldn't. Apparently he was sincerely convinced that this country was so disunited that its entry into the second World War would be quickly followed by revolution or internal collapse. It would be surprising if Stalin, with his insular and Marx-sodden mind, doesn't feel much the same way.

To a ruler who punishes all deviation from his own policies, to a despot who hates and suppresses free thought and individual opinion, our behavior must seem fantastic. The two parties in our government squabble, call names, and publicly kick around the most delicate matters of diplomacy and foreign policy. They make wild accusations and impolitic denials. The press and the public take sides and express themselves with as little inhibition as a baseball fan yelling at an umpire.

Yet the United States, like many quarrelsome families, can forget its bickerings and present a solid front to hostility from the outside. And when the big effort has to be made, the United States can buckle down to the job and do it.

The country's position now is vulnerable. But if Mr. Stalin has any thoughts of starting another world war, he should not disregard the historic danger that lies in getting the American people good and mad.

President or Politician?

HARRY FLOOD BYRD is a man who calls for government economy as persistently as Cato the Elder called for the destruction of Carthage. So far the senator from Virginia has had conspicuously less success than the senator from ancient Rome, but he keeps on trying. Only recently he sent President Truman a letter which not only suggested that nonmilitary spending be cut by at least $7,600,000,000 in the new budget, but included a detailed plan of how the cuts could be made.

A few days later, at a press conference, someone asked the President whether he had read the letter. Mr. Truman replied that he had looked at it, but not in detail, because he didn't think the senator knew very much about the budget.

The President's reaction seems to be another example of what strikes us as his rather dismaying habit of letting personal and political prejudice cloud his judgment. Mr. Truman and his fellow Democrat from Virginia are not political friends. But the senator is an intelligent man, whatever one may think of his philosophy of government. And as chairman of the Joint Committee on Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures, he might well have some constructive suggestions on a mighty important matter. Yet the President brushed aside the Byrd letter unread because of a personal, generalized and perhaps debatable opinion that its author didn't know very much about the budget.

It must surely be as apparent to Mr. Truman as it is to the man in the street that the country is facing two serious threats, one by an aggressor from without and the other from a severe strain upon our economy from within. As President of the United States, Mr. Truman has probably thought about the senator's recommendation that nonmilitary spending be "reduced to essentials." He may even have contemplated the possibility of "financial chaos and ultimate disaster" which Mr. Byrd predicted if such a reduction is not put through. But he has evidently decided in advance that the senator could have nothing worth while to offer on the subject.

We think that most of Mr. Truman's countrymen and fellow taxpayers might have some interest in the Byrd suggestions, even if he does not. And, as President rather than politician, we think he owes it to his countrymen to change his mind and give the letter an objective, statesmanlike look.

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